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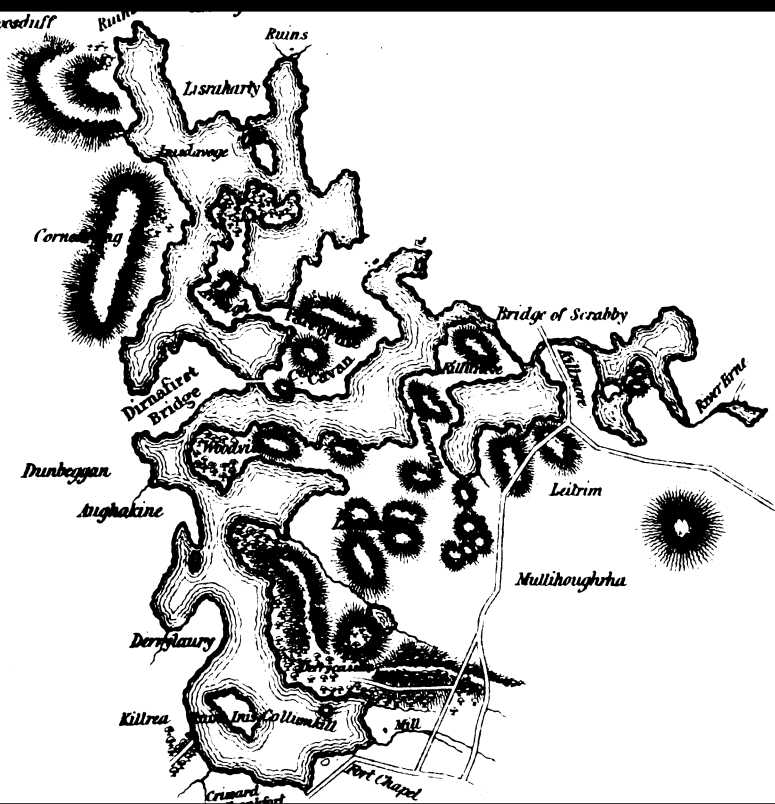
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The angling excursions of Gregory Greendrake, esq. ...

J. Coad, Thomas Ellingsale

WISH VS THE WIND SOUTH.



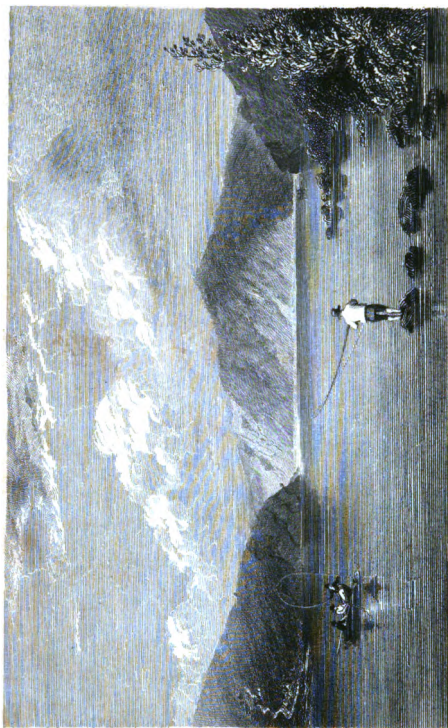
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THE
ANGLING EXCURSIONS

OF
GREGORY GREENDRAKE, Esq.

IN THE COUNTIES OF
**WICKLOW, MEATH, WESTMEATH,
LONGFORD, AND CAVAN,**

WITH ADDITIONS,
BY
GEOFFREY GREYDRAKE, Esq.

DEDICATED TO
"ALL HONEST BROTHERS OF THE ANGLE."

FOURTH EDITION.

R. BALL

DUBLIN:
GRANT AND BOLTON, 4, DAME-STREET,
AND
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND
LONGMAN, LONDON.

1832.

F 220.4

THE
PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very amusing and original papers here presented to the public, will be found to combine the charms of imagination and legendary lore, with rich and faithful descriptions of local scenery and manners; and, we doubt not, will create a strong wish in those who shall peruse this little volume, that GREGORY GREENDRANE may extend his Angling Excursions, and continue to his readers a source of pleasure, in communicating which he displays, appropriate to his subject, a degree of talent not inferior to the most popular and established writers of the day.

A Fourth Edition of these pleasing Excursions has been called for by more than the "gentle lovers of the angle," and the present publishers obey the call, under the advantages of presenting to the reader, much additional matter, from the pen, and aided by the editorship, of an eminent and ingenious Irish member of the great piscatorial family, named, in just keeping with the natural mutations of the May-fly, Mr. GEOFFREY GREYDRAKE;

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

and it is to be hoped that something will be found in this new portion to add, not only to the worth of the volume, but to the delight with which the former editions have been perused by "crabbed age and youth," the green-horns and the grey-beards of the brotherhood of the angle. The song says

"Green leaves all turn yellow,"

So, all green heads, in time, become grey, if *Atropos*, in the shape of *Cholera*, or some such other foe to human existence, does not show them a short cut to the grave. We say this with a saving exception; for, although the outside may be grey, there have been, are, and ever will be, heads, the interior of which, or lining, continues green in fancy or in folly, to the end of the chapter of life.

To Mr. Gregory Greendrake's original excursions are added, in the present edition, angling on the Blackwater, county Meath; on Lough-raumer, county Cavan; and on the eminently beautiful and extensive waters of Lough-gowna, or Erne-head lake, partly in the counties of Longford and Cavan.



M A P
 OF
LOUGH GOWNA, or LRNT HEAD LAKE,
 COUNTIES OF
Longford and Cavan

Allen's Library

INTRODUCTION.

"Come gentle spring! ethereal mildness come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

THOMPSON.

THIS is April, changeful sister of the teeming spring. Of spring, whose magic touch arouses the drooping sensibilities of our nature, and fills the heart with indescribable sensations of waking pleasure. Although, physically, man knows not the renewing power of the seasons, his mind acknowledges the genial and invigorating influence, and the buoyancy of the spirits sometimes imparts a temporary sympathy to the exhausted frame. The invalid, after a tedious and suffering winter, walks abroad, and inhales the restoring balms, with which myriads of bursting germs load the soft and vernal gale. The plodding and laborious citizen, freed from his weekly, but willing prison, pays to nature his delighted

worship, and sees, and praises, and enjoys, as though it were the first time, the charms in which she invests herself. Even the miserable mechanic, in the close darkened alley, feels a touch of the season, while he views the crocus blowing in his window-box; nor will he disturb the grass that chances to vegetate in the interstices of the crazy sash frame, because it is a show of nature, and that something thrives in his wretched abode, though he himself never can.

How delightful it is, now, to turn our backs upon the city; relinquishing reading-rooms, clubs, and coffee-houses, and betake us to some quiet out-let, some private scene, as near to nature, and as far from the city, as half an hour's walk will lead us. Thank heaven! and our happy poverty, we possess this advantage above the overgrown elder metropolis, and have not to seek nature through half a day's journey, and, after all, find her but a semi-cockney sort of lady.

In this mood of enjoyment, I took a walk, last Sunday, along the banks of the Tolka, the streamlet that flows through Finglass-bridge and Glasnevin. I had with me a pair of happy little urchins of my own, one in either hand, and believe me that their innocent and vagrant enjoyment did, by no means, detract from the pleasures of my more steady and philosophic contemplations. Wherever a sheltered bank, open to "the sweet south," offered to their view the native violet, harebell, or yellow primrose, bursting into vegetable life, my little ones made sad havoc, plucking here and

there, and proving that those flowers, at least, were

“Not born to blush unseen,

And waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

But, with a capriciousness of enjoyment, not more peculiar to them than to “children of a larger growth,” the flower, to obtain which they clambered up one ditch, and fell down another, was cast away as soon as a new production of the spring attracted their notice. You might have traced their path by the sweet spoils scattered over it.

While my heart glowed with a parent's delight, it also felt the touch of future apprehension, and I put up my prayer to the God of nature and of virtue, to protect my little darlings through life, and, when arriving at that perilous age, when *choice* is *destiny*, to enlighten their understandings, that they may not cast away the salubrious plant, and make choice of the vile and worthless weed that may sting them to the heart.

As we advanced, the insensible sweetness proceeding from the infant vegetation—the mingled hues of brown and green—the expanded and beautiful foliage of the sinuous woodbine, spreading through the yet bare and scarcely budding hawthorn hedge—the household note of the early clutch of chickens at the cabin door—the mated songsters of the more retired and distant plantations, and the busy cawings of the rooks, building their nests in the few remaining old trees of Ashtown valley; these, combining the present pleasurable sensations, with recollections of earlier years, when mind and body

are in the spring of nature and enjoyment, gave to my mind a fullness, a throbbing sense of feeling, which none but the genuine admirer of simplicity and of nature can ever experience.

But, that which delighted me equally, if not more, though perhaps I should be slow to confess it, was the view of anglers on the streamlet's margin; some casting their flies upon the water with the caution and delicacy of masters in the art, while others, mere tyros, whipped the brook into that curl which the breeze denied. From my boyhood to the present hour, I have been passionately fond of angling, and this most innocent and contemplative of all sylvan sports it is that has suggested this communication.

Having been in London last October, the evening before I quitted that city, on my return home, I was occupied to a very late hour packing up my things, owing to that habit of procrastination so common to us Irishmen—a habit or vice, arising I know not whether from a downright disinclination to labour, or too great a confidence in our own powers of exertion, to make up, when once we begin, for the previous delay. I had many fragile little articles, together with a plaster of Paris Venus and Apollo, whom I thought it best to keep asunder. I had disposed of my clothes, strapped down my trunk, and found that, without undoing all again, and it was then close on the twelfth hour, I had no resource but to let my Venus and Apollo take their chance of tumbling in the carriage, and arriving

in Dublin, if not with cracked reputations, at least with all the antique merit of mutilation. I was precisely in a situation, which Mr. Beresford has omitted in his enumeration of "the miseries of human life," when the female attendant of the lodging-house thrust her determinedly civil and obliging face into the room—I had not yet given her her expected gratuity. "Pray, sir, can't I do nothing at all for you? ... Why! laws! sir, you'll quite stupurify yourself sitting up so late, and you to rise so early"—then with a smirk, intended to be very pleasant and complimentary, attacking Pat on his weak side, she added—"but you Hirish gemmen are so wastly clever at doing things in a hurry, and as it vere all in a start." I know not how long and how far her volubility would have led her; I cut her short by asking her if she could accommodate me with some lapping paper? "O dear, yes sure,—a little change, sir, (nothing in London without the change)—but, recollecting herself, "laws, sir, now I think on't, its quite too late, and the chandlers' shops bes as all shut up." She saw a resigned distress pictured in my countenance, and, with that quickness of resource, for which, in cases of difficulty, the dear and precious sex are so distinguished, she tripped out of the room, returning immediately, and putting into my hands a large paper parcel, tied about with a fragment of silk wheel line—"here, sir, is some rigmy roll nonsense, left here about three years ago, by a gemman as was lodging here—though I can't call him no gemman neither; he was here the matter of five

weeks, and gave me only a seven shilling piece. This I'll say, and have a right to say, that our own gemmen are no more nor nothing at all compared to you Hirish gemmen. I'd rather, for my part, see one of your countrymen come to this here house than ten on un." At the weak side again, said I; but she succeeded, and whether from the flattery or service she had rendered, (my pride would say the latter) I gave her a *sovereign*, though I was *not* five weeks in the lodging, and relieved her and myself from her expectant attentions.

PISCATOR.

ANGLING EXCURSIONS

IN IRELAND.

CHAP. I.

"No life, my honest scholar, no life is so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslips' banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us."

ISAAC WALTON.

HAVING, as mentioned in my last, dismissed my loquacious female attendant, to study the beauties of *St. George and the Dragon*, I untied the parcel she gave me, and the first page of a voluminous manuscript presented the title, as above; and the next a preface. What followed was divided into "Excursions," taken at different times, through various parts of Ireland, and written in a neat steady hand, looking as if the writer took care that, in his beverage, the element which supplied his sport should always predominate. At the conclusion of all, was the following note, written with a pencil:—

"I have taken much trouble to prepare this manuscript for publication, urged thereto by the, perhaps, too partial opinion of my friends; and yet, after all, I very much doubt whether I shall ever suffer it to see the light. ~~There are so many things necessary to insure to a book~~ any thing like a favorable reception with the world. One should think that its own intrinsic merits would be first and chiefest; but no such thing. Although the matter of every page ~~deserved to be printed in letters of~~ gold, it won't be read, unless

'The river of text flow through meadows of margin;'

unless 'a new type, cast for the occasion,' on 'wove paper, hot-pressed,' dazzle the eye; unless 'plates finely engraved by Heath, from designs by Westall,' illustrate the text; unless some fashionable dramatic writer, whose force and meaning consist in a——, and whose dialogue, therefore, may be literally considered as composed in blank verse; unless he, or some equally fashionable *scrip-scrip* poet, whose feeble pinion can never take a longer flight than a sonnet or fragment, have the kindness, or rather the vanity, to patronize it; unless it shall be **PUFFED** by the thousand and one gazetteers, reviewers and journalists, who place themselves in the judgment seat of literary destiny, "damning with faint praise," or more direct and honest hatred, the poor aspirant after fame, who is unwilling, or has not the *effective* means of propitiating their favor; and, finally, unless the combined company of booksellers determine on cramming

the work down the public throat, a book, whatever its merit, has little chance of making its way in the world, and that *little* is reduced to *none*, if its author be proud and modest."

I must own that, although there may be something of a querulous spirit in the foregoing note, there appears to me a great deal of truth in it also. But, be that as it may, after having, on my arrival here, freed my Venus and Apollo from their bondage, placed them at a modest distance from each other in my cabinet, and put the manuscript, which had been used to pack them, in order, and looking deliberately over it, I thought I saw some good stuff in it, and that I might as the saying is, "kill two birds with one stone;" fulfil the author's half-formed desire to have his work published, and, by making a penny, bring home the expense I was at by my trip to London.

PREFACE AND DEDICATION.

“ ————— Pr’ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together —————.” SHAKESPEARE.

“My visit to Ireland was altogether one of pleasure; the particular indulgence of my favorite amusement of angling, which, I had often heard, could, in no part of the united kingdom, be so well enjoyed as in Ireland; where the rivers and lakes abound with the finest trout, pike, and salmon. My little tour, therefore, not having been undertaken with the deliberate purpose of making a book, my readers would be unreasonable and, indeed, unjust, were they to expect all from me that they have a right to, from a man pre-determined to make them pay for his amusements and his observations. What of Irish scenery and living manners that have fallen under my observation, I describe as I felt them at the moment, and my pen, faithful to those impressions, will probably best show what an Englishman thinks of Ireland and its people, on his first acquaintance with them.

“Although angling was my first object, it will appear but secondary in the following pages, and occupy but a small proportionate share of their contents. The subject has been so largely and variously treated by numerous writers, from the venerable and delighting Isaac Walton, our great ‘father of the angle,’ down to Bainbridge, that little remains to be said upon it. Whatever has appeared to me novel in the art, or interesting in the

exercise of it, I have not neglected to notice; and the peculiar scenes of that novelty, and of sport, with which nothing in England can compare, are the lakes of Ireland.

“I am aware that it is dangerous to deal honestly with the prejudices, ignorance, and habits of any people; and, from what I have seen of the Irish, they are less disposed to hear the truth spoken of themselves than are even my own sturdy countrymen. To this day, they are indignant at the truths told to them more than half a century back, by the tourist, Twiss, and yet, half a century has not removed from the lower orders the reproach which excited their unjust resentment. I have dared to be faithful to truth, and may suffer in her cause; but I am confident that the liberal, cultivated, and truly patriotic Irish reader, will approve of observations made in the spirit of honest correction, and a good-natured feeling for the improvement of a country, wherein I experienced pleasures which I hope to repeat, and hospitalities which shall ever fill my heart, and dwell on my grateful recollection.

“The Irish are a good, warm-hearted, noble people; the better known the more are they loved and esteemed, and they want but a perfect identity of feeling with their fellow-subjects of England, to be really exalted to the standard of their own self-estimation.

“The English gentleman, seeking amusement in the sports of the field, and the wild and genuine beauties of nature, would recollect with pleasure a visit to Ireland, and be tempted often to repeat it. The amusement

that induced my visit, being of a quiet and contemplative nature, favorable to observation, it enabled me to see much of the manners and dispositions of the people, and the topographical capabilities of the island, for manufacturing pursuits; and I am really astonished that much of the redundant capital, the ingenuity, and the industry of England have not been transferred to it.

“Some of my readers may be of opinion that, in the following pages, I have dwelt too minutely upon humble and apparently unimportant subjects; but I conceive that this minuteness is essential to a correct and familiar portraiture of manners and character; and the tourist who only introduces his readers to the drawing room, and subjects of high rank, will, doubtless, show that he has kept good company; but he will have conveyed a very defective picture, or, properly speaking, no picture at all, of that numerous class, which constitutes the people of a country.

“To my kind and intelligent Irish friend, Mr.—, I am indebted for many aids afforded by his knowledge of his native tongue. I beg him to accept my acknowledgments, and that he will recollect, in the spirit that I do, and ever shall, the happiness we enjoyed together in our angling excursions, and in the bosom of his amiable family.

“To him, and all ‘honest brothers of the angle,’ whose unobtrusive worth and innocent lives redeem the human character from the selfish and wicked vices which load and obscure it, I dedicate the following pages.

“GREGORY GREENDRAKE.

“*London, Feb. 13, 1817.*”

CHAP. II.

“ Now, by the mass, but here’s a dainty blade !
Th’ acquaintance of an hour, and yet would tell
More of our matters than we know ourselves.”

OLD PLAY.

THE observations of our excursive angler, Mr. Gregory Greendrake, were communicated in a series of letters to a friend in London; and every thing, in Ireland, appearing new to him, he has noticed, and dwelt minutely on many objects too familiar to our readers to excite, in them, a correspondent interest: much of this sort of matter we shall, therefore, omit altogether, and, instead of the epistolary form, we shall adopt that of unbroken narrative in the first person.

“ I hasten to announce to you my arrival in the Irish capital, deservedly considered the second city of the British empire. In a place, and among a people, collectively so new to me, it will require some time to elapse before my mind can settle down to that composed tone, necessary to the formation of just opinions on the objects that surround me. First impressions are strong, and incline to exaggerated conclusions, and, therefore, should be received with caution.

BAY OF DUBLIN.

“ We arrived in the bay of Dublin, about seven o'clock of a fine morning. I had often heard of its beauties, but I must confess, that the most favorable and elaborate descriptions of this combination of land and water, fall far short of their actual beauties, when viewed by the eye of taste, and by the lover of nature. On one side, the varied line of shore presents a view of Bray Head, a bold and lofty promontory, about eleven miles from Dublin; the triple-coned hills of Killiney; the lower and rocky shores of Dalkey, Dunleary, Black-rock, &c. all richly studded with villas and villages; and, behind these, the receding lines of the county of Wicklow and Dublin mountains bound the delighting view, and mingle their assimilating tints with the horizon, while directly in front, and behind the clustered masts of the shipping in the river, rise the domes and spires of the capital which we were approaching. On the other side, the bold, bare, and almost insulated hill of Howth challenges attention, and forms the other boundary of the bay. Beyond it are seen the picturesque islands of Ireland's Eye and Lambay; and onwards, towards the city or mouth of the river, the eye relieving itself from the sterile and iron-bound shores of Howth, reposes, with pleasure, on the assemblage of white houses, called the sheds of Clontarf, and the rich and beautiful plantations of Marino, the villa of the Earl of Charlemont.

“ Having landed at the Pigeon-house, where there is a military depôt, a dock for the reception of packets,* and a revenue establishment, we had to submit our luggage to the examination of

THE OFFICERS OF CUSTOMS,

from whom we experienced much politeness, and no trouble beyond the proper and necessary discharge of their duty. I have pleasure in paying this tribute of justice to those gentlemen, as, despite of the dictates of good sense, good feeling, and public policy, ‘*the insolence of office*’ is but too generally the companion of its power. Perhaps, nothing strikes an Englishman more forcibly than the difference, generally speaking, between that class of men in Ireland and in England; a difference, maintained nearly throughout the whole of the customs department, in both countries. You would be surprised, on landing in Dublin, to meet, in the *Douanier*, the intelligence of the scholar, graced with the polish of the drawing-room. Curiosity urged me to trace, to its source, the cause of this dissimilarity between the same class of officers in the two countries, and I think I have succeeded.

“ Before the legislative union, the British power in this country could only be maintained by force or patronage; the latter was, properly, preferred, and as the genius of the people, particularly of the nobility and gentry of Ireland, had not directed itself so decidedly

* The packet establishment, at Howth, had not then existed.

into the channels of commerce as in England, the younger branches of the nobility, and the unprovided connexions of members of parliament, looked to the patronage of the crown for support, and engrossed it wholly: indeed, it could hardly be called the patronage of the crown—it was that of borough-mongers; and, although the people of Ireland, unwisely and ignorantly, boasted of national independence, the blessing was but ideal, and they were held in the hands of a proud, profligate, and greedy oligarchy, to be disposed of as suited the views of avarice and ambition. It is only since the union that Irishmen have really become free, and for British law and identity with her glorious destinies, they have exchanged that *toparch* influence, which carried the social views of the dark ages into the enlightened period of the eighteenth century, and retarded the moral and physical improvement of the country. While that vicious system of patronage existed, the crown had not the power of selecting its civil or fiscal servants, or to reward talent and merit, when found among the mass of the people. Family and borough influence filled every public department, and it was, then, no uncommon thing to see an honorable Mr.——, brother or cousin to my Lord ——; a *ci-devant* colonel of horse; an ex-member of parliament, &c. &c. examining your trunk of foul linen, and pocketing the fee with a true *Vespasian* sense of its value, and an indifference to the mode by which it was acquired. I doubt not, but that the class of men I write of, will, in time, become deteriorated, and the

collection of the customs revenue fall into meaner hands; then will come to be proved whether good education, gentlemanly habits of thinking and acting, and the auxiliary of a liberal income, are not better securities for a faithful and effective discharge of duty, in situations of trust and responsibility, than shall be found in persons of an opposite description, selected from mistaken views of public economy.*

“ At the Pigeon-house were collected a number of vehicles, of which you can form no idea; they are called *gingles*, from the gingling or rumbling noise produced by their motion, consequent of their crazy and wretched condition. The Irish seem particularly fond of the application of *nick-names*: the gingle has four wheels, the body like a sociable or berlin; it is drawn by one

* There has been a sad practical commentary, as affecting the local trade and interests of Dublin, upon this observation of Mr. Greendrake. Boards have been abolished, establishments broken up, public officers reduced, and pensions increased. That Custom-house, which was a busy and crowded scene when our author visited Dublin, is now a place of silence and desolation. The shopkeepers of Dublin have never ceased (and with good reason) to feel and lament the effects of a *consolidation* of the revenue Boards, which bears an *Irish* construction, in the alienation of feelings and affections which it has produced. The members of the Boards, and the higher grades of subordinate officers, were men of liberal education and habits, and the money which they received from the public was yielded back again to replenish its source; by them the fine arts and traders of all descriptions were, in no small degree, encouraged; they were gentlemen, and they, and their families, lived suitably to the rank which they held in society, and, although the worse for themselves, yet the better for the public, their's was the failing of the Irish heart against the law of prudence—the practice of spending all, and saving nothing. Can that be said now?—EDITOR.

miserable, half starved spectre of a horse, and the driver, or *gingleman*, seated in front, exhibits, in his person, a most disgusting combination of nudity, dirt, and rags. They are of all ages, and are considered the most profligate and vicious of the various classes forming the population of this great city. On landing, the passengers were beset by these fellows, pressing to convey them and their baggage to town. A gentleman and I engaged one of the gingles, and when it set us down at Falkner's hotel, Dawson-street, I was disposed, in a more than ordinary degree, to acknowledge the influence of a protecting providence: so shattered, disordered, patched, and crazy a vehicle could not be found in the whole world, out of the range of its own class. The expedition with which they travel is really astonishing, when one looks at the worn-down and exhausted *garron* by which the machine is drawn, and which threatens every moment to close, in death, its labours and its journey. On the road between Dublin and the village of Black-rock, on a Sunday in summer, the gingles are absolutely clustered with occupants, like swarming bees, and often carry eight or nine persons, besides the driver, who, in his savage avidity of gain, works the wretched animal, who is the source of it, until he falls lifeless on the road; it is no uncommon thing for a *gingleman* coolly to calculate on killing a horse by a good day's work!

“ The way from the Pigeon-house lies, for something more than half-a-mile, along a raised causeway, walled in, and having, when the tide is fully in, the sea on

both sides; at the end of this causeway is the village of Ringsend, than which, nothing can form a more disagreeable and disgusting contrast to the noble and beautiful appearance on entering the Bay. All that you have ever read of Hottentot filthiness; all of sordid misery and dehumanising poverty, fall immeasurably short of the picture exhibited by the wretched village of Ringsend. The Scotch gaberlunzie, and the English gipsy, are clean, orderly, and decent personages, compared with the objects that meet your eyes, and offend every sense; the inhabitants of this suburb being composed of the daily hawkers of fish, and others, the most wretched descriptions of the community. At the opposite side of the village, we had to pass between a double row of its fair inhabitants, each

‘ Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,’

having crabs and cockles exposed for sale, and to purchase which, we were invited by a mingled peal of clamorous voices, not like that of the lady in Comus,

‘ Such as might create a soul under the ribs of death,’

but, rather, such as might affright a soul from between the ribs of a living body. Crossing a bridge over the Dodder, a mountain stream, which here empties itself into the Liffey, we proceeded over a swampy flat, called the low grounds, such as might environ a Dutch town, until we entered the Irish capital, at Lower Mount-street and Merrion-square. Here indeed, the effect upon the

stranger is truly imposing: Merrion square is a noble area."

[The manuscript proceeds to describe the square, but we may well omit it here.]

"It was now nine o'clock, and the contrast, in point of population, between Dublin and London, struck me most forcibly. To me, the streets had the appearance of desertion; and the few persons, passing through them, looked, in general, mean and dirty. The hawkers of fish and vegetables were disagreeably noisy and discordant, filthy and squalid; their legs and feet bare, their matted locks scantily confined by a tattered dirty cap, or only covered by the vessel which contained their wares."

We have followed the regular course of the M.S. thus far, as it gives a lively and, we think, a just description of the impressions made on an English stranger, on his first visit to Dublin. We now depart a little from the order of this M.S., and proceed to carry our readers into the county Wicklow, as the season for such an excursion is rather gaining upon us. Thither then, in our next, we shall accompany our friend GREENDRAKE, on his first excursion from the Irish metropolis.

CHAP. III.

" Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
 Search for peace with all your skill:—
 In vain you search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads—
 Along with pleasure close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side."

DYER.

In our last, we mentioned that the season was now fast inviting to our county Wicklow excursion. The foliage and general vegetation is forward almost beyond example.

" Nature, enrobed in her livery of green,"

awakens her sympathies in the human bosom, and our citizens, old and young, one and all, are preparing for the pleasurable campaign. New gigs and jaunting-cars are purchasing, old ones smartened up, and many an enquiring eye is cast over the advertisements in *Saunders's News-Letter*, in search of a "good family horse, an excellent roadster, and perfectly gentle in harness," "the property of a gentleman going abroad," but who, most probably, may be "found at home." Now begin the conspiracies against QUIN's larder at

Bray, and the live long week's look out for a fine Sunday. Martin Kelly's fishing tackle shop, in Sackville street, and that of Mallow and Ettingsall, Wood-quay, begin to be crowded with customers; at the doors of those Waltonian marts, may be seen the frequent angle rod, handled and waved, to prove its fitting degrees of elasticity; while, within, the tyro in the art is turning over and choosing, with most significant and ruminating aspect, the various flies, sold at 2s. 6d. a dozen, while, at the same time, he does not know a wren's from a grouse's hackle, nor an ash fox from a grey cochlan—*n'importe*, they *look* to be *killing flies*, and that satisfies him. The College lad is now planning his *peripatetics*, and the important record of his travels, which he is to leave on the window shutters in Roundwood; and the winter solitude of the Dargle, Waterfall, Luggela, and Seven Churches, is about to be invaded, and to display the vestiges of exhausted provision baskets, and broken bottles. But, to proceed to our immediate subject in Mr. Greendrake's own words:—

“I am just returned from an excursion, to me replete with delight. The wind fair from the west, and the morning promising a cloudy day and auspicious breeze; my Dublin friend, C——, and I, mounted our tilbury, and set forth to the county Wicklow, the Eden and boast of the inhabitants of Dublin. Our road lay through Miltown, an inconsiderable village on the banks of the Dodder stream, and next to Dundrum, a sort of Mountpelier, in the estimation of the citizens of Dublin. It lies

well for the qualified action of the sea and mountain breezes, and in the spring and autumn of the year, is resorted to for the benefits of pure air and goat's whey. I must not omit an observation of my companion, as we passed through this village. 'You perceive said he, numerous signboards inviting to the sanative beverage of goat's whey, and some goats, too, may be seen, to afford assurance that the invitation is genuine. I have heard, that if the entire soil of Portugal were under the culture of the vine, the quantity of wine produced therefrom would fall immeasurably short of that of the beverage which, under the name of port-wine, is annually consumed in England alone. In like manner, if the mountains before you were covered with goats, they could not supply milk to meet the demand for it. Almost all the population of Dublin, who can ride hither of a morning, resort to this temple of Hygeia; necessarily, like the broken chimney ornaments mentioned in Goldsmith's deserted village, the goats here are kept more for show than use, and cow's milk, well seasoned with salt, and assisted by the confiding imagination of the consumer, furnishes the main supply of *goat's whey* in Dundrum. It were well, however, continued my friend, if all impositions on the credulity of mankind were equally harmless. To a reflecting mind, it is amusing to consider the general habits of the greater number of those who seek these lactean fountains of health—crowds of men, young and old, with visible indications of recent and habitual debauch. These imagine that a ride or a drive to Dundrum, and a pint of

goat's whey, will set all right, and balance the account between health and sensual indulgence. That some benefit may be derived from the early rising and exercise is more than probable, but that to subjects of such unremitted habits, the resources of Dundrum can prove effectually and permanently beneficial, is altogether an illusion.' After passing through this village, the next place attracting our notice, and truly worthy of it, is

THE SCALP,

a road which appears to have been formed by a convulsion of nature, through the centre of a high hill. At either side of the road for about a quarter of a mile in length, the mountain rises high and steep; the corresponding sides, destitute of verdure, and presenting nothing to the eye of the astonished and almost terrified passenger, but huge masses of rock, leaning on each other in angular points, beetling over his head, and, like the avalanche of the Alps, apparently toppling to their fall, to the threatened destruction of all beneath. At one side of this pass, a subterraneous stream of water is heard to murmur among the rocks, until gently issuing forth at the foot of the descent. At either side, among the fissures of the rocks, cropping the scanty herbage, may be seen a few goats and rabbits, and overhead is faintly heard the hawk, + kite, and raven's scream. What adds greatly to the beauty and sublimity of this wild scene, is the view, as you approach it, of the great sugar-loaf hill, a conical

- no Vistas in Ireland

mountain, so called, about four miles further on, but which, thus seen, seems to close up and bar all egress from this savage pass. A new road is forming along one side of this disjointed hill, the substratum formed of the great rocks around, reduced by the process of blasting. By this alteration the steepness of the old road will be avoided, and the draught rendered easy to beasts of burden; but the admirer of the bold, the picturesque, and sublime, will regret the *improvement*, if the old road shall not be left open, and maintained passable to those who would prefer it. About two English miles further brought us to the village of

ENNISKERRY,

the immediate approach to which is by a gently descending road, winding along the side of a steep hill, and frightfully dangerous in the event of restive and unmanageable horses, as the road on the precipice side is altogether without defence.* At the foot of this hill, in a romantic glen, a stream, swelled by recent rain, worked its turbulent way over a rocky bed, between banks in many places high and precipitous. Passing over a small bridge of one arch, I beheld, for the first time, an Irish angler. Seeing our rods and landing nets, he approached us, and was immediately recognised by my friend as an old acquaintance.

“ ‘ Well! Redmond, what sport’— ‘ Troth, sir, poor enough, I’m affeard myself has’nt the taking fly,

* The security of a low wall has been since afforded.—EDITOR.

although it's a wren's hackle too—but deuce another have I, nor a lock of colour, nor a hook, nor a scrap of gut to tie it on.' This declaration of his sporting poverty, was, on Redmond's part, preparatory to his laying us under contribution. My companion fully understood him, and he and I made up the village angler for the season. He offered to attend us, if we proposed fishing the neighbouring streams, but we declined his services. My companion described this poor man as having grown old in exercising a sort of mendicant angling in that neighbourhood. He is in great request among the city green horns of the angle; he carries them across the streams on his back, being from habit strong and muscular, and they, like cats, loving fish, but not inclined to wet their feet in pursuit of their game; when, through awkwardness, a line gets entangled in weeds, bushes, or the opposite bank, he extricates it, and when they 'toil all day and catch no fish,' he, being more fortunate or skilful, furnishes their baskets, and enables them to escape the gibes of their friends, should they return home without any evidence of sport. The village of Enniskerry is beautifully and romantically situated on the side of a hill, but inconvenient on account of its steepness. It is poor and mean, which surprised me, considering its natural attractions. A spot so favored of nature, at the like distance from London, (only nine miles,) would exhibit a very different appearance of population, and its habitations would be numerous, and expressing the various taste, but uniform comfort and

neatness of the citizen's occasional retirement from the smoke and bustle of the metropolis.* Communicating with my companion on this head, he observed, that no one would build or improve on so short a lease as twenty-one years. 'What! said I, do you consider that a short lease in this country?' 'Very short, and altogether discouraging to prospective improvements.' 'You live then to antediluvian ages.' 'No, we live too fast for that; but we like, that when we cease to live, our children should not be driven from the home of their youth, to sojourn with strangers. An Irishman would be thought by his neighbours a fool or a madman should he lay out his money on a twenty-one years' lease.' My surprise at this account could not but be increased, when I reflected on the different opinions prevailing in my own country. In England, where longer leases are scarcely known, and tenants at will, numerous and common, the spirit of improvement is not discouraged in consequence; and the tenant, who only holds from year to year, feels a confidence in the protection and liberality of his landlord, well justified by the event. The British proprietor identifies his interests with those of his tenantry; he knows that their industry is the source of his enjoyments, and their wealth the security of his own; he enters cordially, and with paternal feeling, into the consideration of their

* Since Mr. Greendrake's visit, Enniskerry has been much improved by the erection of several beautiful and commodious cottages; and communication with the metropolis rendered easy by the establishment of an excellent public coach.—EDITOR.

wants, and promotes their rational plans of profit and improvement. When the state of the times renders it necessary, he abates their rent, and, in return, they cheerfully submit to any advance, justified by more favorable circumstances. The pay-day brings them together with the kind and manly feelings of mutual and dependent interests, and as the landlord never holds up his lands to rack-rent competition, the tenant goes on, confidently improving, and looks upon his lease of twenty-one years, or his tenure at will, as an inheritance to his children's children, and of which nothing but idleness and extravagance can deprive them. In Ireland, I understand, that the reverse of this picture is so generally striking, and the spirit of exaction so strong, that even the many amiable exceptions that take place, have little power in redeeming the character of the landlord, or counteracting the more prevalent evil.

“ Lord Powerscourt's polite attention to the gratification of strangers, procured us ready permission to drive through the demesne, which is eminently beautiful, to the Waterfall, situated in the deer-park, distant about two miles from the mansion. I could not but observe that the entrance to

POWERSCOURT DEMESNE,

at the head of the village of Enniskerry, but ill corresponded with the noble mansion and avenue leading to it.* There is, I am told, much of this inconsistency in

* This reproach has been recently removed, although, still, the gateway is comparatively mean.—EDITOR.

Ireland; and in many places, the fault here existing is reversed. A splendid gateway, promising a mansion to vie with the glories of Stowe or Chatsworth, leading to a mean and dilapidated building, or to what had been originally intended for offices, but converted into the residence of the family, in consequence of improvident projections and failing funds. This, you will say, 'is beginning at the wrong end,' a practice, perhaps, not here peculiarly national; but certainly the Irish appear to me to be a people very fond of exterior show, and falling immeasurably short of us in consulting the interior and essential comforts of their homes. The Irish character seems to be strongly marked by the philosophy of vanity; bearing, with indifference, privations which would make an Englishman miserable, in order occasionally to produce effect upon a large scale.

"The avenue leading to Powerscourt-house is nearly an English mile in length, bordered on each side by well-grown forest trees and luxuriant shrubs, tastefully and ornamentally disposed with vistas opening to the most beautiful views; those to the left looking down the swelling and richly adorned side of the hill, on which Powerscourt-house is erected, into the vale beneath. In this vale is Tenehinch, the quiet and unobtrusive residence of the veteran Irish patriot and splendid orator, Mr. Grattan, and which had formerly been an inn. The delighted eye occasionally catches the sparkling course of a pastoral stream, and picturesque bridge, and ranging over the opposite rising grounds,

rich in the improvements of Bushy-park, the seat of the honorable colonel Howard, and Charleville, that of lord V. Monk, rests, in the distance, on the beautiful conical sugar-loaf hills, and the dark mountains that rise in the rear of the Waterfall, and bound the horizon.

“As I do not pretend to the ‘set phrase’ of architectural description, I will content myself with telling you that Powerscourt-house is an ample and beautiful building, consisting of a centre and two wings, constructed of hewn stone; the front towards an ascending lawn of limited view, terminated by a mountain; the rear it is that affords the charming view which I have already attempted briefly to describe. The late lord Powerscourt was as liberal as the present, in opening to the public the enjoyment of this beautiful demesne, and my companion related to me an abuse of the privilege, strongly marking the spirit of the times in which it occurred. Immediately preceding the rebellion of 1798, a butcher or publican, or some such class of Dublin citizen, took his family, on a saint’s day, into the county of Wicklow. He proceeded to Powerscourt demesne, drove up close to the house, and, instead of choosing a spot which would not invade the privacy and retirement of the noble owners, he brought his basket of provisions into the back lawn, near to the drawing-room windows, a place which the general good sense and delicacy of visitors had always respected. This disciple of the political new light which flashed upon this country from the fiery corruscations of Gallic liberty, deliberately

proceeded to spread out his refreshments, when a servant was sent to inform the *citizen*, that it was not usual for a person to enjoy himself as he was preparing to do, in that particular spot, but that all other parts of the demesne were at his service; he regarded the message with stoical indifference, and continued his preparations; his children ran about, plucking every flower and shrub that pleased their fancy, while the senior members of the party laughed, and talked, and vociferated, as though they were lords of the soil, and with as perfect indifference to all feeling and enjoyment but their own, as a lady of fashion in the dress boxes of the theatre, and the coxcomb, who thinks he is amusing her, display by their senseless chatter, while Kemble or Siddons is confirming the immortality of Shakespear. The noble lord, who, in general, dressed very plain, was, at the time, amusing himself by clipping with a sheers some redundant and irregular growth of shrubs, and heard the message delivered by the servant, and the manner in which it was received. He quietly approached the party, the garden-sheers still in his hand, and gently expressed his wish that they would remove to some other part of the demesne, when the citizen, with an oath, by which a vulgar Irishman may be known all over the world, avowed his determination not to stir a step from where he had fixed himself. ‘No, not even if his master were to ask him to do so,’ adding, ‘that if every Irishman had his own, he had a better right to be there than any English settler.’ ‘Then,’ said his lordship,

‘if you would not move for lord Powerscourt, you will not for me,’ and quietly went away to resume his employment. This gross conduct of the disciple of *Tom Paine* so disgusted his lordship, that the gates of the demesne were, for some time after, closed against all of that description, who had not special permission to enter them. Perhaps nothing could more strongly illustrate, than this anecdote does, the abominable and destructive principles which emanated from the French revolution, and which, had the rebellion of 1798 succeeded, would have uprooted and swept away every distinction of property, rank, and education; and such are the principles which the palace-yard and spafield orators and demagogues of the present day dare to promulgate to a British people.

“Our way through the demesne lay along the banks of a stream, now swelled and embrowned by a recent fall of rain, sweeping, in some places, over a rocky bed, but mostly over a smooth sandy bottom, of golden hue, and embosomed in the shade of various trees, which thickly overhang it, and in some parts, with uplifted roots, throw their obstructing arms across from bank to bank. On the other side of the stream stretches the beautiful demesne of Charleville, that and Powerscourt combining to mutual and general effect, ‘giving and receiving beauty.’ * Lord Monk, the noble proprietor of Charleville, is among those real and efficient benefactors of their country, who, by a constant residence

* Lord Monk has since been raised to the Peerage; he is now Earl of Rathdowne.

among their tenantry, oppose some counteracting good, the greatest evil Ireland labours under, that of *absentees*; an evil, the sources of poverty to the people, and disaffection to the government; which leaves a poor ignorant peasantry open to all the attacks of demagogues, for which they are prepared by the exactions and abuses of a second-hand authority. His lordship has lately erected a handsome mansion, having been for many years obliged to reside in the offices, in consequence of a very fine edifice, built by the late lord Monk, having been destroyed by fire just as it was completed. This unfortunate circumstance having occurred immediately previous to the rebellion of 1798, strong suspicion, I understand, prevailed, at the time, that the fire was not accidental. The discovery was providentially made by the governess, before the progress of the flames had barred all escape, and she saved herself, and the children under her charge.

“The drive all through was close, but eminently of sylvan character, until we arrived at the Waterfall.”

CHAP. IV.

“ Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and faeries dwell ;
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale moon ascending high,
 Darts thro’ yon lines her quivering beams,
 We frisk it near these chrystal streams.—

* * * * *

Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the WATER’S FALL.”

SHENSTONE.

AND truly a spot could not be found more consonant to the poet’s visioned scene and fairy revels. The moon must indeed ascend high, e’er she overcome the impeding hills which in her mid course envelope in shade the beautiful amphitheatre on which we now enter. Notwithstanding ‘leaves are forth and green,’ and poets write of vernal airs and the ‘sweet south,’ still the chilly north-east, and

‘ Winter lingering in the lap of May.’
 teach us to *feel* that it is not ‘summer weather,’ and the timid *Dryades* of the Dargle remain yet unscared by the obstreperous enjoyments of holiday visitors. We have

called the Dargle Dryades *timid*; but, on recollection, and considering how much their native and original virtues must have been corrupted by their acquaintance with city manners, *timidity* is, perhaps, the last of the rural and virgin qualities, which we should be justified in ascribing to them. But, be that as it may, our publication cannot wait for finer weather, and, such as it is, we must accompany Mr. Gregory Greendrake on his county Wicklow excursion. We last parted from him at the Waterfall, which, if he remained there until now, he must have seen to greater advantage, consequent of the rains of the last week, than appears to have been the case by his own description. To our author's text we scrupulously adhere, and if his remarks, as a stranger, should at any time offend the prejudices of our readers, we request that they will not attach responsibility to us.

"THE WATERFALL,"

(continues Mr. Greendrake,) "appeared to me more admirable for the scenery, of which it forms a part, than as a cascade. A natural and fine amphitheatre is formed by hills in some places clothed to their summits with fine oak trees; the area below presenting a diversified surface, ornamented and enriched, without the appearance of art, with clumps of aged oak, and beech, and ash, and trees of distinguished growth, singly towering in situations, where chance alone seems to have planted them. On the face of the boldest of the hills which form the amphi-

theatre, there rises, bare and smooth, but not entirely perpendicular, a rock, about 300 feet in height, down the face of which, in dry weather, flows a thin line of water, discharged from a mountain gully or ravine, and which, except immediately after heavy and continued rain, never swells to the dignity of a cascade. The waters fall into a deep basin, surrounded by massive and pointed rocks, and thence issues, over a broken bed, a pretty stream, adding much to the general beauty of the scene. About an hundred yards from the fall is a light wooden bridge leading to a smooth green platform, on which is erected a banquetting-house—the deer feeding in groupes, or singly reposing in the shade, pleasingly harmonized with the general features of the landscape. The Waterfall is much resorted to in fine weather by the inhabitants of Dublin; three parties were there on this day, who variously dispersed, some viewing the fall, others seated on the grass partaking of refreshments, gave an animating finish to the picture. From the fall we proceeded by a rough uneasy road, until we reached the foot of, what is called, the Long-hill, a well-merited appellation, the way, over a steep ascent, being rendered long and tedious by a rough and lonely road.

“From the summit of the Long-hill is a beautiful and extensive view, looking down upon a rich variety of land and water, on one side overhanging the Waterfall, which we had just quitted; on the other, a wild heathy sheep-walk, thinly scattered with flocks, stretching to the great Sugar-loaf hill, and of which it formed the graduated

base, and all in front a bird's eye view of the lovely scenery which we had been enjoying in detail. The Scalp, Enniskerry, Powerscourt, Charleville, &c., together with a partial view of the town of Bray, the hills of Killiney, the island of Dalkey, the sea animated with the silvery sail of many a passing ship, Howth hill, and the misty domes and spires of Dublin closing the view in one point; the expansive ocean, mingling with the horizon, terminating the other. It struck me that one of the most beautiful, though limited, race-courses in the world could be made on the Long-hill, the sod being firm and elastic, and the surface capable of being rendered smooth and practicable.

“Having surmounted the hill, and proceeded five miles more through a dreary, but not uninteresting country, we arrived, about seven o'clock, at

ROUND-WOOD,

our head-quarters, where we were to pass the night. Having been accustomed to the characteristic cleanliness and comforts of even the humblest class of inns in England, I was a little dismayed on driving up to a mean, dirty-looking, thatched cabin, at the entrance of a miserable hamlet. I perceived that my companion enjoyed, with a sort of mischievous pleasure, the impression which had been made upon me.

“‘This promises but poorly, indeed; but I dare say we shall get some sort of beds, and, you know, sportsmen must not be too fastidious.’ ‘Very true, said I, field sports

of all kinds bring back their pursuers nearer to the primitive simplicity of the social state, but'——'O! a truce with your buts, they won't mend the matter a whit.' Just then an old slipshod sybil, with russet gown and coifed head, made her appearance at the door, while at the same moment two rustic attendants set about getting in our luggage. 'Hah! Judy, exclaimed my friend, 'how is it with you?'——'Oh! blessed hour, and is it you, Mr. ——; O! then, God knows if I a'n't glad to see you; myself thought, my darling, that we'd never lay eyes on you again, and it isn't that I say it, though it's myself have a right to say it, blessed be the giver of all good things, your equal wasn't herê since; and how are all the young *spriggans*?' (sprigs) 'Quite well, Judy, and longing to see you.' The darling *sradeens*, (shreds or tags) may they ever be happy, and never fall into *tempta*'——(temptation.) By this time we had entered the cabin, and had to pass through the kitchen to our reception room. The kitchen, in all the cabins of Ireland, is the common apartment of the house; immediately opposite to the *street-door*, as it is descriptively called in Ireland, was what, in Scotland, is named the '*hallan*,' a mud wall, erected to defend the inner apartment and fire-side from the cold airs of the outer door; that fire-side was an ample space, with a wide wicker-worked chimney overhead, the inside of which was well hung with hams, gammons, and flitches, and around a blazing turf, or peat-moss fire, was seated most of the family, and perhaps, an humble traveller, taking the hasty refreshment of a

draught of Wicklow ale, or a glass of whiskey. Over against the fire-place stood a dresser, an erection of wooden shelves, supported by a counter with drawers in it. These shelves displayed the house stock of earthen ware, pewter utensils, and glasses, and were surmounted by a garniture of holly and ivy branches, half obscuring a cock-loft, and with which, after being well scoured with free-stone, almost every kitchen dresser in Ireland, particularly where the servants are Roman Catholics, is decorated at Christmas. In houses of condition, this compliance with ancient usage and superstition does not extend beyond a week or so; while in such places as I am describing, the offering of one Christmas is suffered to remain religiously undisturbed until that of the following Christmas displaces it; necessarily are to be seen wreaths of cobweb and condensed smoke interwoven with the holly and ivy. I am told that on the eve of Christmas-day, the streets of the Irish capital re-echo the cry of 'holly and ivy—holly and ivy,' bundles of which are carried about for sale, plundered from the nurseries, enclosures, and improvements round the city. The floor of this apartment appeared never to have been violated by the hand of art, and its primitive inequalities furnished not the most convenient or pleasing specimen of the undulating line of beauty. My friend, who was quite at home, after running the gauntlet of enquiry and salutation, was leading the way into the state apartment, when he was stopt by Judy, the waitress, or mistress of the ceremonies, already mentioned. 'God bless you, jewel, stop

a bit—I beg your pardon, a thousand times, but we had four *gents*,’ (gentlemen)—it took me some time to understand the lady’s dialect, chiefly consisting of abbreviations—‘we had four *gents* dined here, on their way home, after being at the churches—their fare was but *tol*, (tolerable) but then their stomachs were young, and the *sprisses*, were agreeable. They’re not long gone, and the place wants a little settling.’ I have found this to be the case at inns of greater pretension; the disorder produced by one company remaining uncorrected until the necessity of arrangement is suggested by the arrival of another. As we had to look after our horse, this interruption did not disconcert us; the stable was comfortable, the hay and oats excellent, and what was equally essential the people so honest, that it was unnecessary to stand guard over the manger. On our return, we were ushered, from the kitchen, through a narrow passage, serving, in case of necessity, for a bed-chamber, into an inner apartment, distinguished by the luxuries of a boarded floor, a close ceiling, papered walls, and a grate in the fire-place, which was ornamented by a wooden chimney-piece; in the grate blazed a cheerful turf fire, and tea was prepared. If the tea furniture was neither of Dresden, Parisian, or Worcester manufacture, the tea, cream, bread, and butter, were nearly, or altogether, as good as I had any where met with, since my landing in Ireland, and our female attendant was unremitting in her services and abbreviating conversation. ‘Can you tell *Ju*,’ said my companion, imitating her own dialect, ‘who the *gents*

were that dined here.' 'Why then, in truth, dear, not to make you an ill answer, myself cannot tell you as to that; but I believe they were agreeable *sprissans* from college, going round the world for sport, and climbing the rocks of *dif*, (difficulty) to arrive at the centre of *hap*, (happiness.)—'Well and you made them *comf*, (comfortable)—'I do all in my poor power to please the *gents* but the *sprissis* were *sols*, (solomons) quite *reg*, (regular) and took their *consola* in *modera*, (consolation in moderation.) God give us all a happy death, and prepare us for our end;' and here she muttered something like a prayer, and appeared to cross herself by stealth. My friend, rather a pleasant man, and well qualified for this rustic intercourse, observed, that, 'instead of hearing her talk seriously, and of death, he expected to have found her with new attachments to life; in short, he expected to see her married.' Oh! *bethehusta*, (be silent)—*bethehusta*, you are bordering on *indel* (indelicacy); but you're always full of *spir*, (spirits) and God keep you so: as for me, in *barrows full*, I have my anxieties; every thing here, all on my poor back; but the *gents* are kind enough to say they are pleased, and I am happy. Are you going on the lake in the morning? 'Yes, Judy, we shall be up by times, and will require breakfast early.' 'My jewels, your will's a law—will you want that reprobate Charley, because, if you do, we ought to send a gossoon across the bog to-night, to tell him to be here early in the morning?' 'By all means, Judy, we couldn't do without Charley.' Two press or turn-up beds, in the

room in which we sat, were prepared for us, and after my friend took a tumbler of warm whiskey punch, an example I was induced to follow, we betook ourselves to rest. Our old father of the angle, Isaac Walton, whose exquisite work on 'Angling' is so much and deservedly admired by all readers of good taste and pastoral feeling, praised the sheets furnished to his bed, by his hostess of Trout-hall, 'for that they were fresh and smelt of lavender.' If our sheets did not smell of lavender, they were perfectly clean and well aired, and had an odour as if the mountain breeze, in which they were dried, had been loaded with the sweets of the heath-blossom and wild flowers, over which it had travelled; and if I had a fault to find with my bed, it was that of being too softly luxuriant. I fear you will think me too minute in my description of this *auberge*, and the peculiarities of its attendant; but I feel that by a delineation of this kind, I convey to you a stronger idea of manners and character, and local peculiarities, than through the medium of rounded sentences, and abstract reflections. We slept soundly, and were awakened early in the morning by Carr, who had been sent for over night. This important personage, Carr;—important to those who fish Luggela lake, is herdsman, or wood-ranger, to Mr. Peter La Touche, proprietor of the lake, a pretty lodge at the head of it, and a considerable tract of wood and mountain adjoining. This man had been a grenadier in the Antrim militia, and my companion said, that he recollected him about twelve years since, one of the handsomest, stoutest and most agile

men he ever beheld ; but the excessive use of whiskey, the slow poison by which the Irish peasant is destroyed, and the springs of his mental and bodily vigour dried up, had reduced him, though still a young man, comparatively to the shadow of what he was. He retains much of his military air, and, as we witnessed, almost to our inconvenience, during a walk across the mountain, his strength and activity very little impaired. At first view, and to strangers, his aspect is rendered savage and ferocious, by black whiskers of unusual magnitude, of which he seems vain, and suffers to meet in a sort of a ruff that covers his throat and the under part of his chin ; and in his hand he carried a large oaken club, of a weight not less than the musquet to which he had been accustomed, to assist him in springing over bog-holes, mountain streams, and ravines. Being very useful to, and made much of, by those who frequent the lakes, his port is easy and familiar, and as he led the way, after breakfast, across the mountain to Luggela, his conversation and anecdotes were not unamusing. This appears to me characteristic of the Irish peasant: when encouraged, he possesses a natural shrewdness, and quick perception of character, rarely to be met with in men of the same condition in other nations, and the most ignorant of that class readily perceive when they presume too much on encouragement, and have the *tact* to recover their ground.

CHAP. V.

"O ! let not pride avert its eye
From lowly scenes of rural life—
These have what riches ne'er can buy,
The simple joys that banish strife ;
The splendid dome, the vassal train,
The banquet rich, the rout, the ball,
Th' applauded scene, Italia's strain—
CONTENT AND HEALTH OUTWEIGH THEM ALL ! "

ANON.

OUR friend, Mr. GREENDRAKE, has got into a rude and sporting part of the county of Wicklow. His accommodations are homely, and so are the persons by whom they are ministered ; but, if he be a genuine lover of the angle, he feels not the absence of luxuries and polished society, and all associations and circumstances connected with his favorite amusement become dear to him. He will be found to dwell minutely on that which, in appearance and manner, was so strange to him, as an Englishman, and we are much mistaken if those who are acquainted with the little cabin inn at Round-wood, and the adjacent scenery, will not be well pleased with his faithful and circumstantial description of them.

LUGGELA.

“From Round-wood to the lodge of Luggela is about three miles distant, by a good carriage road, winding along the mountain. We went by a shorter, but more difficult way, across a bog. On attaining the summit of the mountain, over which our path lay, the first striking feature of Luggela challenged our attention. It is a steep precipitous mountain, rising high and abrupt, at the opposite side of the lake, and presenting the sublime aspect of one unbroken mass of grey rock. At this point of view neither lake nor wood is visible, and nothing is seen to relieve the obdurate sterility of the face of the mountain. Winding down the hill, for less than a quarter of a mile, a beautiful landscape opens all at once to the eye; immediately before you, the lake, of nearly a circular form, and about two English miles in circumference, displays its calm bosom, protected by the surrounding mountains from the winds, which agitate waters more exposed. To the left, a stream, issuing from Luggela, or Loughtay, its more proper name, winds through a valley between the mountains, a distance of less than three English miles, until it discharges itself into Loughdan, a larger lake, and of wilder character, one end of which, in silvery light, catches the eye. The advance to Luggela lodge is by a beautiful road, gradually descending through a wood, composed of oak, fir, larch, birch, alder, holly, and hazel, mingling their various shades of green. On the

left, this wood slopes, in some parts, easily; in others precipitately, down to the edge of the lake, into which, amidst a line of bordering rocks, its trees immerse their wavy and incumbent branches; close into this woody shore is the best ground in the lake for angling. On the right of the road the wood rises bold and steep above our heads, and its face is diversified by naked rocks, shooting their grey and spiral heads from amidst the surrounding foliage. The lodge, a neat commodious building, stands at the upper extremity of an amphitheatre, closed in, at the reare, by mountains, which hang over it, as if threatening momentary destruction. In front is a lawn tastefully planted, through which a stream, falling from one of the mountains, winds into the lake, which, and its bordering wood and frowning mountains, are seen from the lodge. In summer, scarcely a day passes without Luggela being visited by parties of pleasure, which, on presenting a ticket from any member of the La Touche family, are accommodated with beds, and receive every other attention which the lodge can afford. At the lodge is an *album*, for the purpose of the visitor recording any observation arising out of the conduct of the domestics, who are instructed to be very attentive, or the impressions made upon him by the scene. We were told that those common places have sometimes shamefully recorded the ignorance, indecency, and ingratitude of wretches, unworthy of the privilege so liberally granted to them. From the first

page of the book presented to us, I copy the following admonitory lines—

‘Sweet seat of sylvan peace and rest,
 In nature’s richest bounty drest,
 The mountain bold, the lake serene,
 And woods of ever-varying green.
 Fain would my verse thy landscape draw,
 Oh ! beauteous, matchless, Luggela.
 But dearer still the liberal heart
 That these thy magic charms impart,
 By others to be felt and known,
 Not meanly held for self alone.
 Oh ! ne’er may riot’s wassal hour
 Affright the virtues from thy bower.
 Reader, obey the grateful muse,
 With thanks enjoy, and not abuse
 This little book, in which we trace
 The transient inmates of this place ;
 Let no rude thought deform its page,
 To shock the eye and shame the age ;
 But pure its every line appear,
 As that pure hand which placed it here ;
 As her,* in whom the graces blend
 The *orphan’s* guardian, virtue’s friend—
 As her, whom blessings, when her race is run,
 Shall wing to that Heav’n which her acts have won.

‘ May 28, 1816.

‘ H. B. C.’

“Proceeding by a delightful path, and crossing the stream over a rustic bridge, we arrived at the edge of the lake; and setting up our rods, we got into a good

* Mrs. La Touche, of Bellevue, founder, and principal patroness, of the female Orphan-house, Circular-road.—EDITOR.

row boat, which Carr worked, unassisted. There are localities attached to every water that enable the person acquainted with them to angle with more effect than if he were a stranger. In books, specially written on the subject of angling, you will find a great number of flies, and of various kinds, enumerated, as suitable to each month; but I know, from experience, that a few cardinal flies, selected from these, will render the intelligent angler independent of the remainder. My companion, who seemed to be well acquainted with the lake, put up the three following flies, advising me to do the same:—for his stretcher, or tail fly, a black cock's hackle, tipped with silver tinsel; a red hackle, also tipped, for the farther dropper, and a wren's hackle over a yellow body, next the hand; all these were extremely small, tied on hooks, No. 8 or 9. The gut for the foot-line, of the very finest description, stained with tea-water, and the wheel line proportionably light. I had in my book the two first mentioned flies, but not the last; and in place thereof, I mounted a small yellow palmer, ribbed. Our tackle adjusted, we commenced our operations, drifting, for the most part, on the wooded shore, to which the wind inclined, and casting in close to the very edge, among the rocks; the water was of a fine brown or beer colour, with lines of froth on the surface, and nothing could be in better order. I have angled a variety of waters in England and Wales, but never did I meet with any, that, for a merry take, could compare with Luggela lake. I assure you that I do not exaggerate

in stating, that there were numerous casts, in which I and my companion rose from one to two, and sometimes three fish each; but, should my account ever induce you to visit this lake, you must be careful to strike delicately; they take greedily, and, though of a very small size, (seldom attaining to eight inches in length) they are very strong in the water; on being struck they make towards the bottom, and will, frequently, go round and round the boat before they show themselves, and can be landed. Some of the small lakes in Italy excepted, few are to be found, of the size, so deep as Luggela. The lake at its upper shore, near the lodge, is deepest, and not shelving or graduating from the land, becomes, at the distance of a very few yards, frightfully precipitous, dark, and profound. Although the season had not yet fully set in on the lake, we killed, that day, between us, thirteen dozen and five fish, our sport having been pretty equal. The water seemed as thick with trout, as midges in the sunbeam. The Appendix to Walton and Cotton contains an account of ten years' sport, kept up by an angler who fished the Welch waters during that period: his highest number, for one year, was 9272, which, supposing six months' fishing out of the twelve, gives a daily average of fifty-one fish; but how greatly does this fall short of our sport on Luggela, which gave each of us *eighty!* and my companion assured me that, on a day advanced in the month of June, or early in July, equally favorable in all other respects with that on which we angled, he has taken,

himself alone, nearly eleven dozen, which, for six months equal sport, would produce the enormous total of 24,024 ! The fish here are of a very indifferent quality; black exterior, clumsy headed, and the flesh soft, white, and insipid. In the deepest parts of the lake char are caught, a fish which we have been led to consider as exclusively confined to the lakes in Cumberland. At the lower end of the lake, where the bottom is more clean and gravelly, the trout are something of a better quality, and of brighter tints; however, it is the amusement of taking them which the angler looks for, and therein he is not disappointed.

“On our return to Round-wood, we found prepared for us a most comfortable dinner, the more perhaps that it was simple. Excellent, white, and tender chickens, delicate bacon, fresh greens, dry potatoes, dressed in their coats, by far the better mode, and the addition of a few trout and char, constituted our repast. To quote the words of our venerated and admired master of the angle, old Isaac, ‘I warrant you we made a good, honest, wholesome, hungry dinner,’ and, as he adds, ‘I am certain of this, that I have been at very many costly dinners, that have not afforded me half the content.’ Our drink was tolerable Wicklow ale, a beverage which I am told has very much declined in quality; and what I by no means expected in such a place, we had a bottle of excellent old port. Whiskey punch supplied the remainder of our potation. Our *abbreviating* waitress was as attentive as the night before, and as amusing and peculiar in her dialect.

CHAP. VI.

“ ——— The late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, (a man with whom I have often fished and conversed,) a man whose foreign employments in the service of the nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind—this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, ‘it was an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a deliverer of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;’ and, ‘that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.’ ‘Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.’ But come, ‘I’ll lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.’ ”

ISAAC WALTON.

SOME, but we trust very few, of our readers, may consider, as inapt, the association of the statesman, Sir Henry Wotton, with the enjoyments of the homely ‘honest alehouse;’ and may hold in contempt the connecting link—the love of angling. The association is, however, one which philosophy and wisdom would make, and in the humbler member of that association find, perhaps, a greater, ‘procurer of contentedness.’ But that pride is disposed to entertain no memorial but

such as feeds it, we should find many a child of fortune—many a favored son of greatness, taking refuge from the buckram bondage of his station, in the simple relaxations of homely unconstrained enjoyment. It is the province of philosophy, and, above all, that which has its spring and foundation in christian humility, to reconcile the extremes of grandeur and simplicity—to divest the one of its gorgeous trappings, the other of its discouraging plainness, and place them both on the sweet and composing level of gospel equality—that to which the hour of christian dissolution will reduce every faithful believer—the sceptered monarch, and his meanest subject—the man of authority, and the man of service. We shall probably be considered straying out of our subject, and passing the limits of appropriate fitness; but there are circumstances in the domestic experience of every writer, which occasionally tinctures his subject; which appears to him too unimportant to explain, but which, explained, would amply justify his aberrations to hearts acknowledging the obligations of duty and affection, of nature and of truth. Let us suppose a random illustration—a chance picture of those affections. A heart, old in the world, but never seared by its contact; long and far removed from the objects of its first and best affections, but never forgetful of them; to which opportunity denied all it would have yielded to duty, and to which duty, in its fullest performance, was felt a defective virtue; let this man be supposed comparatively favored of fortune, and raised by her hand, but never exalted above the

influence of filial love, and reverence, and duty; see him, after the lapse of many years, revisit the scenes of his childhood; let his eyes catch the course of that stream which first inspired and exercised his love of the angle, and whose banks his feet had trodden many a truant hour; imagine what the associations of his mind will be—his parent home, his buoyant youth, and every well remembered spot of rural enjoyment. What do these lead to—what end in? A desolate hearth, stranger faces, a vanished or receding generation, and the grave of his parents?—Then, say, if such a man be not prepared for the philosophy of the gospel, and disposed to find his most exalted consolation in the promise of the fifth commandment.

We confess that this is rather a serious introduction to the division of Mr. GREENDRAKE'S excursion that follows, but our readers know that angling is a contemplative amusement, and we hope will excuse us, that, being '*I'the vein*,' we have indulged it. We last left our anglers reposing at the little *auberge* in Round-wood, what follows, they will, themselves, describe:—

"On calling for our boots, the next morning, we had a further specimen of Judy's style—'See here, said my companion, how badly our boots have been cleaned.' 'I beg a thousand pardons, *gents*; to be sure, it is but an *apol* for a *pol* (an apology for a polish)—but then, dears, you have the *consola* (consolation) that it will be all the same in an hour or two.' The answer was conclusive, and satisfied my friend; the want of Day

and Martin's japanning was forgotten, and we laughed at Judy's *apol* for *pol*. Having breakfasted, we proceeded to

LOCH-DAN,

by a pleasant road, of a mile and a half distance. On the way we perceived some comfortable farm-houses and well disposed farms, and I learn that the mountain or hill farmers throughout Ireland are, in general, the most thriving and comfortable: they get the land cheaper, and on longer tenures, than the rich low lands are set for; they are, in consequence, enabled to improve their farms and their houses, and have an interest in the improvements. On the contrary, where the soil is rich, and abundantly productive, the avaricious and improvident landlord taxes, in more than a proportionate degree, the bounty of nature; and the man who works the soil, pines, exhausted and spiritless, amidst the plenty which he raises around him. At the lake we were obligingly accommodated with a boat, the joint property of two reverend gentlemen, good and genuine brothers of the angle; the one of the established, the other of the church of Rome. I am decidedly of opinion, that, above all other amusements, angling, from its quiet, innocent, and reflective nature, tends to allay the unkind propensities of the human mind, and disposes the affections to general benevolence and philanthropy, and to that tolerant and charitable spirit, always the result of deep and just habits of thinking. The trout in Loch-dan are somewhat

larger, and of better quality, than those of Luggela, and are taken with the same flies; there are no char in it, although the waters of the one lake flow into the other. The cause I assign for this is, that Lough-dan, in no part of it, approaches to the great depth of Lough-tay. Lough-dan is quite of a different character from the other lake, being in no part so wide, but three times the length. One of the mountains, in which it is embosomed, forms, at about two-thirds of its line, a head-land, which must be doubled before the remainder of the water becomes visible. The scene is peculiarly wild, and, with the exception of one small farm, Carrick-a-duff, smiling in contrasted comfort and cultivation on one side of the lake, and a little patch of oak wood on the other, it frowns in rude and sterile uncultivation. The mountains are bare to their summits, sloping in some parts to the water's edge, in others rising abruptly out of the deep, and projecting over it huge masses of rock, furrowed with the trickling moisture of vegetable morasses, patched with moss and lichen, and presenting, here and there, a solitary ash or holly growing from its fissures. The base of those rocks are, in some places, hollowed into caverns by the action of the waters, which, on this lake, become at times violently agitated, as being more open to the prevailing winds than those of Luggela. The surrounding mountains, although destitute of the ornament of wood, present the animating view of numerous herds of a small breed of horned cattle, spread over their sides, and occasionally feeding securely upon the

highest crags, from whence you would expect to see them every moment precipitated into the abyss below: this breed of mountain cattle are as tenacious in their footing as the goat. Sheep and lambs sometimes get into situations from which they cannot retrace their steps, and when discovered by their piteous bleatings, they are extricated with great difficulty and personal hazard to the peasantry engaged in their preservation. This, although a merry lake, is not equally so with the other, as I have already noticed. Lough-dan receives the waters of Luggela, and both combine to give birth to the river Avonmore, which, with many accessions in its course, loses its name in the Avoca, below the town of Rathdrum. Were Lough-dan tastefully planted; it would be very handsome, but it would lose the features of sublimity by which it is distinguished. Our rowman, Carr, assured us, that the sides of these mountains were once richly planted, and there exists some evidence of the fact, and showing that the lake has usurped a part of the shore once covered with fine wood. On a shoal near to where the Cloghogue (the stream from Lough-tay) flows into the lake, we plainly perceived, under the boat, the bottom thickly covered with roots and stumps of very large trees, and these, occasionally, form the haunt of the best trout in the lake. The angler, however, fishes it at great hazard to his tackle, as the fish, after being struck, is apt to shoot downward, and getting amidst this subaqueous wood, generally extricates himself at the expense of the fly, and often the whole of the

line. Our sport was not near so good as on the preceding day, and we reached our quarters at Round-wood just in time to escape a very heavy shower of rain, which approached from the direction of Luggela.* We were seated comfortably at dinner, when five young men, who, in Judy's phrase, had been '*round the world for sport*,' arrived, dripping wet, and, like our pictured representations of the river gods, issuing a stream from every point of their dress, and every uncrisped lock of their literally *flowing* hair. Every coat, cloak, and petticoat in the place was immediately put in requisition, and the fire was heaped with turf; each took a portion of the *national spirit* to preserve them from taking cold, and in a little time they were really more happy than if they had experienced no wet, inconvenience, or mishap of any kind. All seemed intimately acquainted with Judy, and the other members of the family, and '*Gents, sprig-gans, rocks of dif, centre of hap, and consola in modera*,' were bandied about from one to another, intermingled with hearty bursts of laughter, and the details of all they had suffered 'by flood and field,' since they left Dublin that morning, and traversed the mountains by the military road leading to the head of Luggela. The fields of Ligny and Waterloo were never discussed with more apparent pride and interest, by those who have shared in their matchless glories, than these happy youths

* When rain impends the trout keep at the bottom, and will not rise at the fly, although during a shower they will take merrily.

EDITOR.

boasted of the peripatetic achievements of the day. To provide them dinner was matter of short difficulty; part of a bacon flitch was soon transferred from the chimney to the frying-pan, and removes of rashers and eggs at length subdued appetites strong in exercise and health; tumblers of the warm and exhilarating beverage of the country succeeded, and

‘Tapestried Halls of high renown
Ne’er rung with happier sounds of mirth.’

“O! blest period of our lives, when the buoyant spirit of youth dresses every occurrence in the magic of its smiles, and viewing all things through its prismatic medium, multiplies the tints of hope, and health, and joy, around objects which, at a later period, assume the gloomy colouring of sickness, sorrow, and despair. Alas! this is the penalty of our nature—implanted in our constitutions, or arising out of the inevitable and adverse circumstances of society, all, at some period or other of their lives, experience revolutions from happiness to misery—

‘Each his sufferings, all are men
Condemn’d alike to groan;
The tender for another’s pain,
The unfeeling for his own.’

“I may well continue the quotation, for who that looks back on the bright and flattering morning of his life, that will not acknowledge its application.

‘Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late.

And happiness too swiftly flies—
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.'

And, in truth, wisdom was not the companion of our young guests for the remainder of the evening.

"As our apartment was at the other extremity of the cabin, their convivial enjoyment did not disturb or inconvenience us. Not intending to fish the next day, we transferred Carr to the new comers, to whom he was no stranger. They, like us, were furnished with rods and other angling apparatus, but every appearance led me to pronounce them mere tyros in the art. The following day we devoted to a visit to the Seven Churches, a collection of religious ruins, celebrated for their antiquity, and scarcely five miles from Round-wood. We breakfasted very early, and proceeded by a road having in view the Avonmore, winding its rocky way through banks, in many places bordered with alder, hazel, and oak copses, until we crossed it over the bridge of Anamoe. Here my companion directed my attention to a breach in one of the low battlements. 'That breach,' said he, 'furnishes strong evidence of the deep-rooted religious prejudices of the Irish populace, and, I fear, their unabated hostility to English government. About seven years back, I was one of a party of pleasure into the county Wicklow, and, on our return, passing over this bridge, our attention was attracted by a stone which then occupied that vacant space. It bore a Latin inscription, of which I then took a copy, and which the circum-

stance of the moment impressed so strongly on my memory that I can repeat it—

‘Gulielmis Liberatoribus.’

‘Queis Cullodeni pugne simul atque Boandi
Sors placet, hunc pontem tute transire licebit
Per fluctus pergat qui fluctibus urget Iernem.

‘MDCCLIV.

‘AND REBVILT 1770.’

TRANSLATION.

‘To our deliverers, William, prince of Orange, and William,
Duke of Cumberland.

‘This bridge is built for those who celebrate
Culloden’s triumph and Boyne’s glorious fate—
Ierne’s rebel agitators may
Deep thro’ the troubled river wade their way.’

“‘This inscription,’ continued my companion, ‘was evidently written in the fresh spirit of the times, after the defeat of the pretender, Charles Edward, at Culloden, and it is matter of surprise that it could have remained for nearly seventy years in such a public situation, without having sooner attracted hostile notice.’

“While we were examining and translating the inscription, two or three peasant boys had drawn near, and attentively marked what had fallen from us—this they repeated to their seniors; the religious and political rage of the barbarians was aroused, and having dislodged the stone, after our departure, they were in the act of breaking it in pieces, when a late eminent civilian, the right hon. Dr. Patrick Duigenan, L.L.D., accidentally passing, he rescued the unconsciously offending stone, but not without some degree of mutilation, and bore it away in triumph.

CHAP. VII.

“The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow.”

ISAIAH.

THERE is nothing that gives to the mind of man a more contemplative and salutary direction, than when viewing “the habitations of man made desolate,” or when “looking for the place thereof.” It is then that he is made sensible of the vanity of human cares and wishes, the brevity of his existence, and convinced that his “little life is rounded with a sleep.” How finely and awfully descriptive is the picture of desolation above quoted! It is only in the inspired book of life that we can, indeed, find the highest strains of poetry combined with the inestimable philosophy and consolations of religion.

In our last, we left our contemplative and observant angler at the entrance of the valley of the Seven Churches—now hear himself:—

G

GLEN DALOCH.

“Less than three miles more brought us to the entrance of the valley of the Seven Churches, or, as anciently named, ‘*Glendaloch* ;’ literally, the Glen of the Two Lakes. On the right is Lara barrack, erected immediately after the rebellion of 1798, to keep that part of the county, which was very lawless and disturbed, in subjection. It observes the approaches by three good roads, that to the right being a branch of the military road leading across the mountains, until then impassable, into the counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Wexford. The difficulty which was found in transporting troops, cannon, and ammunition, against the rebels, in their recesses and fastnesses among the mountains, suggested to government the necessity of forming these roads, which, at the same time, furnished employment for the military. The work has been effected in the very best and most durable manner, and presents, I am told, through bogs and morasses, a surface smooth and level as a garden terrace, and on a substratum perfectly strong and well founded. That good roads through a country constitute an essential object of sound national policy, in promoting civilization and industry, is daily proving in this instance, as along the line of the military road, through the mountains, tracts of the most determined bog and moor are reclaiming, and rendering amenable to, and repaying the labours of industry and cultivation.

Thus, industry, thy forming powers invade.

The noxious waste, and with creative hand,

Bids life, and health, and arts pervade,

And teeming plenty bless the smiling land.

"Near to Lara barrack is a small hamlet, and a pretty bridge of three arches over a mountain stream, which here mixes its waters with the Avonmore. Passing over this bridge, we enter upon the valley of the Seven Churches, lying, as I judged, due west before us; the prominent object in the distance being the Round Tower, which, prepared as we were by the solemn impressions of antiquity, could not fail of exciting a more than common degree of interest. From this point the road leads on the right, or north side of the valley, presenting a view of the scattered ruins of seven religious edifices, lying at some distance from each other, the whole length of the vale, and all, excepting the cathedral, of no extent or magnitude individually. A pretty sinuous stream, supplied by the lakes and Glendassan river, winds through the centre of the valley, and, at its eastern extremity, passing under Derrybawn-bridge, pours its tribute into the Avonmore. The name of this river excited my curiosity; it reminded me of our river Avon, immortalized by its association with the name and existence of our great bard, and I naturally considered that here the name was an adoption of that of the British river; but my friend explained to me that 'Avonmore' is Irish, merely suffering such degree of corruption or alteration as time introduces into most proper names; 'Owanmore,' the Irish appellation, literally signifying *the great river*. In the present instance, except comparatively with the lesser streams that fall into it, the term is misapplied. When strangers appear in the valley, the local guide (there are

two or three who assume that office) immediately attaches himself to the visitors, and gabbles over the fabulous and oral traditions which have been handed down for generations. We had, however, previously consulted Ledwich's *Antiquities*, and listened to our guide more amused by his manner and credulity, than informed by his explanations, of which our learned antiquarian had rendered us independent. Rejecting, perhaps with too much scepticism, the vague, vain, and egotic matter of the early historians of his country, Doctor Ledwich sturdily draws his conclusions from plain and well combined facts, and, therefore, what he admits of antiquity and ancient celebrity we may reasonably accede our belief to. He dates these buildings, which he pronounces to be among the earliest of their kind, from the commencement of the tenth century, before which period he maintains that masonry, then introduced by the Danes, was wholly unknown in this island: this assertion, however, appears to me inconsistent with an admission of his in the same page, which admission is, that the '*Irish Danes*,' embraced the christian faith a full century earlier; if, then, the introduction of masonry be ascribable to the Danes, why not conclude that its practice commenced with their arrival in the country, or, at all events, at the period of their conversion? The ruins themselves support this conclusion, as, from the progressive styles of their architecture, it is fairly to be presumed, that the ruder erections are of an earlier date than those which exhibit the more elaborate

traces of the chisel. A very ingenious and respectable authority, on the subject of Irish antiquities, assured me that I might safely date the erection of the churches of Glendaloch from the eighth century. This authority asserts that Doctor Ledwich's inference, from the introduction of masonry by the Danes, was by no means to be held conclusive, in as much as he confounded the ecclesiastical and civil erections; the latter castles, for domestic residence, having been introduced by the Danes, at a much later period than religious buildings. Nor is it unreasonable to believe that a rude people, in the first ages and fresh zeal of christianity, would have made exertions in respect of their religious edifices, which they would not have been induced to by an anxiety or ambition connected with their own habitations. On Ireland's eye, a small Island, N.E. of Howth, was a church of much greater antiquity, as I have been assured, than even the Seven Churches, and which, so far from owing its erection to the Danes, had been the object of their piratical depredations, long before the settlement of that people in Ireland. Giraldus Cambrensis, when he came to Ireland in the suite of King John, in 1185, found the round towers all over the island, as a species of building which had long obtained in the country, and their uses were then, as at the present day, a subject of conjecture. That they were ecclesiastical, cannot be doubted; but whether they were belfries, or beacons, or places of penance and punishment, has not, and, perhaps, never will be ascertained. Their circular form is peculiarly

adapted to long duration, as they oppose but small surfaces to any assailing force. When the powder mills at Clondalkin, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, exploded, a few years ago, every building within the influence of the explosion was blown to fragments, and levelled with the earth, while the round tower there remained uninjured. A time will come, no doubt, when the *martello towers*, along some parts of the Irish coast, those monuments of military folly and extravagance, will be subjects of dark and diverse conjecture, as now are the ancient round towers of Ireland. It is to be regretted that no part of the ruins of Glendaloch exhibit any date or inscription to determine their age; but, from all the evidence we possess, we are warranted in pronouncing them to be not less than eleven hundred years old—an awful and impressive envelopement of antiquarian mist! The round tower, the first architectural object that strikes the eye on approaching the valley, is the fifth largest of the numerous structures of the kind in Ireland; it is an hundred and ten feet high, fifty-two feet in circumference at the base, and the walls are four feet thick. The religious ruins are not more calculated to make strong and solemn impressions on the reflecting observer, than are the objects constituting the living scenery of the place. The one connect the thoughts with ages long merged in the dark abyss of time; the other impart an awful sensation, such as, perhaps, never harmonized more with the gloomy habits of monastic seclusion. Mountains of immense height and appalling sterility rise on both

sides, closing in the upper or western extremity, and literally casting their cheerless shadows across the entire valley, justifying Moore's poetical description of the acherontic gloom and desolation of the scene.

‘By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbled o’er.’

Yet even the sceptic Ledwich, allows that this scene, so lonely, so sterile, and which time and desolation have invested with the silence of a thousand years, was once filled and enlivened by the ‘busy hum of men,’ and exhibited all the various avocations and bustling movements of congregated society! Those temples of christianity, now mouldering in decay, and echoing the cawings of their only occupants, the rook and daw, and the night-bird’s scream, were once filled with the choral strains of holy praise, and the proud prelate and attending clergy proceeded in pomp through crowds, whose devoted admiration was probably transferred from the Creator to the creature, while all around, arose houses, and streets, and marts of trade, constituting, according to Doctor Ledwich, ‘a large and beautiful city, abounding in riches of votive offerings!’ Glendaloch was a bishopric more ancient than Dublin, and then independent of, though now united to it. But where now is this famed city? Where the murmur of its crowded population? Where its hearths and household gods?

‘In the mind’s eye, Horatio.’

And, excepting some remains of the market cross, and of pavements, the closest research, directed even by the

antiquarian zeal of a *Monkbarns*, would vainly seek for the vestige of a city, which, but for indisputable historical and ecclesiastical evidence, might be imagined as having had existence only in the fondness of national credulity.*

From a small square, immediately opposite to the cathedral, and in which is still the pedestal of the ancient market-cross, we proceeded by stepping stones, where was once a bridge, across Glendassan river, to the cemetery, which is entered by a gateway through a semicircular arch, and in this enclosure stand the cathedral and round tower; The nave is forty-eight feet long and twenty wide; a semicircular arch forms the chancel. The eastern window is a round arch, ornamented with a chevron moulding. The sculptures of the impost mouldings are legendary. On one part, a dog is devouring a serpent. Tradition says that a great serpent inhabited the lake, which is still, from that circumstance, called *Lochnapiast*, or *Serpent-loch*, but that this formidable reptile, destructive to men and cattle, was killed by St. Kevin, the patron saint of the Seven Churches. In another part, the saint appears embracing a willow tree, bearing a fruit like apples. The window itself is very singular, running to a narrow spike hole; neither it, nor any other at Glendaloch, seems to have been glazed, the invention and use of glass probably not having been then

* Since my visit to the Seven Churches, I met with a gentleman who has traced the remains of a causeway, narrow, but in great perfection, for nearly ten miles, from the ancient city into the interior.

known in the island. Under a window, in the south side of the choir, is a tomb of freestone, adorned with carving, but without any inscription. Not far from the cathedral is the sacristy; the closet in which the vestments and holy utensils were kept remains; the vulgar believe it an infallible cure for the head-ache to turn thrice round in it. St. Kevin's kitchen is a stone roofed oratory; the ridge of the roof is about thirty feet above the ground, and its angle sharp; at the west end is a round tower, about forty-five feet in height. Our Lady's church is the most westward, and nearly opposite the cathedral. The Refeart church is literally the sepulchre of kings, being the burial place of the O'Tooles, seven of these toparchs, according to tradition, lying here interred. The O'Tooles, as the founders, had presented to both the see and abbey of Glendaloch, until their union with Dublin, by a grant of king John, in 1193. It is asserted that, notwithstanding this grant, the O'Tooles, being a powerful sept, maintained the independence of the see of Glendaloch, and their own rights over it, for three hundred years afterwards, until, in 1497, friar Denis White, then bishop of Glendaloch, surrendered his right and claim in the chapter-house of St. Patrick, Dublin, at the instance of Walter Fitzsimons, then archbishop of Dublin, rendered, by the favor of Henry the Seventh, powerful enough to oblige White to this recognition of the grant of king John. Fitzsimons was at that time deputy to Jasper, duke of Bedford, in the government of Ireland. In the Refeart, on the ground, and nearly

covered with earth and grass, is a tombstone, bearing an inscription, very rude, and partly illegible, in the ancient Irish character, and which, when perfect, is supposed to have run thus—

JESUS CHRIST

Mile deach feuch cort Re Mac Mthuil.

That is—

Behold the resting place of the body of King Mac Toole, who died in Jesus Christ, 1010.

There is no date at present on the stone.

“In a recess of the south mountain is Teampall na Skellig, equivalently called, in old records, the prior de Rupe, and the convent de Deserto. St. Kevin’s bed, of which more hereafter, is above it, and, from the fearful difficulties attending it, nothing can be more frightful than a pilgrimage to these two places; yet these difficulties are daily set at naught by the credulity and zeal of superstition. Almost in the middle of the vale, eastward of the cathedral, are the ruins of the abbey, or monastery, dedicated to the apostles Peter and Paul; and north of the abbey stands Trinity church, at the end of which is part of a round tower, which, as well as that attached to the Ivy church, would appear to have been used as a belfry. The Seven Churches, for which Glendaloch was so much celebrated, seem to have been, the Abbey, the Cathedral, St. Kevin’s kitchen, Teampall na Skellig, Our Lady’s church, Trinity church, and the Ivy church. This last is the first which is visited on entering the valley, and is so called from its being enveloped with ivy. There

are one or two other churches of later date, and necessarily of minor interest.

“About a furlong west of the cathedral and round tower, is the nether and lesser lake, divided from the upper and greater by a stripe of meadow land. A narrow stream flows from the one into the other. On the southern shore of the upper lake, which is nearly three miles in circumference, and awfully deep and gloomy, is a singular excavation in the face of an immense rock that rises perpendicularly out of the deepest part of the lake. One of the legends attached to the place ascribes this excavation to St. Kevin, and as the work of his own hands; it is called St. Kevin’s bed. Thither he used to retire during the lent, and to practise the severest austerities; also as a refuge from the persevering fondness of a beautiful female, the agent of satan, or satan himself, seeking to tempt the saint to become a sinner; but, again, to quote Moore—

‘ Fearless she had track’d his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock,’

“This legend of St. Kevin resembles one recorded of St. Francis, and mentioned in Eustace’s classical tour in Italy. In a little recess, on the edge of a tremendous precipice of Mons Alvernus, the modern Lavernia, in Italy,

the saint sheltered himself from the devil, who endeavoured to hurl him down the steep; the saint adhered to the rock, and the demon, missing his prey, darted over the precipice. We are not, however, told that the devil was killed. In this cave Saint Francis slept, a stone enclosed with an iron railing was his bed, and on the peninsulated rock, called La Spilla, hanging over a deep cavern, he was accustomed to pass a part of the night in prayer and meditation. Saint Kevin's, I can assure you, was a far more terrific retreat, and more difficult of access, beetling over the lake at the height of ninety or one hundred feet, and so circumstanced that the slightest false footing must precipitate the hardy adventurer into the profound depth beneath. One would therefore imagine that such a solitude was more likely to be uninterrupted. Saint Francis was not driven to the same extremities of defence; he had only to encounter the devil, plain and unsophisticated; but our saint had to resist woman, in all the formidable strength of her beauty. I have seen, since my arrival in Ireland, women, to resist whose charms would require all the frigid virtues and self-denial of St. Francis or Saint Kevin, and much more, I apprehend, than guard the hearts, and control the passions of our modern saints.

"Local traditions and superstition ascribe to St. Kevin's bed a virtue not alluded to in Mr. Ledwich's book; perhaps the good Doctor was loath to admit that the saints took an active interest in such things: the bed is said to have had, from time immemorial, the miraculous

property of removing from women, bold enough to hazard the remedy, the reproach of barrenness. For three or four years previous to the rebellion of 1798, the character of the saint, in this respect, stood particularly high, and his votaries were many. The guide, a handsome young fellow, paid particular attention to the visitors, and the efficacy of St. Kevin's bed was proved in numerous instances. The rebellion broke out, Jack felt a call that way, obeyed it, and returned no more; an old kern succeeded to the office of guide, and, whether it is that the saint is not equally propitiated by an aged groom of the chambers, but the virtues of his bed seem to have departed with his youthful minister.

"Our guide detailed to us a melancholy and affecting casualty, which took place at St. Kevin's bed, about fourteen years ago. Numbers of the neighbouring peasantry were assembled for religious and festive purposes, when a fine young woman, in that spirit of hardihood which distinguishes the Irish peasantry, was induced to visit Kevin's bed; she succeeded in attaining to it, but, on her return, she got frightened, her head became giddy, and she tumbled from the beetling rock into the gulph beneath. The scream of horror, from those who witnessed the shocking event, reached a young man, to whom the unfortunate female had been betrothed—he had endeavoured to persuade her from the adventure—an instinctive notice struck against his heart—he flew to the spot—a cry of sympathy and pity met him from the crowd—he beheld, it was all that was visible, the blood-

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stained bonnet of his beloved floating on the dark wave—maddened and despairing, he rushed into the deep—he breasted the wave—he beheld one of her hands, as if, in the last convulsion of death, uplifted above the water—he uttered a scream of eagerness, redoubled the vigour of his strokes, when, getting in the midst of a large patch of strong and close aquatic weeds, he became entangled; love, and life, and all were at issue, and imparted almost supernatural strength to his efforts—alas! in vain—unable to extricate himself, after a struggle horrible and heart-rending to the spectators, who could afford him no assistance, he sunk, never to rise to a consciousness of his irreparable loss. After some difficult exertions, the bodies of the unhappy lovers were recovered, to find a common grave in the scene of their recent festivity. Her name was Mary Kavanagh—his, William Murphy.

“Another legend (there is no end to the legends of superstition) relates the manner in which St. Kevin became possessed of the site on which stood the Seven Churches. After a long and toilsome search for a spot suited to his purpose, the legend, originally in Irish, and translated by my friend, proceeds thus—

The holy saint had wander'd far,
From morn, 'till shone the evening star,
Thro' tangled wood, o'er devious wild,
While naught but pray'r the way beguil'd,
And reached, his strength when near to fail,
Dark Glendaloch's sequestered vale.
There, listless and at ease, he found,
Lord of the savage scene around,

A creature, savage as the scene,
 Reclin'd on seat of mossy green,
 Him, fair bespoke the weary saint.
 With labour and with fasting faint:

‘Full many a night and many a day,
 I’ve urged my lone and pathless way,
 And heav’n-supported, have withstood
 Perils of precipice and flood;
 The famish’d wolf, as I have past,
 Forgot his rage and stood aghast,
 And savage man, more fierce than he,
 I have escap’d unhurt and free;
 And tempests roar, and scathing fire,
 And all the elemental ire.
 Exhausted now, my scrip is scant,
 And rest, short rest, and food I want.’

The Gael, as many then, was one
 Who ne’er had heard of Jesse’s son,
 Nor ever at his name had bow’d;
 But fire, or flood, or changing cloud,
 Or mountain dark, or rock, or wood,
 Or beast, at once his god and food,
 Was wont to worship; for his breast
 With christian light was yet unblest.
 The churl with dark repulsive eye,
 Morose and brief did thus reply:

‘Go, range the wood, and troll the lake,
 And live on that which thou can’st take.
 ’Tis thus I live, and not for thee
 Shall my small store, still smaller be’—
 Unmov’d, the saint bespoke again,
 This growling savage of his den.

‘Give me, at least, of this rude soil,
 As shall support me by my toil;

Give me a space whereon to raise
An altar to my Saviour's praise ;
Where I may pray and bend the knee,
And live to him who died for me—
Nor me alone, but thou and all
Who move on this terrestrial ball.'
The savage grimly smil'd and said—
' O yes ! for altar and for bed,
I'll give thee so much of my ground
As yonder bird shall fly around.'
He scornful laugh'd, and pointed straight
Where mov'd, with slow and waddling gait,
An old fat goose, which many a year
Was never known to court the air.
' Then be it so ! ' the saint exclaim'd—
A miracle the saint proclaimed !
The goose, as hawk or marten light,
Lo ! took a swift and ample flight.
All eastward first she bent her way,
Where radiant breaks the orient day ;
'Till, reached the valley's utmost length,
She southward wheel'd, with equal strength,
By Derrybawn and Lugduff drear,
Where the wild red-deer keeps his lair ;
And where the forest, dark and deep,
Majestic clothes the mountain steep ;
And far above the forest frown,
The huge grey rock and peat-moss brown.
All westward then her flight she took,
Nor rested at Gleneola's brook ;
O'ertopping northern Broccagh's brow,
Kyle she leaves behind her now,
Nor stops to cool her fainting wing
In pure Glendassan's sacred spring,

'Till at her master's feet, in death,
She panted forth her final breath.

The miracle convinced the clown—
Saint Kevin's faith he made his own,
And eager to redeem his soul,
The lands he gave, and took the cowl.

"Doctor Ledwich relates three other legends of the saint. One, that a young, a favoured relation of his, was attacked, in the month of March, with a disease, which only a ripe apple could remove. A miracle, alone, could, at that season, produce the remedy: St. Kevin prayed, and straight he beheld a *willow* tree loaded with the desired fruit. Another, that, at a time when the saint was engaged in prayer and meditation, having put forth his hand, and lifting it up to heaven, a blackbird perched on it, laying her eggs therein: the saint, pitying the bird, neither closed nor drew in his hand, until she had brought for her young. In memory of this, all the images of St. Kevin have a hand extended and a bird sitting on it. The third tradition is of a woman bearing five loaves of bread in a sack, who, having falsely answered the saint's enquiry of the contents, by saying that they were stones, she found, on arriving at her home, that the expected loaves had turned out what she had described them.

"There is one legend more, which, however, as well as that of the flight of the goose, has not been recorded by the learned antiquarian, and has hitherto been only preserved in the recollections of the successive guides.

A dreadful famine had desolated all the country round, and not only the inhabitants within the region of Glendaloch, but the saint himself, and holy companions, were reduced to the last extremity, not possessing another day's sustenance. In this appalling juncture the saint addressed himself to heaven for relief, when, instantly he beheld a milk white doe bounding down the side of Lugduff mountain, and place herself on a large tabulated rock, near to the cathedral, on the south side of the stream. Having remained there a short time, she swiftly returned the way she came. The saint, no doubt, expecting a miracle, proceeded to the rock, and found, in its previously plain flat surface, a large hollow, filled with milk; this he partook of, and distributed to his followers and all the inhabitants of the valley. Every morning, at the same hour, the white doe repeated her miraculous supply, until the necessity for it had passed away, and nature again dispensed her ordinary bounties. But I fancy, that, by this time, you will think I have given you enough of the superstitious stories of Glendaloch. If I were writing as a tourist, for the public eye, perhaps I should omit several of them; but having in view to amuse you, just while you are reading my letter, I do not fear the fastidiousness of criticism, and am of opinion that such popular traditions and cherished superstitions assist one very much in judging of the character and manners of the people.

“In front of the cathedral is the decayed trunk of a yew tree, of extraordinary dimensions, and necessarily

of extraordinary age. Doctor Ledwich describes it as nine feet in diameter, which, certainly, not a little exaggerates the fact; and the antiquarian omitted to notice the most curious feature of this sylvan relic, namely, a holly tree, of great size and good health, springing from the heart of the decayed yew, the seed of which must have been deposited there by the casual agency of the birds or winds. Near to this vegetable curiosity is a very large but rude cross, commonly connected with monastic remains in Ireland.

“In passing from the lower to the upper lake, the attention is arrested by a little bushy dell or dingle, of most wild appearance and sequestered situation; a little way is a beautiful spring, surrounded and over-shadowed by the birch, alder, thorn, and mountain ash, and from it issues, over sands, vying with those of Pactolus, a silver stream, which loses its pure waters in the lake. This spring, or well, is esteemed holy and medicinal by the peasantry, a superstitious devotion to the Naids, as general in Ireland as if it were the great desert. One might infer from this, that the low Irish have been desperately inclined to dirt; they are still far from being clean, and that their priests, then their lawgivers and physicians, used to prescribe and command the ablutionary remedy as the most appropriate to the national disease. To this day, almost every external complaint of the poor and ignorant Irish peasant, is, according to his faith, to be cured by immersion, or washing in some holy well, of which popular credulity furnishes plenty.

Beyond the spring, in a still deeper tangle of the dell, and like a bird's nest, which you cannot see until you remove the boughs among which it is formed, stood, in the year 1798, the cottage of a rebel leader, D.; behind it a narrow and difficult pass, not generally known, led over Lugduff mountain. After the battle of Vinegar-hill had given a death-blow to a sanguinary rebellion, military parties were stationed so as to intercept the dispersed insurgents, and prevent the junction of their scattered parties. At the Seven Churches was one of those military stations, and a temporary reviviscence of the cares, the bustle, and the passions of associated man, once more disturbed the quiet of those ruins. Saint Kevin's kitchen, one of the religious ruins already described, was either actually appropriated to culinary uses, or converted into a mess room. The night seugh, or blast, that rushed down the bleak sides of Lugduff or the Broccagh, and the distant murmurs of the cataract of Gleneola, were wont to mingle their solemn sounds with the rough jest, and laugh, and song of the soldier. Instead of the boom of the bittern, the scream of the curlew, wild duck, heron, and raven, the mountain glens and caverns re-echoed the evening call of fife, and drum, and bugle; and the night fires of the camp, not unfrequently fed by the fragments of a coffin, flickered among the mouldering relics of humanity, and threw their strong unsteady lights on those awful ruins, once illuminated by the altar's blaze, and reverberating the organ's swelling peal and the choral strain of midnight praise.

“ In the depth of a tempestuous night, the officer, commanding the party, received information that the rebel leader, whose capture was an object of considerable solicitude, was then in the cottage, in the dell before mentioned, and might easily be secured. The officer naturally asked his informant what could have urged the hardy insurgent to approach so near to the post, and was told that he came to see his wife, then suffering the pains of labour in the cottage. The gallant soldier paused a moment, and but a moment, and then exclaimed—‘ No ! let the wretched man remain unmolested ; we shall find other opportunities of vindicating the justice of the laws, without breaking in upon those domestic charities, which the civil feuds of our distracted country have nearly extinguished.’ This is no legend of superstition. The fact has been well assured to me, and who is there that will not sympathize with such noble humanity, and honor the heart from which it emanated.”

CHAP. VIII.

“ Hence Superstition, darkling pow’r,
Nor shed thy influence o’er my mind—
Thou tyrant of the twilight hour,
And terror of the village hind;
Thy shadowy sceptre I disclaim,
And know thee for—an empty name.”

IN the following continuation of Mr. GREENDRAKE’S Wicklow excursion, he relates a little anecdote, which forcibly, and we regret to have to say, but too justly describes that combination of superstition and religious bigotry, which holds the minds of the uneducated and unenlightened Roman catholics of Ireland in such miserable thralldom; a thralldom so injurious to themselves and their country, both of which can never rise into moral and political strength, until the wand of this obscuring sorcery shall be broken, and the freed mind allowed the exercise of which it is capable. This influence is the more to be wondered at and lamented in this country, as there does not exist a peasantry of more astuteness of mind, and ready perception of the right points and bearings of a subject, than the peasantry of Ireland; and if an enlightening impression were once made upon them, its progress would be rapid beyond calculation. From the several education societies, and

their zealous and judicious labours, the best results are to be expected; and if persevered in with the same spirit, we are certain that the day is not far distant, when the Irish mind, liberated from its priests and its demagogues, will enjoy the full advantages of its natural powers, and rise to its proper and legitimate level in the moral world.

“ It was about six o’clock in the evening when we quitted the upper lake, whose calm surface was dimpled over as if with a shower of rain, by the myriads of trout rising at the fly. The fish here, are not better nor larger than those of Lough-dan. The peasantry, always disposed to attach extravagant superiority to every thing local, will tell you that the lakes of Glendaloch contain enormous trout; but that, feeding at the bottom on the lesser fish, they will not rise at the fly. This however, no well informed angler, who carefully observes these waters, will believe. As there is no boat on the lake, it can only be fished from its shores; the sport of course must be very limited.

SUPERSTITION.

“ On our return, in examining one of the ruins, which had before escaped our notice, I amused myself by reading the inscriptions on the grave stones of the cemetery, a practice by which one may form a tolerable judgment of the general longevity of the neighbouring inhabitants. I perceived a very rude headstone, nearly covered by the accumulated turf, grass, and weeds; having

removed these, I arrived at an ill-engraved laconic inscription, stating, that there lay the remains of two brothers, named Byrne, who died on the same day—the date I forgot. The brevity and inconclusiveness of the inscription appeared strange to me, until explained by the guide, who expressed an extraordinary degree of joy at the discovery of the grave. ‘These, sir, were two brothers, who, God be merciful to their souls, (and with the invocation he crossed himself) were no better than they should be, although they came of as honest, decent people as any in the barony; that is of poor working people, as a body might say.’—‘Well, but what of them,’ interrupted I, wishing to check his circumlocution—‘Why, your honor, nothing at all, but that they were a little *un*-regular, or so,—’ That is, they were fond of the whiskey and club law?’—‘Troth, then, if they weren’t belied, it’s themselves that wouldn’t turn their backs upon that same, no more than any boys in the parish.’ ‘Well but I have interrupted you, go on—what were you saying of them?’ ‘O! sorrow thing, sir, only that they were desperate great robbers, and made all the country round about *affeard* of ’em; at last they robbed a great robbery, which to be sure might be the case of better men in poor times, but to the back of it, they committed a murder, which God could’nt help seeing, (such was his expression) they managed, one way or other, through the neighbours, to hide a long time in the woods and mountains; but they were taken at last and hanged, God be merciful to them, both on the

very same day and hour.' 'Was that long since?—' 'About fifty years or more, your honor, and their people being either all dead or gone out of the town (i. e. townland) and the stone, here, being covered over, no one could find out the grave. Some said it was in one place, some in another, and though I'm here myself thirty years, and often heard of the Byrnes, I never knew where they lay until this hour.' 'And of what consequence would it be if you never knew it?' 'Nothing to me, to be sure, but a great deal to the poor creatures themselves: there isn't a patron day that some charitable body, besides their own name, wouldn't say their beads, and give a *cainan* over their grave to help their poor souls out of purgatory, only they were astray as to the place. 'There'll be a blessing on you for finding it out, and, sure enough, no one else could do it, and remember it's myself that tells your honor, that you won't be the worse of it this day twelve month.' I secretly assented to my guide's assurance: he resumed, 'Now, thanks be to God! their poor souls won't be long without some relief.'

"Although the manner of our guide, on this occasion, was amusing, the matter was fraught with serious reflection, as it furnished a strong illustration of the lamentable darkness in which ignorance and superstition involve the intellectual, and moral, and religious feelings of the Irish peasantry.

'On the 3d of June, St. Kevin's birth-day, is annually held the patron of the Seven Churches. This is a rude

festival, compounded of religious and superstitious observances; of corporeal excesses and rustic amusements, and generally terminating in bestial intoxication and savage riot. The forenoon is occupied in hearing masses, which are performed in the remains of the several churches, by a number of priests; in traversing certain prescribed limits on the bare feet, or knees, the penitent muttering the while a set number of prayers by the bead; in howling over the graves of departed relatives, and decking them with flowers; and in pilgrimages to Kevin's bed and Teampall na Skellig. The afternoon exhibits that unrestrained indulgence of the passions, by which the Irish catholic peasant commences a new score of sin, after having, as he thinks, wiped off the old one by certain prescribed forms and observances. Deep potations of whiskey and ale inflame and madden the assembled votaries of the saint into worse than the fury of the Bacchantes of old, until the day that commenced in prayer and penitence, closes in savage contention and murder. Such, I understand, is the general and faithful picture of patron days in Ireland. Previous to the rebellion of 1798, the patron day of Glendaloch was rendered powerfully assisting to that dreadful and sanguinary explosion, as furnishing an unsuspected pretext for the conspirators to assemble for the diffusion and organization of their system.

"The evening had assumed all its still sobriety, when, discharging our guide, we re-crossed Lara-bridge, and cast a parting look on the lonely vale of Glendaloch.

The mountains so high at its western extremity, and indeed all around, threw the upper part of the valley into premature shade; and even the Round Tower, high as it arose above the surrounding ruins, was clothed in solemn and qualified obscurity. As I observed it for the last time, for strange must be the chance that shall bring me here again, my imagination imparted to it the powers of language; I felt as if, in solemn and awful dignity, it spoke—‘Farewell, farewell for ever! Go, brief and frail habitation of the divine spirit, go, and reflect upon the brevity of human existence. Ages have passed away, history has become fabulous, generations on generations have fed the ever greedy grave, and constitute a part of that earth upon which they once vexed themselves and others, since the hands by which I was erected have been convulsed within the grasp of death. The winter torrent and the dark flood of the lake have roared around me and deluged the valley. The tempests have bestrewn the woods with fragments of their pride; the lightning has riven the grey rock of the mountain, and the mountain has seemed to bend, in darkness, before the mighty and awful power of the elements. The contentions of ambition have depopulated nations, and the flattering greatness of the hero of the hour has been erected on the miseries of his fellow creatures. Systems of philosophy, of legislation, of conquest, have successively yielded to others. Fools have struggled for years to attain what they have not been permitted to enjoy an hour. Public opinion, private peace, posthumous fame, nay, heaven itself, have been

compromised for that of which health and honor are independent, and by which sickness or sorrow cannot be consoled. All this has been while I have stood here in the solitude of a thousand years, and while yet I stand, what revolutions may not the vexed and transient family of mankind endure? But I, too, am yielding to the all-powerful hand of time, and though I may outstand the structures over which I lift my proud head, still, like poor bustling man, a day will come, when, in this vale, of which I look the sovereign, my place will not be known, nor I any more sought for or remembered. Go! vain man, compare thy span-like existence with mine—go! and learn the value of TIME!’ My soul acknowledged the lesson, and while in the frame of mind, I considered all earthly pursuits with that pity and contempt always felt when our thoughts are elevated by moral and religious contemplation.

DRIVE TO RATHDRUM.

“On leaving Round-wood in the morning, it was our intention to return thither to dinner; but, looking down the river from Lara-bridge, its wild and broken course, and banks skirted with wood, induced me to express a wish to prolong our drive in that direction, which wish was warmly seconded by my companion, who spoke enthusiastically of the scenery to which it would lead, describing it as forming the most pleasing contrast to the desolate and melancholy scene we had just quitted; he added, that it would be a reproach to me to have been

so near the celebrated Vale of Avoca, and not to have visited it. Our determination was soon formed; I whipped up my horse, and we were instantly on the road to Rathdrum. We passed over the bridge of Derrybawn, under which the waters of the lakes enter the river Avonmore, had another parting glance at the solemn ruins of Glendaloch, and soon entered a road of singular beauty. This road has been formed within these few years, and runs along the brow of a hill the whole way to Rathdrum, a distance of six miles, and having an uninterrupted view of the Avonmore, flowing at the foot of the hill on our left. Close to the river, on its opposite bank, the hill rises, in some parts steep, in others sloping, and covered with woods of oak and birch; and here and there cleared in patches, presenting to view the woodman's temporary hut, the felled trees undergoing the process of barking, and the columns of smoke ascending in various places, from the charred wood. On one spot of the river is a scene of uncommon rural quiet and beauty. At a bridge leading to a cross road up the side of the opposite hill, is at one side of the river a mill, at the other a chapel, public house, and village shop. Behind these the road winds up the hill through the woods. A group of happy children at play, some of their seniors seated on a rustic bench beside the chapel, a female milking cows close to the public house, some geese on a green bank adjusting their snow white plumage, and the trout fry rising in the smooth mill pond, formed altogether a picture of exquisite beauty and repose. This little retired

hamlet is called *Clarabeg*. *Beg*, in Irish, signifies small or little, as the term *More* signifies great or large. In about an hour and a half we arrived at

RATHDRUM,

a pretty market town, on the Avonmore. It is the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, who has erected here a handsome yarn-hall, for the exhibition and sale of woollen yarns, flannels, raw wool, &c., in which articles a considerable trade is carried on in this district. The periodical fairs or great market days here are attended by crowds of dealers from all parts of the island. A very fine wool is grown in this part of the country, which is much esteemed by the manufacturers of Cloth. When I have occasion to mention the Irish inns, you will, perhaps, think me rather fastidious and hard to be pleased; it is a feeling which every Englishman must be subject to in travelling through Ireland, and I may be excused for complaining, as I do so reluctantly. The inn at Rathdrum, I must acknowledge, did not charm me. Our dinner and wine did not tax our gratitude. I, however, chanced to get the only good bed, as I had reason to believe, in the house, and I slept soundly and rose early. There is here a pretty church and glebe-house; the living, worth about 800*l.* a year, is in the gift of the Corporation of the City of Dublin, not a very spiritual body. I strolled into the church-yard, as is my custom, and was much gratified and affected with an instance of paternal love, not often to be met with; it is a very pretty tomb, erected by a

sergeant of an English regiment of militia, to the memory, and over the remains, of his infant child, only three years old. To contemplate a poor man, sparing from his limited and scanty pay, such a sacrifice to the affections of a father, must awaken the best train of thought and feeling, and prove that this poor soldier's heart was of the first order, and that, if the domestic virtues were to qualify for military rank, he deserved to be a general. Much of what I write to you depends on my memory, and I feel ashamed and angry with myself that I omitted to note the name and regiment of this worthy soldier."

CHAP. IX.

“ Some to the seas, and some to camps resort,
And some *with impudence invade the court* :
In foreign countries others seek renown ;
With wars and taxes others waste their own—
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
Of public speeches which worse fools admire ;
But my desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, and guiltless life—
A country cottage, near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood.”
“ In such a scene, kind fortune lay me down,
Far from the noise and follies of the town.”

How few are they whose lot in life is governed by the rational dictates of nature, and in unison with their genuine tastes and dispositions. We shall see the victim of vain glory and ambition, of false pleasures and dissipation, forsaking the peaceful and happy shades of his paternal home, and plunging into all the turbulent and vexatious cares of rival and contentious society, or pleasures that deceive his hopes, destroy his health, and ruin his fortunes. Others misled by the restlessness of their own moral constitution, expecting happiness in change, and mistaking childish impulses for the steady law of taste, relinquish those town pursuits, for which they are better suited, to seek, under strained and poetical conceptions, that happiness in the country which it is

difficult, or impossible, for such temperaments to find anywhere. But, distinct from both these, is a class whose hearts throb at the touch of nature, and all whose feelings are truly and nicely attuned to her genuine and best sensations, but who are doomed to pass their lives in constant opposition to their natural taste and inclinations, and can snatch but scarce and short glances at the paradise they seem to have been born to enjoy. To such a spirit, returning from the brief indulgence of "that life he fain would lead unto its close," what must be the contrast of uncongenial cities; of that vexed scene of congregated humanity, where the first duties of nature and of virtue are, at best, placed in a state of defensive and struggling existence; where art, cunning, self-interest, and circumvention, are the prevalent impulses of action; where impudent and presumptuous ignorance will seize the prize legitimate to modest worth and knowledge, and, in the words of the Mantuan poet, "invade the very court." With such men, and in such a state of society, unobtrusive and real pretension has no chance of succeeding, for it scorns to enter into the contest; and, as the true poet sees as well as lives beyond his own age, we must not wonder if the pencil of Virgil were to appear to be dipt in the colours of the present times. Among a voluptuous and corrupt people, he who can amuse will be preferred to him who can instruct, and, however empty, worthless, and immoral, will acquire distinctions which are withheld from, or slowly and coldly yielded to, the man of intellect and virtue. O! what a

field is open to us for indulging this train of observation, but we restrain the impulse. We wish to be moralists, not satirists, and if we shall ever assume the rod, it is only in the hope that we may replace it with the wreath; beneficially to correct, not wantonly to wound, will ever be the motive and the end of our reprehension. But, reader, proceed, if it please you, to the Vale of Avoca, and the Meeting of the Waters, and, in the company of our observant English angler, enter upon a scene of sylvan beauty, such as few countries can rival, and which cannot but delight him whose heart acknowledges the charms of nature and whose mind is imbued with the principles of good taste.

AVONDALE, VALE OF AVOCA, AND MEETING OF THE WATERS.

“ Having breakfasted, we proceeded to the Vale of Avoca. It is folly for a man to be beating his brains for original description, when, on the same subject, he can have recourse to the efficient labours of others already before him. From ‘The Post-chaise Companion, or Traveller’s Directory,’ a very useful Irish publication, I shall, therefore, borrow occasionally, the little that may be convenient, to enable you to accompany me through this delightful drive. A mile beyond Rathdrum, instead of keeping to the high road, we entered the demesne of Avondale, the seat of William Parnell Hayes, Esq. This charming place is proudly situated on the banks of

the Avonmore, which here winds its waving course between banks covered with close coppice wood, or scattered oak and ash, of considerable growth. The ground in some places, smooth meadow or pasture, and in others, rising into romantic cliffs and craggy precipices. The demesne of Avondale exhibits this diversity of scenery in the highest perfection. The house, which has been built within a few years, by the late possessor, Colonel Hayes, is large and well finished; in the front, and on one side, lies a smooth lawn, spotted with clumps and single trees, gently rising up to a hill, crowned with large beech, and remarkably well growing firs, particularly the spruce, whose branches hang to the ground in a very picturesque manner. At the back of the house, the ground in some parts slopes down with a gentle declivity, in others, falls in steep and abrupt precipices, covered with old oaks, the roots of many of which are an hundred feet perpendicular over the tops of the others, while the grotesque forms of the rocks, covered with ivy and moss grown roots, vie with the variety of natural wood flowers and curious plants, to render the scene at once pleasant and romantic. A walk winds down through this wood, and some plantations of very large Weymouth pine and larch, to a vale of considerable breadth. I should not omit to mention a fanciful work erected at a small distance from the house; it is a mimic fort and battery. The late possessor, Samuel Hayes, Esq., who had been a colonel in the old volunteer army, seems, with the virtues of my Uncle Toby, to have combined somewhat of his military

mania. He is said to have been a man of fine taste, which he exercised with peculiar fondness, during a residence of more than thirty years, in improving and ornamenting this beautiful demesne. On the farther side of the vale, the Avonmore glides, sometimes with a smooth and gentle current, and at others, dashes over huge masses of rock and broken granite, with the rage and foam of a cataract. On the other side of the river, the banks rise to a great height, covered thickly with oak woods, indented at intervals, by the meadows of two adjoining farms. This dale, from which the place is named, extends above four miles, with every possible variation of form; the woods, in some parts closing up to the river, in others receding so as to leave meadows of several acres on its banks. Where the natural wood has been thin, the proprietor supplied the defect with every foreign and domestic tree which suited the soil and climate, and, perhaps, no part of Europe admits of a greater variety than this part of the county Wicklow. A carriage road is conducted a considerable way, with attention to the surrounding views; and, about a mile from the house, adjoining the wood-ranger's lodge, in a most sequestered spot, is a room in the form of an old English cottage, for parties of pleasure to dine in. This room is built close to the river, over a remarkably deep and solemn part, backed by a rock, above 300 feet high, his rugged cliffs fringed with oak, quicken, and holly. The bold contour of the surrounding wooded hills, the picturesque simplicity of the rustic edifice, and the burst of the torrent from under

the high rock, like the *Sorga* in the valley of *Vaucluse*, which this spot, in many particulars, resembles, cannot fail of exciting the admiration of the lovers of nature and romantic scenery.

“From the cottage the drive is continued through woods to the bridge at the Meeting of the Waters, at about two miles distance, where we entered upon the high road to Arklow. This, although, in my opinion, the more beautiful, is not the celebrated Meeting of the Waters, which is about three miles farther in the vale. Here the scene is closer, and of more concentrated beauty. From the bridge, thrown across the Avonbeg, which, after traversing Glenmalur, here pours its strong and rival stream into the Avonmore, you look down their united course, the house, castle, and demesne of Cronebane, lying boldly in front, and ornamenting the face of a hill, in other parts exhibiting a brown and parched sterility. On one side, to the right, are the wooded hills and improvements that rise over the Avonbeg, and to the left, close beside the bridge, on a romantic neck of land, insulated by the two streams, is a singularly beautiful cottage, in the rustic style, the residence of Major Miller, who evinces a polite and ready attention in gratifying the curiosity of strangers.

“In no part of the county Wicklow is its peculiar and characteristic style of beauty more strikingly exemplified, than in the course of this valley from Rathdrum to Arklow. For the distance of about nine miles, nothing can exceed the romantic grandeur of the scenery,

enriched with luxuriant woods, which cover, for the most part, the steep hills bounding the valley on either side. A strong contrast is, in some parts, formed by the savage appearance of wild and barren rocks, more particularly near the copper mines of Cronebane and Ballymurtagh, which lie on different sides of the river, nearly opposite to each other; Ballymurtagh being on the nether or right side of the river, Cronebane on the left; from the latter mines flows a stream strongly impregnated with vitriolic matter, which is received into a number of stone cisterns: in these are deposited sheets and other pieces of iron, which attract the vitriolic particles, and leave an encrustation of copper, which, to those not acquainted with the mineral process, has the appearance of transmutation. Although this mineral stream affords considerable profit to the proprietors, it revolts the lovers of the angle, and has proved injurious to the neighbourhood, inasmuch as it has destroyed a very fine salmon fishery, at Arklow, which, before the working of the mines, almost equalled any in the kingdom. I am sure, but for this noxious infusion, that the Avoca and the Avonmore would abound in white trout, and afford to the angler, throughout their beautiful and romantic course, not less sport than our father, Walton, experienced in the resembling waters of the Dove, in Derbyshire.

“On a promontory, formed by the conflux of the Avoca with a mountain stream from Aughrim, opposite to the woods of Ballyarthur, is a point of view, perhaps

excelled by none in any country. From this spot, no less than five valleys or glens may be seen, all bearing some features of resemblance, yet each so distinguished by peculiar and appropriate beauties, that no person, having any perception of the sublime and beautiful, could behold this magnificent scene, without admiration and delight. It is this spot that furnished the inspiration to one of Moore's melodies:—

‘ There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet :
 Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.’
 ‘ Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best :
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.’

It would be happier for his own feelings, and more honorable to his fame, if the poet's heart had never been accessible to less gentle, just, and kindly inspirations. It would have restrained his muse from some most unseemly and unjustifiable aberrations.

“The grand and principal view is the valley from the Meeting of the Waters to Arklow; which, in a course of above three miles, gradually expands; the hills receding, and suffering the level ground, through which the river irregularly winds its way, to extend to the breadth of half a mile; the cultivation increasing as the town is approached, and the wild rude scenery of a sequestered forest, softening, by degrees, into the

milder features of rural labour and cultivation. Between the mines and Arklow, are, on the left of the river, Ballyarthur, the beautiful seat of the Rev. Mr. Symes, and Shelton, the noble seat of the Earl of Wicklow; the luxuriant and continuous woods of these two demesnes are opposed, in rival beauty, to the fine range of woods, on the right, belonging to Lord Carysfort. The town of Arklow, and its old ruined castle, standing proudly on an eminence over the river, which discharges itself through a bridge of nineteen arches, have a grand and imposing appearance, while an extensive sea view, covered with fishing vessels, terminates the prospect. The promontory from whence this scene is best viewed, is interesting to the antiquarian, from the late learned Bishop Pococke, well known for his travels in the east, having observed, on seeing it, that the abrupt steepes and deep glens all around, bore the most striking resemblance to the view which presents itself from the hill of Mount Sion, at Jerusalem. In the year 1798, a very hard contested action took place at Arklow, between the rebels and the king's troops, in which the former were defeated.

GOLD MINES.

“ You and I have, before now, laughed at O’Keefe’s entertaining farce of the Wicklow Gold Mines, and one could not be in Arklow without recollecting it. As I had neither Solomon O’Sullivan, Billy O’Rourke,

Redmond O'Hanlon, nor Squire Donnybrook to have recourse to, I was obliged to content myself with a further reference to the Traveller's Guide, to give you some account of this gold mine and its discovery. It lies at the foot of the Groghan mountain, about half a mile to the left of the road from Arklow to Aughrim. The precise time and mode of discovery are involved in some mystery, from the caution with which the persons, whose fortune it was to make it, endeavoured to conceal the appropriation of its treasures. Fiction has supplied the want of authentic information, and many extravagant and contradictory tales have been circulated on the subject. From the best accounts that can be obtained, the discovery was accidentally made by a peasant of the neighbourhood; who, while fishing in the small stream that runs through the valley, perceived a shining substance in the water, which proved to be a piece of gold; he, naturally, was induced to make further search, and, meeting some success, he continued the gainful pursuit for several years, selling his treasures, privately, to a goldsmith in Dublin. At length, in September, 1795, as, sooner or later must have happened, his frequent devotion to the Nais of the stream attracted attention, and chance or curiosity detected the real object of his worship. The astonishing discovery caused an immediate and general sensation through the country. All the lower class of people, of every age and sex, were busied in exploring this golden mountain; from the labourer who could wield a spade

or pick-axe, to the child who scraped the surface of the rock with a rusty nail; all were employed daily, to the number of some thousands, in the search of gold, and all labour was suspended. Fortunately the greater part of the harvest had been previously gathered in, otherwise the country had dearly purchased its golden treasures. The government, justly aware of the loss to cultivation, and the dangerous temptation held out to the idle and profligate to assemble and make this a place of rendezvous, sent a detachment of the army to take possession of the mine on the part of the crown. An act of parliament was subsequently passed, granting a sum for the purpose of making a fair experiment of the probable value of the mine; but hitherto no appearance has been discovered that indicates a bed or great deposit of gold, or affords any prospect of its becoming an object of national importance.

“The gold is found in marshy spots in the bed, and by the side of a small stream, in a gravelly stratum, and in the clefts of the rock which lies beneath; it has been got of all forms and sizes, from a mass which weighed twenty-two ounces avoirdupois, down to the smallest perceptible particles. The sand and mud are also impregnated with gold dust in a certain degree; and, after being carefully washed in successive cisterns, during which process the larger pieces are discovered, it is lastly taken into a sieve, which being for some time whirled about with a rotatory motion, the gold is found collected in the centre. The great piece above mentioned, which

weighed twenty-two ounces, was discovered while the mine 'was opened to the public; it was found by eight poor labourers, who had agreed to join shares in the search. They sold it for about eighty guineas. This piece, which may justly be considered as a great natural curiosity, was irregularly formed; it measured four inches in its greatest length, and three in breadth; its thickness was variable, from half an inch to an inch. A cast of it, gilt, is deposited in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

“We took some refreshments at Sterne’s inn, and, quitting Arklow, we crossed the mouth of the Avoca, over a bridge, as already mentioned, of nineteen arches, and proceeded by a hill road to the left, until we reached Shelton, the seat of Lord Wicklow. Entering the demesne, we drove through it and Ballyarthur: these seats, and their rich and continuous woods, form fine objects from the opposite side of the river. There is in Shelton a greater quantity of wood, and in Ballyarthur more and finer points of view up and down the vale. At the extremity of the demesne of Ballyarthur, is the hamlet of Newbridge. At this spot the prospect along the vale is delicious, and arrested our attention a considerable time. Passing the river, we regained the road by which we came in the morning. Near to what I call the first Meeting of the Waters, where the Avonbeg unites with the Avonmore, a road leads to

GLENMALUR.

one of the wildest and most romantic scenes in the county Wicklow, or in Ireland. This celebrated glen was once the asylum and great fastness of Feagh M'Hugh O'Byrn, celebrated by Spencer, when he kept the highest powers of this country at bay, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It has since passed into different proprietors' hands, the principal of whom are, the Earl of Moira and the late Colonel Hayes, on one side, and the Earl of Meath and Lord Malden, on the other. It is a valley of considerable length and great depth, rude and uncultivated to the last degree, except a little rich lawn, through which meanders the Avonbeg, and which, though very narrow, forms, by its verdure and flatness, a beautiful and romantic contrast with the stupendous broken rocks or steep mountains, which environ it; in some places they actually overhang, and, being covered with short smooth grass, cattle grazing too near the edge have frequently slipped down the precipice and been killed by the fall. At the entrance of the glen is a barrack, and at its head, or termination, is a rugged ascent, formed of huge pieces of rock, loosely thrown together. The ascent opens into an ample cove or amphitheatre, from the top of which descends a waterfall, that feeds the stream below. This waterfall, inconsiderable in dry seasons, like that of Powerscourt, after heavy rain becomes a cataract, and adds greatly to the romantic wildness of the scene.

We reached Rathdrum late in the evening, after one of the most delightful drives that the most vivid imagination could form an idea of. The scenery of the Avoca, despite of succeeding objects, has filled my mind ever since, and I may, with truth, repeat,

‘That the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.’

“Learning that the direct road from Rathdrum to Wicklow was not very interesting, we preferred retracing our steps along the Avonmore, and, setting out early in the morning, along the new road that so much delighted us, we once more saluted the genius of Glendaloch, whose ruins presented a different aspect from that sombre melancholy in which they were involved when we parted from them two evenings before. The lofty round tower reflected the rays of a cheerful morning sun, and the dark sides of Lugduff and the Broccagh smiled in the bright tints of gladness of the new-born day. We breakfasted at Round-wood, paid our bill and arrears, which were very reasonable, and proceeded to fish the Vartrey, a stream at the distance of two or three fields, in front of our cabaret. Our vehicle and baggage we sent under conduct of our host’s grandson, a careful and honest lad, to await us at the further extremity of the Devil’s Glen, one of the principal curiosities of the kind in the county. I cannot quit my inn at Round-wood, without bearing my approving testimony to the zealous and hearty attentions which we received from its simple and honest inmates. James Murphy, the proprietor, is

a sturdy old man, married to his second wife, who is, also, an old woman of the last age; Murphy's honesty, I believe to be as sterling as the buttons on his coat, which are all made of mint shillings, of the coinage of George the second.

"The course of the Vartrey lies, for about three miles from Round-wood, over a rocky and gravelly bed, through open and easy banks, until its waters are precipitated about 100 feet, with great force and fury, down the face of a steep and rocky hill into the Devil's Glen, forming a picturesque and irregular cascade. The trout in this stream are larger, and of better colour and quality, than those of the lakes or the Avonmore. The river being very sinuous, the angler experiences the frequent inconvenience of apparently shifting breezes, being as often obliged to cast up as down the stream; this, however, is no disadvantage, in point of sport, to him who has acquired an easy and skilful command of his line; the wind, if not in the wrong point, being up the water and against the hand, keeps the fly stiff on the wing, invites the rise and assists the striking. Before we reached the head of the glen, the water being in good order, we took between us two and thirty trout, three of which approached small mackerel size, very few of the rest equalling that of a small herring. Arriving at the fall, a glance of the glen satisfied us that angling through it would be a work of difficulty, on account of the close wood on the banks of the stream, besides that the beauty of the scene promised to be such as would

sufficiently engage our attention; we therefore tied up our rods, and having attained, by a winding path, the bottom of

THE DEVIL'S GLEN,

we entered on a scene of uncommon wildness and beauty, and which amply repaid the curiosity that led us to it. The glen is about an English mile in length, and narrow; an excellent road has been perfected along the side of the stream, by the proprietor of that side of the glen. Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycorry. The mountains on both sides rise high and almost perpendicular, and exhibit, as do the mountains at Luggela, the opposites of bare sterility and rich plantation; the one clothed to the very top in the various and beautiful tints of the oak, fir, larch, birch, holly, &c. broken by masses of grey rock, here and there protruding boldly through the surrounding foliage. In a spot tastefully chosen, Mr. Tottenham has erected a rustic temple, admirably adapted for contemplation, and equally suited to the gayer purposes of rural entertainment. From the temple a walk is carried, with great judgment, along the upper part of the wood, through rocks of an enormous size and the most fantastic forms. This walk opens to a view of the vale of Wicklow, which is well worthy of attention. A part of this wood suffered much immediately after the rebellion of 1798, to which sad period there is but too much reference, by objects and circum-

stances, throughout this county. It formed the retreat of some of the dispersed insurgents, whom it was found necessary to burn out, and the black and scorched stumps of the trees and underwood exhibit to this day a memorial of the event. The opposite mountain is but slightly sprinkled with a few trees, and on the beetling crags of rock may be seen the hardy and agile goat cropping his adventurous food, and imparting animation to the scene. The river Vartrey, that precipitates its waters into the glen at its head, flows through it in a very picturesque manner, forcing its course over and between large masses and beds of rock, and forming a variety of pools, eddies, and streams: after a heavy fall of rain, it becomes a roaring, impetuous, and sombre torrent, fretting between the opposing rocks, and speckling its dark and turgid waters with floating patches of white and yellow foam. The extremity of the glen opens upon a rude amphitheatre, sprinkled with brushwood, through which the stream, relieved from its vexed passage, winds its more gentle and unobstructed way. On an eminence, at the opposite side, stands the castellated residence of Mr. Synge, which, by its bold and imposing effect, contributes much to the general beauty of the scene."

CHAP. X.

“ — And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than
is set down for them.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THIS histrionic injunction of the great dramatic poet equally applies to those who take upon them, through the medium of the press, to record the sentiments and opinions of others; and that they should not, by a sort of rectifying process, neutralize the original savour of those opinions, and convert them into their own. In this paper, Mr. GREENDRAKE will be found to mingle, with his topographical descriptions, philosophical, moral, and political observations, to the detail of which we felt it our duty to be faithful, but for which we by no means consider ourselves responsible. If yet our pulpits are profaned by the coxcomb and man of the world, we avow that we know them not; if the labours of pious tractitions are futile; if Irish Testaments are “Roman Greek” to the multitude; and if maiden modesty and matron decorum have degenerated since the days of our

grandmothers, it is not we who say so, but Mr. GREGORY GREENDRAKE, upon whom the storm of resentment, should any be excited, ought justly to fall.

“ We know too well the duty
We owe to love and beauty,”

to interfere with or condemn that delicate and virtuous notoriety, which now accompanies, in bold and conscious triumph, the tender and blushing bride from the hearth of her paternal home to the altar of Hymen, and afterwards “tells it in the streets of Gath.” No! no! this and all other points of free or impertinent observation we throw upon GREGORY’S shoulders; and although we confess ourselves very much attached to him, still, in the true spirit of worldly friendship, we might cordially enjoy the fun of seeing him get a good mauling.

NEWRATH-BRIDGE—BRIDAL PARTY.

“Having remounted our vehicle, we proceeded to the village, or rather hamlet, of Newrath-bridge, prettily situated close to the demesne of Rosanna, the residence of the dowager Mrs. Tighe, a lady of the old school, and abounding in the domestic virtues, and mother of the late ingenious William Tighe, of Woodstock county Kilkenny. Rosanna is rich in what is called home scenery, having some very fine and aged timber; the mansion is old, and the demesne flat and destitute of

variety. Here the fair authoress of Cupid and Psyche composed her flowing numbers, and this circumstance constitutes the most interesting distinction of the scene. We baited our horse and refreshed ourselves at the inn of Newrath-bridge, which is a tolerably comfortable one and much resorted to in summer by the inhabitants of Dublin, either on parties of pleasures, or for temporary residence. An ordinary or public table is kept for the resident guests, who pay a weekly and moderate consideration for board and lodging. The air is accounted salutary for invalids, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery peculiarly invites to the benefits of exercise.

“During our short stay, the whole establishment was set in motion, or, more properly speaking, in commotion, by the arrival of a bridal party from Dublin, a circumstance, I am told, frequently occurring. The curiosity of the inmates, of which there were many, was immediately rendered active, and I am certain, had privacy been the object of the newly married couple, it would have been better attained in the streets of Dublin than at the inn of Newrath-bridge, where they become the objects of an undivided, concentrated, indelicate curiosity. It surprises me that *home*, the sacred and permanent temple of wedded happiness, is not, in all cases, made the scene of its first and dearest enjoyments. I should expect that the very recollections attached to the first moments of a fond and virtuous union would impart a magic locality to their loves, and enable them still to renew the flow of affection at the fountain of memory. With similar and

disapproving feelings I view the exhibition of wedding favours paraded by coachmen and footmen; to me nothing can appear more grossly indelicate; they seem to indicate the mortality of the first of female virtues, and I hope to live to see the practice disused.

“Wicklow, the assize town of the county, is distant about two miles from Newrath-bridge; it is a poor place, without trade or manufactures. There is just over the town a bold headland, on which is a light-house and signal tower, and on the beach, close by, called the Murragh, is a pretty race course, on which are races annually in Whitsun week, during which there is some good running, and a great concourse and variety of spectators from Dublin and the surrounding country. The Vartrey discharges itself here into the sea, and the white trout sometimes run up beyond Rosanna, and afford good sport to the angler; they take a gaudy fly, and are not nice as to its composition.

DUNRAN.

“On our return to town, we visited Dunran, which presents to the stranger some very fine and interesting scenery. It is a vast glen; on one side bare rocks to an immense height, hanging in a thousand whimsical, and some grand forms, with vast fragments tumbled from them and lying in romantic confusion. Some of the rocks bear singular and striking resemblances to towers, spires, and minarets, and to works of fortification. On

the other side is a fine mountain, covered with shrubby wood. This wild pass leads to the bottom of an amphitheatre of mountain completely wooded. Hence a riding is cut through the hanging wood, which rises to a central spot which has been cleared and converted into a beautiful waving lawn, with many oaks and hollies scattered about it. In this place there is a cottage, having an oval room, from the windows of which are three views; one, of distant rich lands opening to the sea, another to a great mountain, and the third upon a part of the lawn; it forms upon the whole a most agreeable retreat. We passed soon after through Newtown Mount-Kennedy, a neat village, where there are bleach-grounds, and cotton works; from this village a road branches off across the mountains to Roundwood. Excepting Mount Kennedy, the fine seat of the late Lord Rossmore, now that of Mr. Gunn, and Altidore, that of the late Mr. Blachford, who had been married to a daughter of Mr. Grattan's, there is nothing to tempt a deviation from the road, until the traveller reaches Delgany. On recollection I must make another exception; under Altidore, and forming, indeed, a part of the demense, is

HERMITAGE,

where was once a good mansion, now in ruins. This is among the beauties of the county Wicklow worth viewing. A narrow wavy glen, or rather ravine, is clothed on both sides with wood, and along the side of a stream

which is made to form a succession of singular and picturesque cascades, you ascend by a pleasant path to a rustic cottage, near which a strong but rustic bridge, is thrown across the stream and ravine, leading by a way singularly beautiful, and commanding occasional views of the richest and most extensive kind, both sea and land, to Altidore house. Near to the entrance of Hermitage, on the road side, is the beautiful and retired cottage of two gentlemen, who, forming the determination never to commit their happiness to the caprice or power of the other sex, seem to have devoted themselves solely to the empire of a strong and mutual friendship. Yet are they not churlish of the happiness they enjoy; they are polite and hospitable, ever ready to impart the delights of their little Eden to the curious visitor; here the daughters of Eve are welcome to enter, but not remain, and no one can visit it without departing strongly impressed with the polite and cordial attentions of Messrs. Bradstreet* and Jessop.

DELGANY.

“The village of Delgany is remarkable for the neatness, order, and rural decorations of its scattered cottages; for its elegant church, and the morality and industry of its simple inhabitants. The village is situated in a little winding valley, sheltered on all sides, and opening a vista

Mr. Bradstreet died since the above was written.

to the sea, of which there is a beautiful though circumscribed view in the distance. Bellvue, the admired seat of Peter La Touche, Esq., proprietor of the soil, and also of the lodge at Luggela, forms one side of the valley. The grand entrance or gateway is very pretty, and the access to the house winds through well disposed and effective plantations. The mansion is comfortable but not magnificent, the gardens tolerably extensive, and distinguished for a very fine range of glass. From the house, in front, is a noble marine view, and on a fine day, and when the atmosphere is clear, the Welch mountains are discernible to the naked eye. In the church, which has been built at the sole expense of Mr. La Touche, is the family monument, exhibiting some exquisitely wrought Italian sculpture, and representing three members of the family, two males and one female. In the village are male and female schools, and a strawplait and bonnet manufactory, under the patronage and superintendence of Mrs. P. La Touche.

“ Let me not quit this beautiful scene, harmonizing so well with the moral virtues, without noticing characters, most to be prized in a land where most they are wanted, and the contemplation of which must be dear to every good heart and well regulated mind. A resident and protecting gentry, a pious and exemplary clergy, are among the greatest wants which Ireland labours under, and the advantages of their existence are no where more forcibly and delightfully exemplified than in the village of Delgany. The constant residence of Mrs.

La Touche has rendered it another Eden; its inhabitants, old and young, are all employed in some useful and profitable pursuit; their persons are clean and healthy, their habitations comfortable; and order and neatness characterize the whole scene, animate and inanimate. The benevolent views and christian duties of the protectress of her people, and the patroness of their industry, meets with corresponding support in the exemplary labours and edifying piety of the village pastor, and the Rev. Mr. Dunn is not more distinguished for the pure and chaste eloquence of the pulpit, in which he has few equals, than for practical illustration of the doctrines which he preaches. The incense of such sacrifices seemed to me accepted of heaven, in the bright serenity which it shed upon the scene, while I listened, delighted, to this account given to me by my companion. How different are the miserable and devoted possessions deserted by their lords, abandoned to the un pitying exactions of agents and middlemen, and exhausted by the improvident and unsparing hand of the rack-rent tenant. Under such circumstances, the very labours of agriculture create a waste where they should fructify and adorn, and unsuccessful labour, seeking the fallacious and temporary solace of dissipation and profligacy, becomes, at length, nerveless and hopeless; sinks into indolence and despair, and ultimately flies the soil unequal to his own support, and to the unwise and unfeeling demands of an extravagant absentee. Here is the moral soil for the demagogue

and revolutionist to work upon: here it is where their labours produce a dreadful harvest of evil, and poison all the best elements of society. And what is the spiritual antidote opposed? The Nimrod and Bacchus of the pulpit, the petit-maitre and coxcomb of the drawing-room, the waltzer of the ball; who enters his church with reluctance, and quits it as freed from a task; who cultivates only the rich and pleasurable, and looks with contempt on the humble and the needy; who, fulfilling no one duty of his office, seems to forget all the pledges so solemnly given at his ordination; neither cheering the poor, visiting nor comforting the sick, nor instructing the youth of his parish in the principles of their religion; who studies the last new song, or the figure of a quadrille, when he should be studying the Scriptures; descants on the merits of a play, when he should be expounding the truths of the Gospel, and instead of practising economy; that he might be enabled to set the example of charity; dissipates his income in vain and frivolous pursuits, which compromise the character of a profession, to which he had, by the most solemn obligations, devoted his life. Is this a harsh and over-charged picture? By no means; and to the multitude of its originals, both here and in England, may be ascribed the widely extended and alarming defection from the established church, in the numerous and various sects which, like the progeny of Milton's sin, prey upon the parent church, while they seek a refuge in its name. Our hierarchy and our legislators, our rulers, spiritual and temporal, take ready

alarm at, and are constantly defensive to, the dangers of popery, while they seem altogether insensible to the greater dangers of sectarianism, and not alone passive, but, in numerous instances, active parties to its influence. Let them look to it, the mine is extending under their feet, in far worse terrors than the dark lantern of Guy Faux: let them withdraw their patronage from canting tract-mongers, and the ignorant ravings of fanatical presumption; let them strengthen the establishment by reforming the practices and discipline of its ministers, not by running into puritanical extremes, but conforming their lives and doctrines to the mild, rational, dignified, and pure spirit and principles of the church of England. The establishment will then find itself upheld by something stronger than acts of parliament—by public opinion: that which raised it on the ruins of popery in one island, and has preserved it in this, against the disproportionate zeal and numbers of a catholic population. But if protestants split among themselves into sects, all differing from each other, and agreeing in nothing but their contempt and hatred of the parent establishment, the religion of the state is no longer that of the people but in name, and deprived of the support of public opinion, it must sink under the ruin which it draws upon itself. I know that a notion prevails, that, in Ireland, the zeal and perseverance of these sectarians tend to proselytize the Roman catholics, than which nothing is more erroneous. The only converts they have made have been from the establishment, and I defy an instance to be adduced

of a convert from among the catholics, effected by the myriads of religious tracts, Bibles, and Testaments, wasted among the Irish population. If the serious consequences of this infatuated conduct of our hierarchy were not predominant in my mind, I should laugh at the absurdities into which grave and learned men, even in their associated wisdom, are sometimes led, when pursuing a favorite object. I happened, along with my Dublin friend, to be looking through the Custom-house one day, when I saw thirty or forty large bales of books, which proved to be copies of the New Testament, in the Irish language; not in the Irish character, but the Roman. This, in itself, was a curious importation from England, and rather doubtful as to the policy of perpetuating a tongue which, by all its associations, is hostile to British connexion. But what, you will ask, was its purpose? To diffuse a knowledge of the Scriptures among those of the Irish who could not speak or read the English language. So decided an ignorance of our tongue must, of necessity, involve in it an equal ignorance of the character in which the language is printed; and, therefore, if the Testament could be of any use in the Irish language, it should be printed in the Irish character, which, I am bold to say, is not understood by one hundred persons in the whole island, and these must be of the learned class. Thus, all this labour and expense ends in so much waste paper, and produces good to none but those who have the lucrative job of printing those missals of Irish illumination and proselytism. But, per-

haps, you will think I have digressed too much from my more immediate subject.*

GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

"From Delgany we turned into the Glen of the Downs, the character of which differs much from the other glens which I have described. It is the high road to Newtown Mount-Kennedy, &c. Every thing in this glen is calculated for effect, and the liberality of nature is happily seconded by the hand of art. Immediately on turning into the glen from Delgany, the road, for some perches, is very close and narrow, and a picturesque cottage, on the left, looks down on the glen, and appears as if it had been formed in the living rock. A

* Our author wrote the foregoing philippic under impressions which, at the time, might have found, occasionally, a rare instance of justification; and, not improbably, under some personal excitement, such as has been attributed to the author of the "Night Thoughts;" but we bear our testimony to the general injustice of his description of the clergy of the established church, even then. Now, at this day, the gospel ministry of the church of England can challenge the best and brightest periods of her history, and acquire honor from the comparison. Religious tracts have had the blessing of God upon them, and we pray that their circulation among a darkened population may be continued, despite of the sneers of the infidel, or the sarcasms of those well-meaning but mistaken persons, like our author, who, a stranger in the land, may have adopted that, on the opinions of others, which his own would have rejected had he been better informed. We were inclined to omit all that part which rendered this note necessary; but, on reflection, we retain it, as its perusal may be useful in correcting that neglect of character and duty which may still, occasionally, form an exception to the general zeal, diligence, and piety, so eminently distinguishing the clergy of the Irish portion of the established church.—EDDTON.

little onward the road expands, but not much. On each side, the hill, bold and high, is wooded to its summit; that on the left displaying less cultivation and art than on the other side, and entirely open to the road, various avenues, in sinuous and wild diversity, yielding free and easy admission to the clustered treasures of the hazel and the wood strawberry, blushing in the modest concealment of its foliage. Here and there the goat tracks intersect each other along the face of the deep acclivities, where the small and yielding stones would render a heavier and less tenacious footstep impracticable. Occasional openings, and patches of felled oak, stripped of their bark, add, by the variety of their aspect, to the beauty of the scene. More towards the midst of the glen, and at the same side, an immense grey rock rises above the trees, nearly at the summit of the hill, and has the appearance of an ancient battlemented tower. On the opposite side, the road is separated from Mr. La Touche's part of the glen by a high wall and a laurel hedge inside it; which, if necessary as a security against trespass, the pedestrian traveller must regret, as denying to his view much of the beauty of the scene. If not the result of necessity, this barrier does not evince a very good taste. Within the wall, and between it and the mountain, is a rich stripe of pasture, tufted with indigenous brushwood, and introduced shrubs and trees, through which a gurgling streamlet flows over its pebbled bed. The face of the mountain is covered with wood, principally oak; and on its summit, proudly overlooking

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the trees and glen, is the octagon banquetting house, one of the ornaments of Bellvue demesne, and from which is a complete view, not only of the glen, but of the sea. On little platforms or recesses in the face of the mountain, are two or three rustic cottages, which, with the bluesmoak curling from them through the rocks and trees, assist considerably to the general effect of the picture.

“On reaching the other extremity of the glen, the interruption of the wall, which I have already complained of, ceases, and the view, open equally on both sides, presents, on the right, a beautiful green and well-dressed platform, in front of a rustic cottage, erected in the best taste, and the front and latticed casements decorated with woodbine and Chinese roses, in most gay and luxuriant conjunction. This delightful little spot is separated from the road by a sunken fence, and connected with the octagon-house by a winding path through the wood. On the opposite side is a little cove indented in the wood, and corresponding in appearance, being neatly dressed and shorn, and sprinkled over with ornamental shrubs. To the cottage no access can be had without the permission of Mrs. La Touche, and strangers, not aware of this circumstance, and unprovided against the contingency, must content them with a view *en passant*. Egress from the glen appears to be shut up by the beautiful conical hill, the great Sugar-loaf, which has a peculiar effect, connected with a variety of views in the counties of Wicklow and Dublin. Taking

a reluctant leave of the Glen of the Downs, we proceeded by an excellent road to

BRAY.

a small town, ten miles from Dublin, and greatly resorted to in the summer season, by parties of pleasure, and individuals and families lodging there for the benefit of sea-bathing, and attracted thither by the uncommon beauties of the surrounding and adjacent scenery. All the charms of nature seem congregated about Bray, which stands on a gentle ascent, having the sea on one side, and overlooking, on the other, a beautiful vale, comprising what is called the commons, and nearer to its extremity, the Valley of Diamonds. Through this vale a trout-stream flows with silvery meandering course, and, passing under the bridge of Bray, which is the boundary between the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, falls, a little further on, into the sea. From the bridge the view up and down the river is beautiful; and, in the season, is never without the living ornament of the angler, the stream abounding in fry of the salmon and white trout; these rise greedily at the fly, and will take two and three at a time. The common, or valley of Bray, is bounded on either side by gentle swells and precipitous scaurs and steeps, and ornamented with cottages and villas, exhibiting much variety of taste, and natural and artificial beauty. At its head is distinguished the wooded entrance of the Dargle, of which I shall

presently speak more at large, and beyond it, numerous beautiful hills rise, as they recede, into magnitude and wildness. No view, probably, of the same extent, can, at times, afford happier combinations than this. Sometimes a sunny shower, passing over these hills, seems to water them with drops of gold; at others, the morning mist, involving them in obscurity, gradually rises like a curtain, until at length it develops the full grand scene of mountain beauty; but, above all, perhaps, the eye is most delighted, and the mind most harmonized, when an autumn sun, and intervening clouds, throw these lovely hills into partial masses of light and alternate shade, gloom and smiling gladness, and evanescent as the cause they spring from. Close by the town is a singularly bold and picturesque promontory, called Bray Head, jutting out into the sea, which unceasingly dashes against its rocky base, about which, and up its steep and perpendicular face, various sea-fowl keep incessant clamour, and furnish amusement to such as are fond of shooting them. On the land side of Bray Head is Kilruddery, the ancient seat of the Earls of Meath. The present Earl, and his neighbours, the Lords Powerscourt and Monk, have the merit of resisting the absentee mania, and of remaining at home, acknowledging the claims of local obligation, and receiving, in return, the tributes of respect and gratitude to which such conduct entitles them.

“My fellow-traveller’s report prepared me to find, in Bray, an inn and hotel of very superior merit; and I

confess that Mr. Quin's establishment fully maintained the character which my friend gave of it. It presents a feature more common to England than to Ireland. The prosperity of the proprietor, who is esteemed one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the county Wicklow, has not abated his industry, nor relaxed his attentions to the public. All the minutiae of a very extensive but admirably regulated concern, acknowledge his unremitted and presiding direction; what is rare everywhere, and most rare in Ireland, his good sense has kept pace with his good fortune, triumphing over that which is the bane of weak minds; and, consequently, Mr. Quin is esteemed and respected by all his neighbours, of every description.

"Bray is equally or still more distinguished than Newrath-bridge, for the initiation of the votaries of Hymen.

"It was Saturday evening when we reached Bray, and my companion recommended that we should sleep there, and visit the Dargle on the following day, when it would exhibit, in addition to its natural beauties, great diversity of human character; and afford me an opportunity of seeing the citizens of Dublin in their happiest modes of rural enjoyment.

"The first dawn of Sunday morning found me unrefreshed and anxious to hail it, after a disturbed and sleepless night.

'Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'

may visit 'the sea-boy on the giddy mast,' and, amid

the uproar and contention of the elements, 'lock his senses in oblivion,' but neither 'poppy nor mandragora' could have effect on the drowsiest subject that ever acknowledged the power of Morpheus, at the Bray hotel, on a Saturday night in summer. From seven o'clock in the evening until eleven, a succession of parties kept the house in commotion, and although constituted of different elements, and various in character and rank, all agreed in a common determination of being very happy; that is, in supping, drinking to intoxication, sitting up very late, and being extremely noisy. From the experience I have yet had of them, I love the Irish, but my respect for truth obliges me to say, that even their virtues savour of the barbaric, and the expression of their enjoyment is not always corrected by decorum. 'The whole night was a continuity of noise and tumult, and after breakfast, which was obtained with celerity, notwithstanding the great number of Dublin arrivals, I was glad to escape from a scene so gregarious, and proceed with my friend to the Dargle. We went by a beautiful new road, formed, along the the low part of the common or valley, within these few years; to the left is seen the river, over which, on the hill, is the town of Bray, with its church and barrack in the foreground. About half-way the common, I noticed on my right, a small enclosure with a rustic gate, and within the enclosure a hawthorn-tree having the appearance of a May-day garland. On approaching it, I was surprised to find the tree nearly covered with fragments of different sorts and colours of

woollen and linen rags, and here and there bits of ribbon; at the foot of the tree, and nearly obscured by its branches, was a hollow, having the appearance of a well, but nearly dry: around were placed stone seats, and the rest of the ground within the enclosure was appropriated to the cultivation of medicinal herbs,

‘ Drinking the dew-drops glistening to the moon,
Sources of health, concocted by the sun.’

“My companion explained this to be one of those holy and sanative wells, such multitudes of which are in Ireland, created by the superstitious credulity of its population; and the fragments attached to the tree, the offerings of different votaries at this shrine of health. It is also called ‘*The Wishing Well*,’ from a belief prevailing among the neighbouring peasantry, that wishes formed here, at certain hours, and under happy influences, will be accomplished. Venus and Vesper are the ruling stars, and you may readily conclude, that they more than divide the dominion of Hygiea. The ribband, when it can be had, is generally the offering of the lover, and its colour expresses the progress of the passion. You will not doubt, that, under other conjunctions than those of the stars, wishes are often accomplished here in the moment that they are formed. Immediately above this, on the high ground, is the pretty demesne of Thornhill. A little further on, in the valley of Diamonds, to the right, is a little glen, called Valembrosa, on one acclivity of which

is a neat cottage; a stream, of the purest spring water, abundant in the driest season, burst forth, full and strong, from a neighbouring hill, and flowing through this little glen, crosses the road under a small bridge, and falls into the Bray river. A little onward the vale is more cultivated and adorned, and presents to view a pretty lodge, called Fassero, built on the hill, and overlooking the entire valley. Near to this is a bridge of one arch, built on the formation of the new road, over a most beautiful and picturesque part of the river, and forcibly reminds one of those rich and romantic close scenes to be met with in travelling through Wales. From this point downward, the river retires from the view, involved in a tangle of indigenous alder and thorn on the one side, that dip their branches in the stream, and on the other overshadowed by a steep hill, fringed at its base with a mingled thicket of holly, hazel, briar, and thorn, growing in primeval rankness, and scarcely penetrable to the angler, who is sometimes obliged to force his arduous and tangled way. On the crown of this hill is a lodge falling to ruin, not having been inhabited for thirty years; it is called the *haunted house*, and the hill *Bevan's hill*: local tradition states, that, in this house, a man, named Bevan, murdered his wife; and the peasantry will seriously tell you, that to the interrogatory, 'Who killed his wife?' an echo from this ruin will answer, 'Bevan.' We instructed a lad, who told us this marvellous story, how he might with more certainty obtain the same answer from the echo, thus—'Who killed the wife of Bevan?'

He faithfully promised to put the question so to this troublesome woman, whose tongue even death was unable to silence, and to acquaint us with her answer at our next meeting. Looking up the river from the bridge, the water forces its troubled way over and between large rocks, and is overshadowed by high and wooded banks; at the further extremity the eye catches a partial view of St. Valori, honorably distinguished as having been the residence of the late Cooper Walker, Esq., remembered for his knowledge of polite literature and critical research.

Close by St. Valori, at what is called the broken bridge, (the extreme buttresses of a bridge, which had been swept away by a flood, supporting a plank and hand-rail) and on the edge of the stream, is a beautiful and fanciful cottage, once inhabited by a good and learned Clergyman, the late Rev. Doctor Whitelaw, who commenced a statistical work, finished and recently published by the Rev. Mr. Walsh, Curate of Glassnevin. From this point, a road to the left, on either side of which are other pretty cottages, leads to the principal entrance into the Dargle, a scene which those who most feel its beauties will find most difficult to describe. There were already collected at the gate a number of vehicles of all sorts, coaches, sociables, gigs, gingles, and jaunting cars; their several companies had entered, or were entering the Dargle, and the servants were busied in loading and bearing after them baskets of provisions, in quantities that expressed a perfect reliance on the efficacy of air and exercise in promoting a good appetite.

CHAP. XI.

Like travellers, journeying side by side,
To whom new objects still supplied
Thoughts interchang'd, and descant sweet,
Beguiling their unwearied feet;
At length arrived where branching roads
Lead to their sev'ral far abodes;
They linger long, each slow to part
The treasure of a kindred heart,
Too late and much too shortly known;—
Just felt, and then, for ever flown.
E'en thus, our Wicklow ramble o'er,
Some kindred reader may deplore—
From GREGORY GREENDRAKE loath to sever,
Lest parting now—they part for ever.

WE intimated in our last that the present chapter would terminate the county Wicklow excursion of our intelligent and amusing angler, and bring him back to the Irish metropolis. In the above lines, we have paid to him the tribute of our conviction, that he has afforded pleasure to his readers, and that they will part from him with regret. We would not venture to say so much of ourselves, and when our readers recollect how we accounted for the aid afforded to our columns by the pen of Mr. GREENDRAKE, they will fully acquit us of egotism, and the want of modesty, vices but too common to us gentry, who deal so largely in the plural we. But lest

we might appear a satirical or reproachful exception to the rest of our tribe, whom really we are not disposed to offend, even though they were not armed with stings, we do say, that our introductory verses afford a good text for the moralist. Who is there that sometime or other has not met by chance with a sort of moral counterpart; from whom he has separated with regret, whom he has never again seen, and whom neither time nor circumstances could wholly eradicate from his memory. In a stage coach—a packet boat—the play-house—the very street or high road, one may meet with a disposition so attuned to their own, that the contact may produce a moral vibration, long, very long surviving the touch that gave it birth. Thus are the ‘chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony’ often untwisted by the hand of chance, which, as though in mockery of the sympathy it awakens, leaves it ever after in solitary and disappointed existence. In this way we may, probably, account for a great deal of discontent, apparently strange assumption of manner, and inconsistent application of mental powers. The latent passion has been roused by the accidental touch of a kindred spirit, and has ever after been wandering beyond the sphere prescribed to it by the unfavourable circumstances of social dependency—even the paradox of a voluntary old maid (with great respect we utter the *forbidden* term) may be referred to, and reconciled by the same principle. Once in her life, and by chance, she may have met, no matter how or where, with him who, on some occasion, perceptible

only to herself, touched the point of sympathetic harmony: from that moment he is the model of human perfection—he becomes the beau ideal of conjunctive happiness, and, if there be not such another man in the world, (as it is said there are not any two things existing exactly alike) she never can be mated, and of course, lives and dies in “single blessedness.” But we feel that it is forbidden to us to enter too deeply into this matter; it is a thing dangerous to play with, even on the surface; in short, it is a ticklish subject, and we proceed to one that is safer.

THE DARGLE.

“I have already brought you through so many of the glens of this picturesque county, that little of novel character remains for the pen of description. The Dargle, however, differs in some striking respects, from those I had previously visited. The hills forming the glen are equally and richly wooded on both sides, and the road, or paths through it, lie either on the summit, or wind along the side of the hill, thus affording more commanding and diverse views, while in most parts the hills, closing at their bases, scarcely afford a passage for the troubled torrent that works its foaming way through banks and masses of rock, and which, generally, is rather heard than seen, thus receiving from the imagination the terrors and sublimity of an abyss, whose depth, consequent of the intervening foliage, we cannot penetrate, but whose

roaring waters convey to us the ideas of danger and profundity.

“As the visitor proceeds, he is sometimes enveloped in shade, principally of oak, and sometimes arrives at points which present to his delighted view lines of wavy wood and undulating water; the distant mountains, ornamented demesnes, cultivated farms, and the sea merging in the distant line of the horizon. These points of view are principally the Lover’s Leap, and the Burnt Rock. The first of these is a perpendicular rock of great height, battlemented at top with masonry, and at a distance has the appearance of an ancient grey tower rising from the bosom of the wood; to look down from it, one is strongly impressed with one of its resemblances to the Lucadian rock, and such as would afford, to any Irish Sapho, as ready and efficient a cure for disappointed passion. On a corresponding angle of the opposite hill, a very pretty cottage, one of the ornaments of Mr. Grattan’s side of the Dargle, forms a pleasing object, and from it, again, the rock of the Lover’s Leap presents a striking and picturesque appearance, when surmounted by animate objects, and the assisting display of attitude and drapery. The shout and holla of parties separated by the devious and tangled paths, the bursts of joyous laughter from the cave-enfranchised heart, and occasionally, the mellow tones of the flute and horn, rise upon the breeze, and mingle their happier and more varied sounds with the monotonous murmurs of the stream

beneath. From the Burnt Rock is, perhaps, the most pleasing and extensive view in the Dargle.

“Not far from the gate at which we entered, the path, declining from the main avenue to the left, leads to a little platform, on which is erected a rural seat, roofed in, and called the moss-house; the tiled floor, wooden up-rights, and seats of which, are as closely covered with initials of names, and commemoration inscriptions, as the walls and ceiling of Shakespeare’s apartment at Stratford-on-Avon. This spot is generally that chosen by parties wherein to enjoy their collations, and is taken possession of by the first arrivals. I should prefer a spot commanding a more extensive view, and less within the influence of the noise of the waters, which is here very great. This scene is peculiarly effective and distinct in its character. Immediately beneath is a vast chasm in the rock, which seems torn asunder to give way to the torrent that comes tumbling over its opposing bed, far sunk in a channel embosomed in wood; above is a range of gloomy forest, which overshadows it, and, rising to a great height, excludes every other object. To the left, the water rolls away over broken rocks, a scene truly romantic. From the moss-house, the path leads to the water’s edge, at the bottom of the glen, and exhibits a new scene, in which not a single circumstance is at variance with its principal character. In a hollow, formed of rock and wood, every object excluded but these and the water, the dark torrent breaks forth from fragments of rock, and tumbles through the chasms; masses of

rock impending over threaten to fall in and stop the impetuous course of the raging waters. The shade is so thick as to exclude the heavens, a small deep dark basin is formed by the liberated stream, which seems to repose therein before it tempt the fresh opposition of its rocky course; all is retired and gloomy, and seems as fitted by nature for the retreat of an anchorite, and the musings of melancholy.

“I feel that I have not done justice to this sylvan wonder; nor is it strange; my attention was so divided by the numerous groups of persons of every condition, which, upon this day, the metropolis had lent to animate the scene: many of these seemed more anxiously occupied in seeking a spot wherein to render execution on their hams and chickens, than by admiration of the natural charms by which they were surrounded. But of many a John Bull I might say that

‘He’d have done the same thing
Were he in the same place.’

“Having quitted the Dargle, whose rich and singular beauties amply repaid my curiosity, we crossed the stream at the broken bridge already mentioned, and, by a very hilly road, arrived at the pretty village of Old Connaught, close to which is the handsome residence of Counsellor Plunkett,* representative in parliament

* Now a British Peer.

for the University of Trinity College. Here is also a pretty lodge, which advantageously displays the taste of Mr. Morrison, an architect of very great and acknowledged talent; from this lodge is a much admired view, terminated by the Sugar-loaf hills. The adjacent and elevated villa of Shankhill or Hollypark, and its improvements, belonging to Counsellor Roberts, forms a beautiful object, from every surrounding point, and greatly assists to the general effect. From Old Connaught, the road, spacious and in excellent order, forms a beautiful avenue, shaded by a line of aged trees, almost meeting at their tops, and which, in the heat of summer, or on a moonlight night, when the silvery beam plays through the trembling foliage, must constitute a walk singularly grateful and beautiful. You can readily conceive how applicable to such a scene is Goldsmith's couplet,

‘ ————— Beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.’

And let me hope, that, in this delightful avenue, at this moment vocal with the song of love, and the murmuring soothing cooings of the wood-pigeon, that no passion shall ever receive birth or nurture that will not find its consummation in happiness and virtue. Nearly at the extremity of the avenue, on the right, is Palermo, the handsome seat of Sir Samuel Synge Hutchinson; and, opposite to the avenue, where it enters on the high-road

to Dublin, is Cork-abbey, the handsome seat of Colonel Wingfield, uncle to the present Lord Powerscourt.* On the side of the road, opposite to Cork-abbey, and inside a well-dressed hedge, is a thatched cottage, belonging to a Mr. Paine, which cannot escape the admiring notice of the passenger; and the eye cannot rest without a composing effect upon its front, almost obscured by jessamine, honey-suckles, and Chinese roses; its rustic chairs, placed beneath the shade of aged elms, and its little green smooth-shaven lawn, separating it from the road, by a just simplicity of distance. This humble and pretty residence is called Wilford Cottage, and is a boarding-house, on a small quiet scale. My companion spoke of this little cottage in a strain and warmth of praise associated with, as he professed, some of the happiest recollections of his life, and of persons, once his fellow inmates there, now dispersed in other climes, and with whom there was no probability that he should ever again hold communion. A little farther on we passed the residence of a Mr. Bouchier, and Shanganagh, that of General Cockburne. The entrance to the latter is by a gateway in the gothic, castellated style, rather heavy, and devoid of that good taste for which, in the monuments of genius and arts, the General is distinguished. He possesses a well-selected collection of pictures and statues, the enjoyment of which he politely and liberally shares with the admirers of the fine arts.

* The Lord Powerscourt here mentioned has been dead for some years—the present lord is a minor.

Loughlinstown, a village seven miles from Dublin, with its stream, bridge, and cottages, interspersed with aged trees, offers a pretty subject for a close landscape. On a rising ground, at one side of the village, is the country residence of Mr. Justice Day, one of the puisne judges of the Court of King's Bench. Those who can appreciate the value of a just, humane, and constitutional judge, will not pass this mansion without feeling the interest which such a character is calculated to inspire: it is said that Mr. Day is about to retire from the Bench.*

KILLINEY.

“From Loughlinstown a road to the right leads to the triple hills of Killiney, which are very near. On one of them is an ornamental obelisk, erected many years ago by a Mr. Mapas; on another a single tower; and on the declivity of the third, a martello tower. Adjoining is the island of Dalkey, where are the ruins of an ancient church; this, with the expanse of water, and the distant objects of Howth, Lambey, &c. forms, from many points of view in the county Wicklow, but particularly from the neighbourhood of Bray, one of the most charming and extensive landscapes in the world..

* He has retired from the Bench.

THE LATE DUKE OF DORSET.

"A view of the Killiney Hills is associated with an event calculated to excite feelings of a very affecting and melancholy nature. It was here that the young and amiable Duke of Dorset, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Whitworth, lost his life. The character of this young nobleman was of the first class, and his maturing virtues promised to shed a more than common lustre on the British peerage. It was the will of Heaven to blast this promise, to extinguish the bright and cherished hopes of an illustrious house, and to plant, in the bosom of an adoring parent, a pang from which death alone can relieve her. Nor was this fine and good young man less dear to Lord Whitworth, who was known to love him 'as though he were his own son.' The history of this affecting casualty is contained in some lines which I recollect to have read, at that time, in the *Star*, London newspaper, and of which I preserved a copy:

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE OF DORSET.

All bright beams the sun and fresh breathes the spring morn,
 And sweetly the thrush pours his note from the thorn;
 The cry of the hounds and the huntsman's reveille
 Awake the blithe echoes of hill and of valley;
 The game is uprous'd and begun is the chase—
 O! who is that hunter, whose skill and whose grace,
 While proudly o'er plain and o'er barrier he flies,
 Engages, unrivall'd, all hearts and all eyes?

'Tis *Dorset's* young lord, of a race as renown'd
As ever, at hunter or warrior sound,
To chase or to battle rush'd forth to the field,
To make, or the game, or the foeman, to yield;
And mark you his steed, thro' the fallow so deep,
Ill pace with his rider's bold spirit can keep;
All weary and sinking, he totters—he falls,
And the death-cry of sorrow is heard in our halls.

Go, Baron of *Powerscourt*, weep in the shade,
Thy noble young guest on his death bier is laid;
From the chase of *Killiney* he ne'er will return,
And sea-nymphs, at lone night, shall weep o'er his urn.
No more on these hills shall be heard the gay sound
Of merry ton'd horn and cry of the hound;
But ravens shall scream, and the sea-mist abide
Cold and dark o'er the spot where the young *Dorset* died!*

“From *Killiney* we proceeded through *Bullock* and *Dunleary*, two small fishing towns; at the latter, which is a favorite summer residence of the citizens of *Dublin*, a new harbour is forming for the reception of shipping in tempestuous weather, and when the bar cannot be

* On the 14th of February, 1815, the Duke having been on a visit with his friend and school-fellow, Lord *Powerscourt*, was hunting with his lordship's harriers, and in pursuit of a hare on *Killiney* hill, when his mare having cleared a wall, landed on some large loose stones on the other side, and fell with her rider under. His Grace was conveyed to the nearest house, belonging to a Mr. *Farrell*, and expired before surgical assistance could be obtained. The mare, it is said, was blown before she made the leap, in consequence of having been galloped at her speed across an intervening fallow. Lord *Powerscourt* was so affected by this melancholy and afflicting casualty, that he immediately parted with his hounds, and relinquished the amusement of the chase. Mr. *Farrell* has erected a rude and simple monument on the spot where the duke was killed.

passed with security: It is worthy of remark, and should impress itself deeply upon the public mind of Ireland, that this improvement, and that of Howth harbour, so very essential to the commerce of the port of Dublin, and so important to the interests of its inhabitants and of humanity, was never thought of or moved by a resident legislature. I believe I shall not defame its memory by saying that its members were too uniformly and too anxiously engaged in personal objects and intrigues; and although not a year passed without frightful and afflicting evidences of the necessity of rendering the harbour of Dublin more secure, the destruction of property, and the shrieks of the shipwrecked mariner, were absorbed in the eager and selfish avidity of acquiring places and pensions for themselves and their connexions, and converting the mock independence of their country to the indulgence of their own corruption and rapacity. Yet there are some senseless persons here who are constantly exclaiming against the legislative union, and complaining of the injury which it has done to Dublin; but the most serious and tangible subject of complaint which I heard of is, that the sound of the trader's carriage is oftener heard in the streets than that of the nobleman, and that the shopkeeper used, occasionally, to let to a member of parliament those apartments which he is now enabled to reserve for himself.

"At a small distance from Dunleary, and nearer to town is the populous village of Black-rock, much resorted to in summer for sea-bathing; it was formerly in

more request than it is now. Of this excursion which afforded me so much pleasure, and which, I hope, will not have been wholly unproductive of some to you, in the perusal of this account of it, I have only to add, that we reached town safe and well, and meditating further and varied enjoyments on the lakes of Westmeath. These enjoyments shall be shared with you, if you encourage me to persist in the detail of my angling excursions in Ireland."

END OF THE COUNTY WICKLOW EXCURSIONS.

RYTHMICAL TABLE

Of the principal flies for angling, and the seasons in which they should be used; communicated to the Editor by the ingenious Mr. THOMAS ETTINGSALL, proprietor of the sporting tackle establishment, Wood-quay, Dublin.

“Of various flies that sport upon the wing,
Their angling seasons, and their names I sing.”

PETRUS PISCATOR.

From age to age the rural pastimes grew,
Necessity first urged, then pleasures new
From wants supplied arose, and none more pure
Than from the deep the finny tribe to lure:
The high, the low, the simple, and the wise,
Make it a study how a *trout* to rise.
The pale mechanic hails his holiday,
And to the gurgling streamlet speeds his way;
There, in the lonely vale, to praise his God,
And seek contentment from his pliant rod;
At eve returning with his basket's store,
And health renew'd for six days' labour more.
O! where on earth is pleasure so secure
From every ill to rich as well as poor,

As is the angler's, free from harmful guile?
To take one sporting trout he'll trudge a mile,
Marking the flies that sail adown the brook,
Then try to match them from his fishing book.
Philosophers, with rod, may rove the stream,
To contemplate on Nature's wondrous frame ;
The monarch may forsake his cares and throne,
And seek the silent vale and brook alone.
One tumbling trout will give him more delight,
Than all the state which dazzles others' sight ;
The youth will cheerfully his books resign
For health and pleasure with his rod and line,
From Greek and Roman lore awhile to rest,
And learn to tie the fly will please the best,
How he may read upon the varying skies,
From thence to judge the order of his flies ;
How he may place them on his trailing link,
Know which should float, or which should partly sink ;
And next to know the feeding hours that trout
Are most accustomed to, or frisk about ;
And of the varying winds to know the best,
And at what side the brook his game may rest—
These, my design to lay before his eyes,
In due succession, and the killing flies ;
The less approv'd I mean to set aside,
And name but those by long experience tried ;
To imitate their structure with due care,
Beasts must contribute and the birds of air, }
Cock, partridge, grouse, the fox, and timid hare, }
Materials he from winter's sports shall find,
To furnish well his hooks, and cheer his mind ;
The wren, itself, tho' smallest of his sort,
Contributes largely to the angler's sport,
His tail, as hackle, in all winds that blow,
A trout will take, for if the river's low,

A spider wren, a muscle's beard the frame,
Or dark brown olive mohair, much the same,
Will draw the scaly epicure from where he lies,
Sick with luke-warm stream or gorg'd with flies,
The hackles of the cock, red, black, or grey,
Form flies to kill from March to Lady-day;
The fox's skin will many shades produce,
Nor is his beard, for forking, without use;
The grouse is good, but that of deepest black;
Gives the best hackles from his dusky back;
The hare is wanted only for it's ears,
The fur of which the greatest value bears—
This, mixed with orange, yellow, black, or green,
On lake or river better ne'er was seen,
With mallard fork, and silver ribb'd or tipt,
The wings from starling or from mallard stript;
The hare's-ear tipt most excellent you'll find,
It forms a fly the best of all it's kind;
The sooty black will constant sport produce,
And, in the evening late, comes into use,
And now proceed we to recount the flies
That in their months will cause a trout to rise.

FROM 14TH FEBRUARY TO 14TH MARCH.

The vernal breezes, with boreal blast,
Now struggle 'till the latter is out-cast,
The finny tribe make to the shallow streams,
From deeper water, to recruit their frames;
The genial spring new insects now create,
Their food to seek and be for others meat,
Hare's-ear and claret mohair, partridge wing
Mix'd with the stare, the vernal breezes bring;
The dark dun-fox is seen to cut the air,
And great brown coghlan called by some brown bear.

A dark-red hackle, orange body tied,
 Will surely win the river's scaly pride;
 A jet-black hackle on the foot-link's tail
 With purple body tipt can never fail—
 And mark, all flies that are of sombre hue,
 In early spring more certain sport will show,
 And the brown coghlán near to Patrick's day
 Like modern statesmen, turns his coat to *Grey*.

FROM 14TH MARCH TO 14TH APRIL.

The sun's increasing heat, and southern gales,
 Still more and more against the cold prevails,
 And kindly showers, mixing with the brook,
 Dispel the chill—then on the waters look,
 There you will see the grave hare's-ear, unmixed,
 Floating the stream, or on the eddies fixt;
 The brown rail too; the light and dark blow-fox,
 And hackles from the grey and tawny cocks—
 They end in March, but, if the month's severe,
 They never show 'till April's softer air;
 But let this rule be held by every man,
 For ever hold the black cock, red, and wren,
 As never-failing food—the common bread
 On which the tribe of trout are fed;
 You may adorn them round about with gold,
 May change their wings reverse to nature's mould,
 But the red hackle shows still at the breast,
 And so it is with black wren, and the rest.

FROM 14TH APRIL TO 14TH MAY.

'Tis an old saying, and 'tis truth they say,
 That April showers bring forth the flowers of May;
 And every flower that blows gives fragrant birth
 To many creatures scarce perceiv'd on earth:

Each shrub and plant possesses in its kind,
 The various beings that sport upon the wind.
 No sooner does the cowslip burst its bell,
 Than the cream camel leaves its golden cell;
 The clover which the cow delights to taste,
 When pass'd again, brings forth a tribe in haste,
 The lady-cow is seen to flaunt about,
 As any lady at a ball or rout;
 But very soon she changes her green suit
 To dusky yellow—orange—and at last
 Hare's-ear and yellow is its destin'd cast;
 The gosling fox, too, seems its nearest kin—
 But hark! the cuckoo's note—sweet May comes in—
 The yellow meads with cowslips studded o'er,
 Send forth their natives to the pebb'd shore.
 The yellow May-fly wings o'er brook and lake,
 The harbinger of the stone-prison'd drake,
 The black-bank spider and the sooty black,
 The golden olives show a wat'ry track,
 With golden, sooty, and the meally grey,
 Are all good flies throughout the month of MAY.

FROM 14TH MAY TO 14TH JUNE.

Now Nature is accouch'd—each shrub and tree
 Receives to nurse, her latest progeny--
 The order of the insect world's complete,
 As the sun's course attains meridian height.
 Emerging from the deep recesses of the lake,
 Upshoots the pebble-cradled soft green-drake;
 No sooner does it meet the atmosphere,
 Than with its lustrous wings it courts the air.
 Its morn of life is gilt by its own ray,
 But soon its bright embroid'ry wears away
 To sickly green, deep buff, and last to grey.

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Next look along the silver-pebbled strand,
 The stone-fly skips, from stone to stone, to land,
 As if (like cats) it fear'd to wet its feet,
 It pauses ere it leaps, although its leaps are fleet.
 The sun's meridian brings another feast
 To tempt the epicure—the over haste
 Of the industrious ant, returning home,
 A rising wind drifts them amidst the foam
 That dies away, a summer show'r takes place,
 That o'er, a mist of midges strikes your face.
 The blue-blows with their copper legs are seen,
 The sooty midge, white gnat, and gosling green;
 The orange cow-dung, olive camels too,
 All fork'd, *none tipt*, but every shade and hue,
 On a good feeding spot if you cast out,
 Will scarcely fail to rise a sporting trout.

FROM 14TH JUNE TO 14TH JULY.

Before Aurora opes her curtains wide,
 Speed from your bed unto the river's side;
 The flowers' wing'd inmates are confined with dew,
 Seize on their absence, 'twill be best for you—
 For when Sol's chariot tops the hill of noon,
 The trout looks to his rays and promised boon,
 The dew dries up, the fragrant prisons ope,
 And all the captives from their cells elope;
 Each whispering breeze will waft across the brooks,
 The food for which the trout expectant looks,
 As drifted to his mouth he basking lies,
 So gorged he shuns your shade and scorns your flies
 And all your art will fail to make him rise.
 Then, take the morning as I've said before,
 Doubt not your basket will contain a store—
 'Tis then you may deceive him while his eyes
 Are fix'd with hungry look upon the skies;

The flies to use are these I recommend,
 A jet-black hackle at your foot-link's end,
 The body, deepest blue, the tail, tipt gold,
 The wings, light stare, next in esteem I hold
 The golden ash and tied with yellow silk,
 The wing the creamy tint of stripping milk;
 The next, a spider wren with yellow fur,
 Must move a trout if he's inclined to stir.
 A hawthorn black, then, as the morn grows old,
 Which how to tie I cheerfully unfold;
 Pen-feathers of the jay the wings compose,
 Black ostrich herl along the tail lay close,
 Until you reach where you design the breast,
 Which must be formed of the green plover's crest;
 Then o'er the ostrich herl be closely laid
 The blackest horse-hair, and the fly is made;
 Nor e'er forget mixed hackles, black and red,
 The *Soldier-fly* with dark and ominous head,
 As suit it's name it is a slaught'ring fly,
 Struck by it's barb full many a trout shall die.
 Now breakfast o'er as it approaches nine,
 Get out your dapping link both long and fine,
 Your horn stock'd with blue-fly, and the oak
 Called the down-looker—rest yourself and poke
 Beneath some tree that over-hangs the pool
 Where no breeze ripples, there a glutton fool,
 Some bully trout, that scorns a puny fly,
 May take your *dap* and like a glutton die.

FROM 14TH JULY TO 14TH AUGUST.

The golden harvest wags it's yellow beard,
 The twittering quail and corn-creak are heard;
 The Nails quit the shallow sun-dried brook,
 The trout exhausted seeks some hiding nook—

Some little pool beneath a rock or bank,
That scarce conceals his back within the tank—
He there lies pent, nor dare he rove for food,
But watchful nature in her care is good;
The caterpillar up the sedges crawls,
In spite of all his legs, he reels, he falls
Into the mouth that's waiting for his fall,
A sweet repast at angry hunger's call.
Now as the yellow corn moves to and fro,
Like ocean's waves, the water reeds also
Bend to the breeze and from the nodding blade
The flag-fly tumbles and a prey is made—
But let us now direct the angler's eyes,
Unto the order of the day and flies.
The orange palmer and the yellow too,
The flag-fly orange, and the slatish blue,
The shaggy caterpillars red and black,
The light cream camel and the soldier-hack,
These in the morning on the pools he'll find
To please the trout, provided there is wind.
When evening comes and clouds move o'er the skies,
The trout are seen on every pool to rise,
Prepare the foot-line, fine, and round, and clear,
And let it these three smaller midges bear—
Scare-crow, magpie, ostrich or white gnat,
With hackles black and red, and you'll find that
With these you'll rise, unless the sun sets bright,
Then look to moths and hoppers for the night.

FROM 14TH AUGUST TO 14TH SEPTEMBER.

Now Iris bends her bow across the hills,
And looks with pity on the low sunk rills,
Betimes she weeps, then smiles, then weeps again,
Until her intermitting tears o'erflow the plain,
And, sudden rushing down it's ravine bed,
Swells stream and river to the sedges' head,

And as it drives along it brings such food
As worms, and snails, and all the creeping brood :
To cast a fly is useless—bait is best,
Altho' *pot*-fishing sportsmen should detest :
Yet, rather than return with sullen brow,
The brandling worm or black-head I allow
Are very good—but if the water clears,
The rising trout the angler's spirit cheers—
Put up a black and orange tipt with gold,
An orange palmer, altho' growing old ;
Hare's-ear and yellow, hackled at the breast—
They are the killing flies if rightly drest ;
But if with these you cannot stir a trout,
A good black-hackle silver'd round about,
Placed on your foot-link's end, and next to that
The fly called yellow mixt with fur of rat ;
The next a fiery brown with partridge breast,
Or red or golden wren, as you think best,
Will kill from mid-day 'till the sun goes down,
When 'tis full time you turn your face to town.
But hark ! what noise is that ? 'tis from a gun,
The twentieth 'August calls to other fun—
A grouse is down, the trout too hears the noise,
And close among the rocks he torpid lies ;
There let him rest until his fright is o'er,
Then try him with another cast once more.

FROM 14TH SEPTEMBER TO 14TH OCTOBER.

Now autumn's hollow blast howls o'er the plain,
The farmer from the field draws home his grain ;
The whist'ling winds the sickly trees now shake,
Down drop their yellow leaves on stream and lake,
Like rafts, they carry down the living freight,
The last repast to trout of insect meat.
The insect world is passing swift away,
The fly brown in the morn, at eve turns grey.

Look to the month of March, and recollect
 The order of the flies you should select,
 Two more 'twere well you add unto that list,
 The grouse and woodcock ribb'd with golden twist;
 But if the atmosphere continues light,
 Throughout October trout at flies will bite;
 For as the fly grows scarcer ev'ry day,
 The fish more easily become your prey.
 Some flies there are, which yet we have to name,
 Tho' claiming less of gen'ral rank and fame—
 The blue macaw, with purple body tipt,
 The hackle black, or red without being clipt—
 Some call it Wellington, some Waterloo,
 For at that noted time it comes to view.
 The snipe and partridge too, afford good flies,
 And the grey-plover's hackle we should prize.

Angling now o'er, lay by your rod for good,
 In vain you'd tempt the trout with insect food;
 For Nature now provides what best agrees
 With their soft pregnant state as fit she sees;
 And would you Nature's kindly care assist,
 Make the fell poacher from his arts desist.
 The nets and faggot-lights, and spears by night,
 Which devastate the spawning streams, and blight
 The angler's hopes, when vernal airs return,
 O'er river, lake, and primrose-bordered burn;
 When past is winter's stern and frigid reign,
 And grove and mead fresh clad, smile forth again;
 When Nature's harmonists rejoicing sing
 Their praise of HIM who gives renewing spring.

NOTE—As the pleasure and success of the angler depend principally on the goodness and unfading property of the colours composing the dubbing, or bodies, of his flies, the Editor has pleasure in acquainting his readers, that Mr. ETTINGSALL, to whom he is indebted for the foregoing excellent metrical instructions, has discovered a mode of dyeing colours, which, for sparkling brilliancy and retention of their hues, has not yet been equalled.

ANGLING EXCURSIONS

IN IRELAND.

PART II.

COUNTY WESTMEATH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers have preserved in this, as in the preceding Excursion, the divisions and editorial introductions, as originally published, and which added much to the variety and entertaining character of the composition. This second part contains much and sound instruction relative to lake fishing, and the angler will find (as in the former) a valuable table annexed, showing the several flies, the materials of their formation, and the seasons when they are most effective. We can truly assure the lovers of the piscatory art, that from the sheets to which we allude, he will receive more clear and efficient information on lake fishing, than from all the volumes that have hitherto been published.

ANGLING EXCURSIONS

IN IRELAND.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

“ The summer dawn’s reflected hue
To purple chang’d Loch-Katrine blue ;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss’d the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
The mountain shadows on her breast,
Were neither broken nor at rest ;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy’s eye”.

“ The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good morrow gave from brake and bush ;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.”

SCOTT’S *Lady of the Lake*.

WE should hope that the readers of Mr. Greendrake’s Angling Excursion into the County of Wicklow, will not be displeased to renew their acquaintance with this observant Englishman. The second excursion was to the Lakes of Westmeath ; and such of our readers as are

acquainted with those waters, will not deny the application of our introductory quotation to their beauties. We shall now let our angler speak for himself:—

The very great pleasure which I experienced from my excursion to the county Wicklow, induced me to repeat this year, * * *, my visit to Ireland, and prosecute my acquaintance with its scenery and the manners of its people. I arrived in Dublin on the 13th of May; and, having consulted with my friend to whom I had introduction on the former occasion, he acquainted me that the lake angling, in the county of Westmeath, which I had determined on as the scene of my amusement on this excursion, would set in on or about the 20th, and continue to the middle of June. To the question, where I ought to fix my head-quarters, he replied, that, consulting my own personal convenience, I should go to Mullingar, where excellent accommodations were to be had, either at Wilton's, the head inn, or at the humbler, but, perhaps, not less comfortable, *auberge* of Mrs. Clarke; and having the beautiful lakes Belvidere and Lough Ouel, the one within two, and the other three, miles of the town; but, if I preferred the better sport, with far less luxurious accommodation, he would advise my going to Castlepollard, a town in the same county, and equi-distant from Dublin. Here I should be within two miles of Lake-Derevaragh, latterly the best in the county for yielding good sport to the angler: within about seven miles of Lough-Sheelan, the largest and, at one time, the best of the lakes; three miles of Lough-

Lane, the same of Lough-Bawn, also called Lough-Carrick, and less than two miles of Lough-Glore; all affording successful sport from the latter end of March to the end of September. I did not hesitate in my choice: he is no sportsman who can suffer personal indulgence to influence the pursuit of his favorite amusement. However the civilized Nimrods of our days may startle at the proposition; it appears to me that a love of field sports is the principle of savage life contending in our nature against the constraints and refinements of artificial and sophisticated society. What, in our rude and aboriginal fathers, was necessity and habit, and I would almost say, instinct, becomes with us softened into amusement; and where the passion claims more from us than is necessary to the ends of exercise, health and relaxation, and absorbs in its indulgence the time which should be devoted to the higher duties connected with the place we hold in society, it is a theory of mine that then the savage predominates, and that rank, education, and public and domestic ties have been bestowed upon us in vain. Wildness of scenery and difficulty of enjoyment enhance the pleasures of the sportsman, and to such it is no repulsive prospect that his table or his couch may be simple and coarse, and that, for awhile, he may exchange the highly seasoned banquet of mental refinement and cultivation, for the plainer, more inelegant, but often times not less racy aliment of rustic communion. The engagements of my Irish friend preventing me the pleasure and advantage of his com-

pany, I was obliged to proceed alone on my excursion. Never having fished any of the larger lakes of Ireland, I naturally looked to the Dublin tackle shops for a supply of good flies, and accordingly filled my book. Every fly recommended to me was to be "a bully," and "a buffer," as the sporting vender termed it, and of itself was to fill my basket. On the 24th I took the coach, and, as I proceeded, was forcibly struck with the contrast opposed to my excursion into the county Wicklow, not only with respect to the topographical appearance of the country, but that of the people also. Passing the extreme gate of the Phoenix-park, only three miles from the Castle of Dublin, exhibitions of human wretchedness present themselves, which an Englishman must see to believe could exist at the very gates of the second capital of the British Union; and, as we proceeded, the picture of sordid misery became more aggravated. From Dublin to Trim, the assize town of the county Meath, a distance of twenty-two miles, is one of the most tiresome, uninteresting drives that can possibly occur to a traveller: the country flat and monotonous; and, were I to judge of the whole island by this specimen, I would apply, alike to the country and its inhabitants, the short but comprehensive character of downright, literal nakedness.

At Trim, situated on the river Boyne, there are numerous monastic ruins, and, in particular, one very extensive and interesting baronial ruin, called King John's Castle. It is a quadrangular building, of the noblest order of its day, and comprising all the strength

and means of security which distinguished such edifices in the barbarous times in which it was erected; towers at the corners of the outer walls of the area, portcullis and draw-bridge gates, &c. &c. The Boyne washes one of its walls, and there is still evidence that the waters of the river were artificially brought all round the castle. It grieved my antiquarian feelings, which, my dear friend, you know to be very strong and reverential, to see the rapid ruin which was overtaking these magnificent and stupendous remains of baronial power and grandeur; one of the corner towers, more immediately within the reach of predatory hands, being nearly undermined to its fall, for the purpose of building cabins, or, more probably, from the mere gratuitous and amusing love of mischief. My view of this ruin was but *en passant*; and, as to the town itself, I felt it an advantage that we drove quickly through it, merely changing horses. Approaching Athboy, a small and mean town, the country assumes a more cultivated appearance. Athboy and a large portion of the adjacent lands are the property of Lord Darnley. His lordship has caused an ample inn to be built in the town, with the Darnley arms emblazoned on its front; but, this is all the evidence of aristocratic patronage which it or the town exhibits, and all the rest is in perfect unison with the curse of absenteeism under which Ireland so grievously suffers. I will not detain you by attempting descriptions of the gentlemen's seats by which we passed; few of them were those of protecting resident landlords: Rossmead, the demesne of Mr. Wood, through

which the coach-road goes, reminded me of the rich features of my own country; as also did Ballinlough and its castellated mansion, the property, but not *residence*, of Sir James Nugent; and it were worse than apathy not to notice the neat village and very pretty church and school of Drumcree, close by which, and bearing the same name, is the mansion and improvements of Mr. Smith. Within three miles of Castlepollard, the attention of the traveller must be arrested by the beautiful lake, Lough-Lane, and the wooded islands scattered over its clear bosom; at its extremity is Lough-Park, the neat lodge of Mrs. Pollard.* At 4 o'clock we arrived in Castlepollard, the appearance of which gave no assurance that it would operate as another *Capua*, and enervate, by its allurements, my piscatory passion. The departure or arrival of a stage coach usually gathers around it the idle and the curious. I had alighted and got down my travelling bag, angle rod and net, and inquired from the coachman a direction to the inn. The drivers of public coaches, both in Ireland and England, form a sort of privileged order, and have a manner peculiar to themselves: the daily mediums of communication between the several intermediate places and the metropolis, they have a power of obliging in many small but necessary points that gives them a relative degree of importance, not only with the inferior classes, but even their superiors. Services rendered to the one will be amply repaid with thanks, and the occasional fellowship of a pot of beer;

* Mr. Evans, an ardent brother of the angle, now resides at Lough-park.

or, speaking of Ireland, I should, perhaps, say a glass of whiskey; from the other, an annual Christmas-box, or the condescending recognition of a salute, will suffice. Thus they acquire a certain independence of manner, and permitted familiarity, which in *whips* of another description, would not be endured. Like all other characters who lead or drive their fellow-men through the world, they have their various and distinguishing shades of character and disposition; and their different degrees of ignorance and presumption, of information and of modesty; but, all of them uniformly aim at being *wits*. Digression in narrative is like a resting place on a journey, and I cannot here resist digressing to the notice of a singular character of this class, whom I met with on my first journey to Ireland. I had paid for an inside place from London to Shrewsbury, and received the fullest assurance that, although they (at the office in Holborn) were not authorized to receive the fare onward to Holyhead, I should certainly have a preference. When the coach was leaving Shrewsbury, I found that I had been deceived, that the place I had been assured of was occupied, and that I had no alternative but travelling outside. Before experience of the world qualifies susceptibility of feeling, a man is too apt to be angry at that which, subsequently, would amuse him. It was so with me: I remonstrated and I scolded; but one official countryman, the office book-keeper, listened to me with philosophical abstraction of temper, and, when I had done, coolly asked if he should or

should not book me for an outside place. A person, apparently a coach driver, standing in the office, addressed me with a familiarity for which I was not then at all prepared: "Do, sir, do; I have a notion that the day will be fine, and then 'you will be all the better outside—take my advice, sir, and secure your seat, unless you wish to sleep another night in Shrewsbury." I pettishly observed, that I had not sought his advice, and he should have kept it until asked for. "Why true, sir, very true; a man gets as little thanks for his advice as sometimes for his money, and he's a fool that throws either away—no offence, I hope, no offence." I was, however, obliged, with an ill grace, to submit to the necessity of the occasion, and I mounted the box-seat with the driver, who turned out to be my adviser. As we proceeded, he was sedulous in directing my attention to what was worthy of notice, and voluntarily told me the names of the several gentlemen's seats and of their owners, until at length my ill-humoured taciturnity was subdued, and I became as eager to ask him questions as he was to answer them. He abounded with amusing anecdote, and seemed to have *Shakspeare* at his fingers' end. He surprised me with frequent applications to other English poets, and aphorisms of philosophy, and when we came to Langothlen, he astonished me by repeating, "in good set terms," the lines from *Sophocles*, inscribed on the tomb of the sister of Sir W. W. Wynne, in the demesne of *Wynstay*. He let me into the history of his life, which, if not involving the destinies of nations, was not altogether without interest and

moral. He was the *first* man who drove a mail coach in Ireland, having been employed by a Mr Anderson, of Cork: after undergoing more of the mutations of fortune than might be supposed to attend such a life, he made money, descended from the box, threw away his whip, and accompanied his son to America. This son he established respectably in business at New York, and whether he was revolted by ingratitude, or attracted by the love of home, or over-ruled by the dominant passion or habit of the whip, for on this part of his history he was not as explicit as I think he might have been, he returned to England, and resumed his former character, on the itinerant stage of a public coach, but a very few weeks before I met him. Delicate minds alone can judge of the difficulty I experienced when I had to consider him professionally, and to remunerate the coachman, without offending the gentleman, (to which character he had juster pretensions than many to whom it is accorded;) but, in being embarrassed by that sense of delicacy, you will say that I forgot that an Englishman is reconciled to any thing and every thing, in the way of business; that he can be the coachman to acquire money, and a prince in its expenditure. I got over the difficulty much more, I am sure, to his satisfaction than my own, and I parted with Tom Brook, the driver of the Shrewsbury coach, never to forget him. You have heard of Bobart, the Oxford scholar, afterwards driver of a coach plying between that city and London—perhaps you have been driven by him—he was nothing to Tom Brook. A man may progress to an

University degree and he fit only for a coach-box, and as verger of Brazen Nose College, Bobart may have attained to more than the level to which he was qualified by nature or by education. But, to return and bring you back with me to my descent from the stage coach at Castlepollard. Having inquired from the coachman, a decent, jolly, good-humoured fellow, and much above the the general run of Irish drivers, the way to the head inn, he answered: "as to a head inn, sir, I don't know that you'd ever find it out by that name; but, if you want to go to the tail of all that is bad in the way of a public house, yonder it is"—pointing to a miserable, dirty-looking edifice, the appearance of which revolted even my notions of travelling independence, and made me look back with regret to the cheerful aspect and the internal neatness and comfort of even the humblest of our second rate inns in England. At that moment a person of plain appearance, but of an expression of countenance that gave assurance of a character which I found afterwards confirmed, addressed me with a good-natured familiarity, and requested I would step into his house, until the object of my enquiry could be attained. There was in his manner that which ensured compliance. I accompanied him to his house across the street, he looking attentively after my baggage. We had just time, he to ask some questions as to my angling object, and I to answer them, when dinner was announced, and he insisted on my partaking family fare, enforcing his invitation by assuring me that in the town it was impossible for me to be entertained. I found a genteel, agreeable, and sensible

family, and before the evening was over we became as well acquainted as if years of intimacy had subsisted between us. This facility of confidence forms a great distinction between the Irish and the English character. The Irishman is very much the creature of impulse: he likes, he knows not why; and his heart, his table, and his purse follow the prepossession. No doubt he is often deceived, and his virtues are wasted on worthlessness; but still, there is a buoyancy in his good nature that quickly recovers the shock, and he is ready again and again to hazard the consequence of his adventurous hospitality and kindness. An Englishman is the very reverse of this. He yields with such cautious apprehension to the gregarious affections; he calculates so much upon the bad points of human nature; his prudence is a *feeler* of such alarmed sensibility, that he can move along the crowded high road of life without a contact that can hurt him; and if at any time he chance to suffer, this particular feature of selfishness excludes him from any strong participation in our sympathy—but, where the great duties of civilized and christian man claim his action, and the claim is obvious, then is he almost God-like; impulse, benevolence, and duty are one; and his generosity knows no restraint in its course, no limit to its action, until its object be accomplished. I leave you, my friend, to discuss with your amiable partner, while sipping your tea, which of the two moral temperaments has the advantage. My new friend, a most enthusiastic and skilful angler, after expressing his regret that the extent of his family precluded the further

hospitality of a bed, conducted me to a wretched cabaret, the only accommodation of the kind in the town* where I got a bad bed and dirty room; but he insisted that, while I remained, I should partake of his table. There was in the invitation a character that stamped its sincerity, and I did not decline it. Eager to breathe a purer atmosphere, I rose very early the following morning, and found my worthy brother of the angle busy tying flies for the day's sport, and with which he amply supplied me. I subsequently found that my Dublin flies were of little or no use to me.† Having furnished a large fishing basket with the materials of a cold repast, and strapped it on the back of a sturdy kern, who was to assist in rowing our boat, we proceeded by a pleasant road of about two miles to the lake. Immediately close to the town is Kinturk, the seat of Mr. Pollard, lord of the manor, an amiable resident gentleman; and, a little farther on, the improvements of Pakenham Hall, the fine demesne of the Earl of Longford, stretched, for the greater part of the way, along the right of the road, from whence, at one vista, is seen to great advantage the mansion, which is built in the ancient castellated style.

* This want of accommodation will not now be felt by the sportsman repairing to Castlepollard. Since the above was written, a very comfortable house, having excellent sleeping accommodations, has been opened in the town; and a jaunting-car, to convey his guests to and from the lake, and boats in which to angle, are supplied by the inn-keeper, Mr. Wm. Riggs.

† If our English angler had tried the sporting establishments of Mr. Kelly, of Sackville-street, and Mallow and Ettingsal, Wood-quay, he would have had a contrary experience, and been supplied with the very best order of tying, and mixture of colours.

The neatness and comfort of a long range of cottages by which we passed, conveyed to me the first impression of Lord Longford's character as a landlord, and this impression was fully confirmed by the evidence of my companion, who descanted warmly and enthusiastically on his lordship's virtues, as a kind, liberal, and protecting resident landlord. The close and extensive plantations, rich in vigorous vegetation, and sprinkled with the odorous bloom of the whitethorn, were all vocal with the various and delighting song of birds, with which, occasionally, mingled the careless and happy carol of the barefooted peasant girl, greeting us with modest courtesey as we passed. At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 26th of May, I found myself launched in my friend's boat, on the gently curled bosom of

LAKE DEREVARAGH.

Nothing could have been more favorable than the day—warm and cloudy, and the wind a brisk breeze, southwest. Where we embarked being the lee shore, the waves were of some magnitude, breaking frequent and strong on the pebbled beach. "Come! I like this!" said my companion, the lough is beginning to sing, (i. e.) the noise made by the breeze and the agitation of the waters. Upon the fishing ground, at the head of the wind, somewhat more than a mile distant, were already several boats occupied in angling, and we pulled for the same shore. It is a fixed rule to be observed by the lake angler, that when the wind is brisk, and enough of it, he keep

to the windward shore, drifting out therefrom as far as the shoal ground extends, and to the verge of the deep water. The fish seek their food on that shore, watching for the flies as they are blown from the bushes on the water. When, however, the wind is not sufficiently strong at its head to curl the waters, the angler will necessarily find more wind and better chance of sport on the lee shore, where there is less shelter, and of course more action of the wind. Local knowledge is necessary to successful angling on every lake, and submitting myself to that of my companion, I put up the cast of flies which he directed. A green-drake of the first shade, that is, the dark or bluish tinge predominating, for the dropper next to hand; a crottle cinnamon for the middle; and for the tail fly, or stretcher, a dark olive, ribbed. It is to be observed, that, as the season advances, the green-drake, or May-fly, changes its hue from the first shade above mentioned, gradually becoming more yellow, until determining in a strong buff. This is the general law of its mutation; but I have sometimes seen all the varieties of colour on the water, together with the grey-drake also. On the right, close to the lake we left, as we proceeded, Colure, the seat of Admiral Sir Thomas Pakenham, uncle to Lord Longford, where, riding at anchor, was a gay, well-appointed sail boat. Our sturdy rowmen plied their oars with effect, and we bounded over the waves, which acquired a softer undulation as we proceeded, and frequent streaks of froth extended along the deep. The green-drake in some places appeared as just risen from the bottom, and extricating itself from its shell; and, ere

its liberation could be effected, ingulfed in the maw of a ravenous trout, not allowed even an ephemeral existence in the new element to which it had aspired; others hovering in the air, and more sailing as proud and stately on the wave as *Cleopatra* on the *Cydnus*; and all unconscious of the thousands of living graves opening for them beneath, and voracious to terminate their little span of gay and sportive existence.

How applicable to the fate of this pretty and graceful insect are these lines of Gray's Ode, on a distant prospect of Eton College—

“ Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day;
 Yet see how all around 'em wait,
 The ambushed ministers of fate.

While engaged alternately by them and the noble and beautiful scenery opening to my view as we advanced, I was pleasantly aroused by the alarm of my wheel, my rod being on the troll; the boat was immediately backed, I wound up the line, and all was on the alert. When I was enabled to feel the fish on my hand, I found, by its weight and strength of pull, it must have been no *sprat*. It ran out line repeatedly and strong, never *showing*, and, when near the boat, dipping the top of my rod in the water, as I gave in the butt; he was about ten minutes in play, several times taking out nearly the whole of my line, and at length I brought him so far home, still never showing, that the landing net was advanced and

all ready, when, behold the uncertainty of all human objects! he broke away, and my flies came home, floating unprofitably on the waves. You must be an angler, and placed in my situation, to judge of my disappointment; but, one of the great benefits of this amusement is, that it practically inculcates the invaluable lessons of patience and resignation. My companion assured me that it must have been an enormous trout, probably of 8lbs. or 10lbs. weight, from the strength and length of its run, and never having risen to the top—these being the evidences of large fish; he, however, consoled me for my loss by the assurance that the take of such large trout on the troll was a certain indication of a good day's sport. By a small portion of the gill adhering to the hook, I found that the olive was the fly that had been taken.

By this time we had arrived at a part of the lake affording a full view of all its shores, and you may suppose me still on the troll, and my note-book and pencil in my hand, catching materials for the following-hasty sketch of the scene.

CHAP. II.

“ See the gay bark launch’d from its parent shore,
Far unknown climes advent’rous to explore ;
All fresh in strength, all rich in painted pride,
With swelling sails she ploughs the subject tide.
Dangers not thought of, or remotely seen,
She moves like Ocean’s newly scept’red Queen :
Unconscious that the now soft willing wave
Ere long may rage her many fathom’d grave !
So ’tis with man, in life’s bright sunny morn,
By health and strength, and flattering hopes upborne,
’Till sad experience clouds the prospect gay,
And thickening sorrows close his moral day ;
When, wise from ill, he feels the past how vain,
And not for worlds would live his life again,”

ANON.

Our readers may consider it a strange association, that of old wise saws and obsolete morality, with Mr Green-drake’s gentle amusement on the softly swelling bosom of Lake Derevaragh ; but, there are times when every man is so much in the sombrous vein, that, like *Jaques*, in the Forest of Arden, he extracts melancholy from the brightest and gayest materials : to a man in this mood, to-day is felt but as the grave of to-morrow ; the dancing rays of a meridian sun, but as converging to the gloom of night ; and the very laugh of gay and happy youth, as a convulsive action of the muscles, accelerating their progress to the grave ; the witching eye and blooming cheek of female beauty excite no feeling but that of commiseration for the dimming rheum and furrowing

wrinkles that are to follow ; and the brightest and gayest objects of life assume, through the opaque medium of his momentary and saddening morality, a twilight and dreary hue. The foregoing quotation, from an old anonymous poet, whose muse, like genuine charity, seeks concealment, having come across our piratical glance, we determined to share the treasure with the world, nor be so selfish as to confine to ourselves all the salutary misery of this gloomy and desponding morality. Having thus done the introductory honors, we leave our readers in the company of Mr. Greendrake:—

I concluded my last, by saying, that, as the boat proceeded farther from the shore, I employed myself taking notes of the surrounding objects which opened on my view. I have already mentioned that Colure, the seat of Admiral Sir Thomas Pakenham, lay close on my right hand. The situation is delightful, having the house of Donore partially seen, and its wooded point in the direct view; the low shores of Dara on the right, the old ruin of Cloneave church still farther in the same line, and in the distance, on a smiling eminence, the splendid and benevolent endowment of Wilson's Hospital. On the left the view of the lake is bounded, in less than a fourth of its extent, by the singularly beautiful hill of Kiltoom, now belonging to Lord Longford, but formerly the property of one of those numerous Nugents, by whom nearly the whole county of Westmeath was once held in fee. On a sheltered site, and close by a stream that flows into the lake, are ruins of the old family mansion, the standing chimneys of which naturally give birth to all

the associations of ancient Irish hospitality—but, general emblem of passing mortality! Cold now is the hearth, the blaze of whose ample turf-fire enlightened the well furnished convivial table, where *magnums* of claret, cheaply had, went their frequent round, inspiring the song and the story of the chase, and enabling each ardent fox-hunter to tell, again and again, the break-neck hazards of his glorious toils, relieved now and then with the favored *Jacobite* politics which, in that day, were wont to impart no inconsiderable relish to the mantling ruby of the Gallic grape, that beverage, now, alas! so great a stranger to our modern tables. To view these lone and melancholy memorials of comfort and elegance, and generations long passed away, conjures up the creations of fancy: the rank grass and nettle, where was once displayed the gay colours of the Brussels or Turkey carpet: the fallen fragment of the mouldered wall, where stood the quaintly carved chair of Irish oak, and tent-stitch cushion, wrought by the fairest and the proudest fingers; the alarmed hare, starting forth from the spot, where reposed, or was fondled, the intruding, but permitted, buck-hound, the sleek spaniel, or King Charles' lap-dog, saucy and snappish in his favoritism; the yet standing fragment of a wall once covered with storied tapestry, regularly explained to each new guest in the faithful punctuality of unvaried terms, or decorated with the venerable portraiture of an ancestry, displaying, through fading generations, the growth or decline of the fortunes of the house, the varieties of costume, and the progress of the arts.

What judges, what generals, what mitred dignitaries,
what bold and gallant crusade knights,

“With hauberk, helm, and twisted mail,”

may not, gaunt and grim, round and sleek, have stared the beholder in the face? What coifed dames, stiff in brocade and morals? What lovely maidens! one fancying the shepherdess' crook and couchant lamb; another with the head of her favorite dog reclined on her lap, and his eye beaming on her all the faith and affection of his kind; their heads dressed in the small, round, Vandyke hat, from under which flowed, in exuberant and unrestrained grace, their shining tresses of untortured hair? What young budding hopes of family pride and perpetuated descent! one little master with his hawk on wrist; another with a rose in his hand, as full blown as his maiden aunt; and a third, probably the most modern, with square-cut coat, square-toed shoes, square-flapped vest, and a deep multitudinously curled wig, such as we see in the portrait of *Cotton*, the friend of our old father *Walton*, enveloping his infant head. The imagination cannot confine itself here; it ranges thro' the whole of this mouldered and vanished establishment. We discover faint traces of the garden wall; now all a weedy waste, and to our “minds eye” are visible the grass walks, crossing each other in right lines; the high and carefully shorn yew hedges, presenting here and there fantastic forms, still aiming at a breach of the second commandment, but never succeeding; the square fish pond, half covered with duckweed, a stone Neptune in the centre, guarding the tench and carp, unconscious of the protec-

tion or terrors of his trident, and at each corner an attendant triton. But my dear friend, let me escape from my imagination, and relieve you from its antiquated wanderings. In truth, I cannot look even upon the dismantled walls of a mud cabin, much less upon the relics of baronial grandeur, without indulging in serious and absorbing reflections upon the state, manners, and enjoyments of its former inhabitants, and being forced into moral conclusions, which I always find assisting to a salutary frame of mind. I was giving you the view from Colure: the plantations and grounds are rich, and well laid out; but the house itself is very plain, and the fore-ground is deformed by a brew-house or laundry, jutting into the lake, (I suppose for the benefit of the water) and instead of which, according to my conception of taste and beauty, the green sloping lawn should merge into the lake. Were it legitimate to my pen to pourtray the eccentricities of individual character, the worthy Admiral would furnish no common subject; but if, as a seaman, he can be unknown to any of his cotemporaries, suffice it to say, that, as a brave and gallant officer, he displayed while in active service, the richest, the boldest, and the most generous features peculiar to that unique and noble character, a British tar. As a country gentleman, I learn that Sir Thomas lives in kind and hospitable intercourse with his neighbours, and is not inattentive to strangers who visit the lake for sport. As a Magistrate, he is just, protecting, and considerate, and greatly looked up to, confided in, and beloved by the poor and humble classes around him. He affects

a homely plainness of dress and manners, and many good stories are told of mistakes occasionally made by those to whom his rank and person are unknown, all tending to his honor, and displaying the genuine goodness of his heart. I only wish he would throw down the brew-house.

We had now arrived on the fishing ground, the opposite side of the lake, a fine, rocky, and gravelly shoal, extending a considerable way out into the lake, and on which the trout, in *skulls*, seek their food. The green-drake covered this part of the water. The mutations of this insect are curious and interesting: after it first liberates itself from its husk or shell, it is a bluish or dusky green, and its subsequent changes of colour to the deep buff, as mentioned in my former letter, are effected, not by the action of the sun, or air, or water, on the one identical body, but by casting off a succession of skins; this I proved in the instance of a few of those insects which I had confined in a perforated case, and which underwent those several changes while in my possession. The necessity for such changes is a paradox in the law of nature calculated to exercise curious and profound conjecture, and leads us to admire the dispensations of Providence towards such minute and apparently worthless objects of its superintendence. We cannot comprehend why this curious succession of new appearance should take place to feed an animal proverbially acknowledged to be greedy and voracious, yet we presume to arraign ordinations of the highest importance and wisdom in the Divine government of the moral

system ! Could we arrive at the invaluable consummation of human wisdom, the knowledge of ourselves, relatively to the incomprehensible attributes and application of the Divine Power, our sense of duty would direct us

“ Submissively to bow, and trembling to adore.”

After experiencing the common contingencies of a day's lake fishing—trout hooked, and played, and lost—flies and casting lines carried away—a wheel getting out of order, or a rod broken, &c. &c., our boat, before three o'clock, P. M., took in seventeen fish, from two to five pounds weight ; seven of which were of my angling. My largest trout was the last—taken, about three o'clock, with a hare's ear and yellow, the latter colour subordinate in the mixture. At this time it fell suddenly calm, and the atmospheric air dense and heavy ; the rising of the trout was suspended and my companion's account of Donore-house exciting my curiosity to see it, we rowed directly for it. On our way we passed where the Inney, a deep and sluggish river, after working its sleepy and sinuous course through a desolate and boggy waste of fourteen miles from Lough-Sheelan, discharges itself into the lake, quitting it again, about a mile further on, after washing the Cloneave shore. As we proceeded, we obtained a partial view of the ruins of the Abbey of Multifarnham, once of monastic celebrity, and to this day, preserving on the spot a remnant of the holy brotherhood. Notwithstanding my veneration for antiquity, I

acknowledge the superior claims of existing utility; and the noble front of Wilson's Hospital (a centre and two wings in a good style of architecture) becoming more apparent, my companion afforded to my inquiries the following information. The hospital was founded by Andrew Wilson, who endowed it by a testamentary grant of estates, producing about £5,000 annually, left in trust for that purpose to five ecclesiastical dignitaries for the time being—the Primate, Archbishops of Dublin and Tuam, and Bishops of Meath and Kilmore. The benefits of the institution to be confined to boys, being children of Protestant parents of the county of Westmeath, and, in failure of such claimants, to be extended to the children of Protestant parents in the adjoining counties; the name of Wilson always having preference. There are now on the establishment about 150 boys, who are supported and educated on Doctor Bell's system; and, at a proper season, apprenticed to tradesmen, accompanied, when required, by a fee of £10. There are also on the establishment twenty old men. The whole are most carefully attended to, not only in the education of the boys, but the general economy of lodging, food, and clothing. There are attached to the building an excellent garden and ample demesne, and its situation, combined with the most scrupulous attention to ventilation and cleanliness in every department, ensure the uninterrupted health of the entire establishment. The present chaplain and practical governor of the hospital, is the Rev. Chaworth Brown, under whose excellent management, the funds and character of the

establishment have greatly advanced, enabling the trustees to extend the benefits of the institution. Of this establishment it is acknowledged, that it is prominently among those of the kind which have ever been clear and pure from the spirit of jobbing; and that it derives this advantage from being solely under ecclesiastical government, is a very justifiable inference. It is generally allowed to be one of the most admirably conducted and efficient establishments of the kind in the United Kingdom, and not inferior, to say the least of it, to the King's or Blue-coat Hospital in Dublin. It was attacked by the rebels in 1798, and possessed by them for two or three days, but excepting the consumption of some provisions, sustained no injury.

Having landed at the quay of Donore, we approached the house by the back lawn, which slopes to the water's edge, and is irregularly but richly planted, and at a projecting point the well grown trees beautifully and effectively cast their shadows upon the liquid mirror. The first view of the mansion, a very respectable one, presents the characters of absenteeism, and a consequent degree of neglect and dilapidation. It is a square building, without wings, and at one side is a gateway, of rich and beautiful architecture, leading to offices which appear never to have been finished. The present possessor, Lady Nugent, relict of the late Sir Peter Nugent, has long been an absentee, and resides in Bath. The dining and drawing-rooms are tolerably good; in the former are the paintings so much spoken of by the neighbouring admirers of the art. There are only two

worthy of notice; one, a full length portrait of the comedian, Henderson, in the character of *Falstaff*, and in the scene where the merry knight resolves not to march his recruits through Coventry: in the back ground are seen his ragamuffin levées. It is really a finely executed painting, in chaste character, and mellow and subdued colouring. The attendant could not name the painter, but I conclude it to be from the pencil of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds. To the other painting there appends a tale of romance. On the opposite shore of the island of Cloneave, there lived a wild man, in the most destitute state of nature. He shunned, as much as possible, all human association. One very severe winter, the humanity of Sir James Nugent, the then possessor of Donore, led him to seek after the "poor forked animal," and he succeeded in alluring him to Donore. He seldom spoke, and never eat in the presence of any one, and slept always with the cows. His brutified state did not prevent his evincing the most devoted attachment to his master; and it is stated, as an unquestionable fact, that, on the death of Sir James, this Irish Orson exclaimed, in an agony of grief, and in the Irish language: "Oh! James! James! why did not you wait three little days more, and you'd have me along with you?" After this, the poor creature never spoke more; he rejected all sustenance, drooped, and in three days was found dead. Soon after having been caught, as I may express it, his portrait, asserted to be strictly faithful, was painted in oil; and, what adds to the singularity of the whole, is, that the portrait was

executed by a man then house butler to Sir James, and who was afterwards sent to Italy to improve himself in the art. The painting, in its spirit and general excellence of execution, is highly respectable; it is a three-quarter length, naked to the waist, and the hands grasping a club. The features are regular, and the character of the countenance, a severe intelligence, indicating no degree whatever of mental imbecility. At the first glance it strongly reminded me of Young, the tragedian, in the character of *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*. The temporary calm and atmospheric oppression which suspended our amusement, was succeeded, during our examination of the house, by strong squalls, suggesting the necessity of a speedy return to our own side of the lake; we accordingly re-embarked, but had not proceeded far, when the wind arose to a perfect storm, involving peals of thunder and hail-showers, a singular circumstance at such a season. Suddenly the waves rose to such a height, that their curling heads threatened every moment to break upon our little bark—

“The vexed spirit of the angry waters shrieked.”

And I must confess that I felt a degree of dismay that very much qualified my sporting ardour, but our rowmen were excellent and our vessel a good sea boat. It appeared to me not a little singular that, in the midst of this contention of the elements, the trout were rising in every direction, and one took my companion's tail fly,

R

a hedge-hog, on the troll ; the music of the reel chased at once from my mind all sense of danger, and we lay to, and, tossed as we were and the spray breaking upon us, we succeeded in landing a fine trout, of about six pounds weight, after a play of more than fifteen minutes. Having mingled the exulting cuckoo note* with the angry blast, we sped our way with lusty oar, and landed, thankful to Providence for our safety, although every one of us was drenched with rain and the breaking waves. You may easily figure to yourself that when we reached home we relished, with more than ordinary enjoyment, a cheerful turf fire, and the hospitalities of a plain but well served table.

* It is a custom, local at least to those waters, for an angler, on taking in a fish, to cry "*Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*"

CHAP. III.

“ Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought.”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE storm of the preceding day was succeeded by a morning so still, and bright, and warm, that, although *hope* and *patience* are the legitimate supporters of the angler's heraldic shield, we found ourselves, with respect to the expectation of any sport on the lake, just in the frame of mind described in the above quotation from our matchless bard; but, let me place you in my situation, and, “ my dukedom to a beggarly denier,” you would rather unprofitably lash the waters the whole day, or pick pebbles on the shore, than be condemned to the heart-sinking, all-subduing, miserable monotony of an Irish village, through the sleepy progress of a long summer's day. On looking from my bed-chamber window, what do I see? Half a dozen idle boys, or overgrown louts, wasting their prime in sluggish vegetation, playing hand-ball against one of the end walls of an uncouth dilapidated market-house, and accompanying their game with oaths, execrations, and wrangling, showing how little morality, religion, and their civilizing influence there is among the lower orders in this Island of *Saints*. In another place, two or three bare-legged girls beetling*

* Although I believe that the *beetle*, as an instrument used in washing linen, is not wholly unknown in England, it may be unknown to you. It is an oblong, weighty piece of wood, capable of being wielded by one hand, and with which a female, after

clothes in the remnant of a nearly dried up stream, the noise of whose morning labours, together with the sharp encounters of those minute and sable animals, whom the great *virtuoso*, Sir Joseph Banks, discovered not to be *lobsters*, awakened me from a dream, in which I thought, and indeed *felt*, as if a swarm of bees were punishing me for having approached too near their hive. With the solution of this dream I believe you are already possessed. One or two shops, containing the necessaries of life, yet closed, but all the ale-houses open; and the straggling mis-shapen street, with the exceptions already mentioned, as silent and desolate as Wilson's city of the plague. But, you may ask, would not the scene become more busy and amusing through the day, or might I not appeal to the resources of a circulating library against the influence of *ennui*? Alas! my friend, this would be the interrogatory of a mere Englishman. In an Irish village the whole day would increase your population, or diversify your objects, only by the accession of a family of itinerant beggars, entering, *sans ceremonie*, every door they find open; the ragged post-boy of a neighbouring squire, riding on a half-shod ragged mule, coming for more letters than will be welcome to their receivers, and agreeable in the perusal; a travelling tinker or a wretched and barbarous litigant, seeking law that he does not understand, or good advice, which he is determined not to take. And, as to the circulating library,

saturating the linen she is cleansing, beats it on a smooth stone, repeating the process until satisfied that her work is accomplished. This is not a very erudite note, but it is necessary.—G. G.

that medicine of sick minds, which is to be had in every English village, and where a man may always take refuge from his own fancies, in those of other men, you will find no such thing in an Irish country town, and scarcely such even in the metropolis; a circumstance strongly militating against the character of the Irish, as a *reading* people, and still more as a *thinking* people—each description is vitally dependant on the other. The case thus stated, you will not wonder that, accompanied by my good-natured village friend, I preferred passing the day on the lake, and to render ourselves independent of the restraints of domestic hours and regularity, which I would strongly recommend to the earnest angler always to do, we brought with us a cold dinner, not omitting a *quantum sufficit* of the diluting mixtures. The lake angler should, in this respect, be provided, not only for himself, but for his oarsmen, who labour hard, rowing him over the several trout shoals, or to the many points to which he may be invited by curiosity and pleasure.

Between the Irish and English peasant, there is this strong, distinctive character. *John Bull* will work just as much as he finds comfortable, while you give him enough to eat, and *Pat* will work more than he is able, (this is an *Irishism* only in expression) if you but occasionally comfort him with a drop of the native, (*i.e.* whiskey.) There is another distinction, and a broad one too, which justice requires me to mention. My countryman must not only be well fed, but he must be well paid into the bargain; while poor *Pat* stipulates

nothing, and whether confiding in your generosity, in preference to your justice, (with this latter principle of civilized association, he is unfortunately, ever at logger-heads) he always evades the trammels of a defined agreement, and meets your attempts to impose them on him, with "*Ogh! whatever your honor pleases; sure I'll leave it to yourself.*" The man who is content to draw his conclusions from superficial appearances, will often form erroneous estimates of the hidden motives of action, and be led to ascribe to simplicity or disinterestedness, what cunning and avarice would claim as their own. Whether this position is ever illustrated in the varieties of Pat's character, I leave it to others to discover; but this I will say, that my poor rowmen have cheerfully laid their strength to the oar, during a warm day of twelve hours, encompassing a lake of more than six English miles long, and nearly three broad, in one of its parts, and traversing it often, enlivening all the while their own labours, and the pauses between my sport, with the untired effusions of their rude but caustic wit, never hinting at the "sweat of their brow," but in arch allusion to the dram bottle; and after carrying home our fish or other baskets, &c., a distance of two miles or more, would appear perfectly satisfied with *tenpence* each, if we had given them no more, eager to resume, the next day, the same labours on the same remuneration. In truth, the Irish peasant, in his moral and physical temperament, stands high, very high, in the human scale, and wants but education and a principled and habitual respect for the laws of his country, to be prosperous and

happy himself, and an invaluable moral accession to the strength and glory of the United Empire.

We embarked at the same place on the preceding day, hopeless, indeed, to find sport, but loth not to seek it. The swell of the storm had not yet entirely subsided, and there was sufficient to assist to our sport, had the day been dark; as it was, I was astonished at the number and frequency of the rises which we experienced in the first drift which we took, although the brightness of the day actually enabled us to see the trout approach our flies, and, blazing,* turn down again. I know that the delicacy and quickness of perception, and fastidiousness of appetite, so universally ascribed to the trout, is denied by some ingenious theorists in the art of angling, who consider this fish so omniverous in his feeding, that, attracted merely by the moving objects on the water, and not by the particular colours of which those objects are constituted, he darts at his prey with a greedy indiscrimi- nation as to its nature and quality. To this theory, I oppose the decided conviction of all the experience I have had, and the evidence of every skilful angler with whom I have ever conversed on the subject. If this position were true, it would not matter what colour or what shape presented itself to the notice of the fish, and that that must be most effectual which was most obvious; black, white, brown, green, or yellow; no matter what. But, here, this day, we had proof, in addition to the

* This term describes the action of the fish approaching the surface of the water to take down the fly, but, on view of it, refusing, and turning back again.

multiplied evidence of every day's angling experience, that the trout will distinguish, and nicely distinguish, its food; that, although it might be attracted by the *object* in bulk, it will reject the *colour*; or, which still proves its faculty of discernment and distinction, that it perceived the hook, the line, or, generally, the artificial construction of the fly; and, if so, that it must have equal perception of the grades of kind and colour in the natural insect. But, what I consider to be decisive of my argument is this: the very day you are on the water, you will see multitudes of flies in motion, some hovering in the air, and some borne on the wave: the green-drake, in its shades; the olives, cinnamons, and hare's-ear, in all their varieties. You will take trout at different hours of the day; that is during different periods of their feeding, and forcing their *vents*, you will find that they have fed on one particular fly, although they have had so many varieties of the insect emulous to satisfy their omniverous voracity. This I conceive to be decisive of the question; but if it be not, let me add another fact. The number of *rises* which we had under such unfavorable weather, and the constant disappointment of *striking*, suggested to my native *piscator*, that which is not fully and purely legitimate in angling, the *dapping* with the natural fly. The artificial lake fly is tied on a hook of a size unknown to our river English angler—single and double B, or, as otherwise designated, small salmon hooks. The dapping hook is, relatively to those, a *midge* size, and when you can get it, let it be a *Limerick* hook, of *O'Shaughnessey's* manufacture; the smallest of whose hooks, such is their admirable

temperament, will not yield to the largest trout.* Having hedded one of these, to a line of about four links, furnish it with two natural flies thus: insert the hook under the wing of one, so as not to enter the body vitally, and, keeping the fly in the position it would naturally maintain on the water, do the same to another fly, of the same kind, but so placing it that both shall lie upon the water, the head of one to the tail of another: within the distance of a link or two, attach to the line a small piece of cork, about the size of a grain of partridge shot, which will serve to keep the flies and the hook, to which they are attached, buoyant, and the freer to work and flutter on the water. You must observe never to *cast out* a line thus furnished; if you do, you will break the flies, which are exceedingly tender, and render them useless as a living allurement. The line must be gently raised out of the water and protruded from you, by the action of the air; and by gently assisting the flies and preventing their submersion, you will keep their wings in constant and tremulous motion, and invite the voracity which your art will punish. Morbid sensibility will cavil at this mode of angling; so will it at the use of the worm in ground fishing; and some sentimental soul will perhaps quote, with good emphasis and sound discretion, "the poor beetle that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance, finds a pang as great as when a giant dies;" but this is out-heroding Herod, and refining man out of the means of providing for his ordinary

* The O'Shaughnesseys, have been all *hooked* by that great fisher of men, *Death*, and long since *landed* by the grave-digger. *Phillips*, of Ellis's-quay, Dublin, is the best hook-maker we now know of.

necessities. However, I was about to tell you that we began to *dap*: we did so, and tried two or three different flies without effect; olives, cinnamons, and a shade of the drake; at length we tried the brighter drakes, and killed three fish, one of which weighed not less than six pounds.

The day growing brighter and calmer, even the natural fly failed, and then we betook ourselves to enlarging my acquaintance with the lake. From the shore of Cranballa, standing, as appeared to me, about S.W., this water looks to most advantage, commanding all the breadth of the lake, and having its eastern extremity, at its full length, in view; this is eminently beautiful, not only at a distance, but close to it, as I subsequently proved. Here the lake is terminated, at its greatest length, by three hills boldly rising out of the water, and imparting a feature of grandeur and sublimity, which is wanting in the same degree to the other lakes of Westmeath. Relatively to the point from which I describe my view of them, Knock-ion, the highest and boldest of the hills forms the left hand shore; Knock-body, that to the right; and projecting, like a tongue, in the centre of these, is Knock-ross, a beautiful hill, with a tabular verdant summit, and, like its more lordly brother Knock-ion, clothed with wood, dipping into the lake, which extends along the two sides of Knock-ross, dividing it, from the other hills, a full half-mile, and, at each of these arms, receiving one or more tributary streams; but, of this part of the lake, more by-and-by.

It is difficult to describe a more beautiful effect than

that produced by the shadows cast upon those hills in the progress of the sun to its decline, and particularly at its setting. I would go twice forty miles to enjoy the rich, sublime, and composing picture. To this point, which most attracted me, we directly rowed, and, the day young, and no further sport to interrupt our progress, we had full time to explore its beauties. We first made for the right hand inlet of the lake, between Knock-ross and Knock-body, landing at the crooked wood, so called from its devious and intricate form, particularly when it was in the full maturity of its growth, and ere the axe had prostrated its reverend honors, and shorn it to the copse, which is now recovering and fast rising to its parental altitude and luxuriance; at about three-fourths of its extent, the wood is intersected by the high road, where the traveller of taste cannot avoid pausing, delighted with the sylvan beauties which surround him, and the exquisite views which open to him of the lake. Crossing a short green sward, intermediate of the lake and the wood, we entered the latter by a rustic gate, opening on the principal path; on one side of which, hidden from our view by overhanging hazels, alders, hollies, &c. gurgled and babbled in musical obstruction, shall I say liquid notes, a small sinuous streamlet, which discharged, over a pebbled bottom, its cool and crystal waters into the lake, an inlet of which, the rich and wooded point of Knock-ross, and part of the expanded water, are seen from this path to great advantage.

"Onward amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording just such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim.

* * * * *

Yet broader floods extending wide,
Show'd like distant ocean's tide."

The delicious odour of the primrose, the wood anemone and geranium, and wild hyacinth, which imparted its prevailing tint of heavenly blue to nature's verdant carpet; the luxuriancy of general vegetation, casting its sweet invigorating influence on the air—the various chorus of feathered songsters, "blackbird and speckled thrush," which, in nature's own harmony, kept every hidden echo responsive to the strain, had altogether such a delightful effect as I shall never cease to remember. Discordance, I believe, is not possible to the voice of nature, in any of its combinations: the cry of the water fowl, busy among the tall reeds skirting this extremity of the lake; the heron and the raven's scream; the cuckoo's monotonous note, and the soothing murmur of the wood-pigeon, or cushat dove—all, all, however opposite to each other in distinct and individual character, seemed collectively to assist towards nature's great diapason.

I quitted this beautifully wild scene with regret, and, pushing over, we skirted the shores of Knock-ross, from whose rocky border springs luxuriant the sylvan garniture of ash, oak, birch, alder, holly, and thorn, &c. which paint the smooth waters with their lively shadows, and whose more pendant branches, in many parts, stoop to kiss the mimic resemblance of themselves. The grey rock, the green knoll, the loose shingly goat-path, the

lichen and various wild flowers, and the naked summit of the hill; all, lend their varieties to the scene. Upon this, and the shore at the base of Knock-ion, there is little or no gradation to the water, which deepens, sudden and dark, from a bare rocky ledge, and looks as if the hill showed but half its height above the profound depth of the lake. Between those hills are the deepest parts of the lake, and with all the exaggeration and love of the wonderful, common to local credulity and ignorance, my rowmen asserted, that, notwithstanding repeated trials, no bottom could ever be found in those parts of the lake. Having turned the pretty and wooded point of Knock-ross, the bold and almost perpendicular side of Knock-ion stood immediately opposite to us. My companion directed my attention to a thickly covered recess, far up in the face of the hill, marked by a tree of larger growth, and what appeared part of a naked rock, jutting forth from among the rich foliage; from the water's edge up to this part of the hill, there appeared a narrow steep, shingly, and tangled path. In the embowered recess, and under the great tree, my companion informed me was a *holy well*, held in great repute by the Roman Catholic peasantry, for its miraculous efficacy in the cure of various disorders, and that which appeared to me to be a rock, was the remains of a chapel or hermitage, erected in the olden times of ascetic practices, the retreat of a holy man. The place was called St. Coragh's or Coiragh's Well, and the loose and fanciful tradition of which, well as I could gather from the disconnected

relation of my friend, was nearly as follows:—This saint, like many of his more modern, sanctified fellows, had been a sinner, and a great one too; perhaps it was a necessary qualification; the abbot, or superior of the monastery of Kells, in the county of Kilkenny; he suffered the flesh to prevail over the spirit, and as the example of rank and power is most influential on dependant connection, the holy brotherhood, abbot and all, might have sung, in just application to themselves, the jolly song, "*I am a Friar of Orders Grey*," had it been then written. Clouted cream, fat capons, and the libations of Bacchus, were too much for the frail tenement to which they were devoted; and the consequence may be collected from the following broken fragments of an old poem, or satire, written, no doubt, by some saucy, irreverend, new-light libelist of that day, and, like all compositions of the kind, better remembered by us than our prayers:—

THE MAID OF KELLS.

Or, * * * * *punished.*

" The Abbot's gills were rosy red,
 His paunch was three yards round;
 For why—the Abbot was richly fed,
 And his sleep was soft and sound.
 But still the Abbot no saint was he,
 He liv'd, as he wist, right merrily;
 The sins of others were rank to his nose,
 But his own dear sins smelt sweet as a rose."

* * * * *

" From labour of hands and thought of head,
 But not his own, the Abbot was fed;
 The sheaf of the stook, the lamb of the fold,
 The haunch of buck, from hunter bold,
 The mantling mead, the nut-brown ale,
 The holy glutton did regale;

And sure it is not strange to tell
What soon the jolly Monk befel.

“ A maiden fair, of spotless fame,
To the priory with tribute came.
Her locks so black, her brows so fair,
Her glowing cheeks, her lips, her air!
Smote, like charm, the Abbot's heart;
Her tribute paid, she'd fain depart,
When thus the Monk:—O! daughter dear!
'Twas surely Heav'n that sent thee here
Within these walls to find the seat
Of all that blesses and is blest—
I'll show thee the shrine where thou shalt pray,
I'll name the saint and lead the way.

* * * *

“ Nothing further the record tells
Of what befel this maid of Kells,
But something darkly——

* * * *

The Abbot's sin, not his alone,
The brethren——
The country rose, and the Monks they fell,
And the lusts they followed——

* * * *

I give you this fragment as it was given to me, and you must not hold me accountable for its rhymes, its measure, or its veracity. But the oral and local tradition of the place finishes the legend thus:—The monks having been dispersed, and the monastery dilapidated, the chief sinner wandered forth to find a place suited to a course of severe and ascetic penitence. At length he reached Knock-ion hill, and fixed upon the lone, dreary, and difficult spot I have described, to pass the remnant of his days in prayer and penance. Upon the more accessible shore of Knock-ross, he erected, with his own hands, a chapel, where he daily officiated, heard confession, and lectured his auditory on the spiritual perils of good living; a danger to which, you will readily

believe, they were not much exposed. In his steep and dreary recess at Knock-ion, he erected his hermitage, where he always ate and slept; crossing the arm of the lake morning and evening, whatever the weather or the terrors of storm and tempest, in a boat formed by himself, of a cow's hide. The origin of the holy well was miraculous. A part of the saint's penitential discipline was to eat nothing but roots, and drink no beverage but water; a determination for which, considering his former habits, he deserved unqualified credit, and which, sooner than emulate, I very much fear that there is not a citizen of London, even Sir William C——s, himself, who would not quietly make up his mind to be d——d. The abbot had waxed old and feeble, for saints will wear out their earthly tenements, although not so fast as sinners, and as he lay one night in his cell, he became very thirsty; the dryness of his tongue and palate even interrupted the expression of his orisons. The way to the margin of the lake was long, steep, and dangerous. What was to be done? At that moment he heard the sound of water trickling from the face of the rock, which formed part of his hermitage; he put forth his hand and drank. The abbot has passed away, the saint has gotten his apotheosis; but the water still trickles from the wall, and will never lose the reputation of its virtues while the curse of bigotry and superstition hangs over the Island of Saints.

I was not contented with this entertaining account of the anchorite and his retreat, but landed and went up the path, my companion preceding me. The ascent is

loose, steep, and difficult, and I was obliged to assist my progress by grasping the branches of trees, tangled over the pathway. On arriving at the sacred fount, a hollowed space, in the face of a rock, about eight inches long, and four inches broad, of an oval form, and overhung by the jutting roots of the large tree before mentioned, and grass, moss, and various herbs and lichen, I found my companion enjoying a glass of water from the well; after quaffing the cool beverage, he handed me the replenished tumbler, and I was putting it to my lips, when, casting my eyes on the garniture of the well, I found all the overhanging roots, and pendant twigs and branches, thickly-ornamented with rags, of sundry kinds, the votive offerings of invalids, who, by washing with the waters of the well, sought a cure for their sores. This was enough for me, and I returned the untasted glass to my friend. The second Sunday of harvest in every year, the peasantry, of both sexes and all ages, (Roman Catholic alone) flock in great numbers to this scene of superstitious confidence and devotion, and whatever atoning penalties they may go through, it is hinted that the purified spirit of the abbot of Kells does not preside over all the proceedings of the day, but that sins are committed sufficient to qualify the parties for a new pilgrimage the following year.

CHAP. IV

" While smoothly thus we urg'd our little bark,
 Far distant seen, a speck so small and dark,
 I reckless leant me o'er the vessel's side,
 Lull'd by the murmurs of the rippling tide;
 Or sought to follow, with bedazzled sight,
 The viewless songster in his heavenward flight."
 Like fleecy clouds that float the dark blue sky,
 Fair-seeming forms, we faintly did espy
 Upon a lofty mount, like fairy ring,
 Dancing whilom the nightingale doth sing—
 But as, anon, with well-tim'd sparkling oar,
 We, wond'ring, near'd the fair and gilded shore,
 Distinct and bright the fancied forms were seen,
 Each lovelier far than fabled Elfin queen,
 Or changeful cloud, that borrows silv'ry light
 From the pale radiance of the orb of night—
 And (last, best gift of Heaven, from whence she came,)
 Woman, dear woman! her all-delighting name."

Old Tales.

HAVING satisfied ourselves with the view of St. Coragh's well, and briefly moralized on the sins and penance of the once jolly and voluptuous monk of Kells, afterwards the austere and suffering hermit of Knock-ion, we re-embarked, again breaking with our oars the silence of the glassy deep, and directing our course to the shore, where we intended taking our repast. Our old father of the angle, Isaac Walton, delights his readers with the pure and simple pastoral enjoyments which he describes as attendant on river angling. I regret that he never angled our lakes, as I am sure that one of his brief and faithful sketches of nature would convey more than all the laboured details of the most

determined description. It is beautiful, no doubt, to wander along the devious banks of a pastoral stream, broken into the varieties of sharp falls and smooth deep reaches; to inhale the odours of the blooming thorn, "the wild rose, and the woodbine sweet;" to mark from beneath the overhanging fringed bank, the alarmed flight of the dingy water-hen, or painted halcyon; or see, hovering over the stilly sheltered pool, the dragon fly, proudly arrayed in all his glorious sheen of azure and torquois, and emerald, and royal purple, and burnished gold! But, the lake, too, has its charms of natural objects and locomotion, of a kind peculiar to itself. The lounging, reclining ease, while borne along the undulating waves, and your flies at the troll; the pleasing alarm when the music of your revolving wheel announces a stricken fish; the action of hope and of exercise while on the active angle; the varying appearance of the surrounding shores, and the delightful and all engrossing anxiety felt, from the moment a trout is hooked until it is landed, and of which the genuine brother of the angle can, alone, form a competent notion: then, as advancing from the shore, one sees, when the water is clear, the bottom, diversified and broken, with silvery sand and marl, or slimy ooze; aquatic vegetation, or ponderous and abrupt rocks, less and less distinct, till lost and involved in the profound deep; then, when imagination, leagued with knowledge, pierces the dark abyss, boldly invading the antediluvian paths and caverns, which only the last universal conflagration shall bare of waters deposited upon them by the great deluge: how rich,

various and unremitting, are the occupations of the mind, not rendered sluggish and inactive by the torpor of ignorance, and when vivified by a portion, however small, of imaginative powers. River angling certainly requires more delicacy and art in its pursuit, but that of the lakes has a character of expansion and sublimity, which must recommend it to the reflecting and metaphysical mind.

Passing along the shore, my companion directed my notice to a small, snug lodge, close by the lake called Streamstown, and to the domestic history of which, he attached a tale of terror. Some sixty or seventy years ago, (I may not correctly remember the time,) the entire of the family, servants and all, of a respectable gentleman, named Nangle, then inhabiting the house, were barbarously murdered, with the exception of the infant heir, whose preservation is thus described. At that period, when the Irish gentry were more in the habit of staying at home, and living at their paternal seats, in the midst of their tenantry, than at present, there was always some poor fool in a gentleman's family, who, different from the proud and saucy immunities of your court fools of old, had the privilege of working for, and executing the errands of the other servants, the run of the kitchen by day, and the liberties of the hay-loft at night. It will not be denied, that there are still few families in which there is not a *fool* a great deal less useful, and more assumptive of the properties of wisdom; and Irish absentees, particularly, not affording to play the fool by deputy, they figure as principals, and are allowed, so far at least, to be quite *at home* in the part. But to

proceed more directly in my tale. At the rere of Knockbody, and leading to the village of Multifarnham, is a deep, narrow glen, at that time, for about a mile, close and darkly shaded by wood at both sides of the road, and from this circumstance called, from time immemorial, in Irish, *Glan mille dhu*, or the glen of the dark mile—do but mark what an Irishman I am become! In truth, there is in the character of this people, something so frank, so kind, so attractive, that you cannot help amalgamating your feelings with them; drawing you on in a willing slavery, you cannot avoid yielding to it, although you apprehend, and not without reason, that it may deceive you, and you run the double risk of suffering under your own want of judgment, or their want of constancy. But, my dear friend, there is a great alloy to all this brilliancy of surface: the virtues of the Irish are a vigorous but uncertain impulse of their nature; their vices, the more fixed and constant companions of their semi-barbarism, and habitual subjection to the belief and practice of superstitious atonements. But, returning to the ominous gloom of the ‘dark mile.’ Our household fool had wandered to the glen wood, on the evening of the fatal night, to gather nuts, and was involved in the thicket, when he overheard the conspiring murderers deliberately plan their work of horror; all, all were to be murdered—master and servant—matron and maid—adult and infant. Mercy was to leave no possible evidence of robbery, and their crime was to be enveloped in the silent obscurity of the grave. The fool had a touch of pity in his nature—an exclamation

betrayed him—he was seized upon, but the fool was not altogether impolitic, when policy was needful. He affected to have been hurt by the re-action of a strained hazel bough. They were satisfied that they incurred no danger from the comprehension of an idiot, and he was suffered to depart unhurt. He fled swiftly homeward—terror of the vengeance he feared to fall upon his head, prevented a full and explicit disclosure of what he had heard, and his dark ambiguous warnings there lived none to remember. He had been always peculiarly attached to the little heir, then about three years old, and, unobserved by any one, he bore the child away to the cabin of his nurse, remaining there all night. The morning sun disclosed the scene of horrid massacre, and the affection of a fool saved one innocent scion of the parent tree from the general devastation. This fool, my companion saw many years afterwards in the family of a gentleman in the county Longford.*

* In my childhood I knew a fool of this kind in a gentleman's family, and a very singular one he was. Poor Pierce! never was there a more faithful or honest creature; a more indignant and determined hater of anything false or immoral. He would receive fifty puzzling and contradictory messages, charge himself with as many minute purchases in the next market town, and execute all with a correctness and punctuality not to be exceeded, and seldom equalled by the intelligent and the lettered. He never could be induced to encumber his feet, which were of most ample dimensions, with the restraint of shoes or brogues. He entertained the most sovereign contempt for the English language, never honoring it by his adoption; and he always bore a club, which two dandies of our degenerate days, could scarcely carry, and of which he was well disposed to make use, if his "way were prescribed," or his manifold trust attempted to be invaded. No Quaker could be more colloquial in his address, no matter what the rank of the person he spoke to, nor modern saint more free from vice, without ever claiming a merit for the virtue.—EDITOR.

On the opposite shore is *Mona-town*, (modernized *Mornington*,) the seat of OWEN DALY, Esq. and one of the most beautiful spots, in its natural features, on the shores of the lake.

My companion's tale was just concluded as we reached our landing place. It was a bold, high shore, and on the eminence, overlooking every point of the lake with a lordly comprehension of view, stood, in the olden time, a baronial castle, of which, now, there remain only the foundation lines, overgrown with grass, and a very small relic of one of the inferior buildings of the fortress. The castle, which covered, including its area, more than an acre of ground, was surrounded by a deep ditch; and, judging from the lines of its foundations, it was on the plan, and could not have been much, if at all, inferior in magnitude, to the castle of Trim. Not many years back, a considerable portion of the ruins were standing, but they were pulled down, and the stone carried away, probably to build the cottages of the neighbouring peasantry. He who opposes practical and substantial good to the indulgence of antiquarian impressions, will think those materials better employed in administering to the comfort of the present race, than as dilapidated and mouldering monuments of power and grandeur long passed away. I am, however, of the number who regard those remains of antiquity with great reverence; they serve as connecting the living generations with the early history of their country—they exercise the reflective and higher powers of man, give an interesting locality to their action, and teach

him that dependancy on the past and the future, which distinguishes him from the mere animal, which seeks and is contented with present physical enjoyment, and is indifferent to that which preceded or shall follow him. Impressed with such sentiments, I could not but regret that no vestige remains of that proud castle whose battlemented towers once displayed the pennons and the banner of Mortimer, Earl of Marche, who lost his life in battle with the chief of the O'Beirne's, when representing the person and power of his weak and unfortunate master, Richard the Second. If ever Sir Walter Scott shall think of making Irish history the subject of his magic pen, I think that Mortimer Castle, for so is the *place* of this once extensive ruin called, would furnish him with materials with which he might raise an imaginative structure more than recalling into being its past existence and glories.

Forth from the rocky base of the hill, bubbles and flows a spring of the purest water, which was our original attraction to the spot; but, on approaching the shore, there offered to our view, that which proved a stronger inducement. On the platform of the hill, where once was the castle, there stood a group of our female friends from the village, waving their white handkerchiefs, to invite our landing, the appearance of which, at a distance, suggested my introductory quotation. We found the ladies prepared with some good and substantial additions to our frugal means of refreshment; not altogether unacquainted with 'the *art of angling*, they calculated on our want of piscatory

amusement, and with the provident kindness and delicate attention, in which they so immeasurably surpass our sex, they were resolved that we should not have cause to excuse our fortunes on shore. To any one who has experienced the happy confusion of what is called a *sed dinner*—the thousand little circumstances incidental to the absence of form and ceremonial restraint—the practical jokes which appear to be the result of accident, and the accidents which appear to be jokes—the buoyant spirits, and the hearty laugh, responded by surrounding echoes—to tell you that this was one of the pleasantest parties of the kind that ever I partook of, is but truth. Would you know our bill of fare? Here you have it:

A cold, nicely roasted, fore-quarter of lamb,
 An excellent salad to grace it;
 A cherry-hued, well flavor'd, fine mellow ham,
 A leash of roast chickens to face it.
 From a neighbouring cabin, a piping hot dish
 Of that root of all roots, the potato,
 As good and as dry as a monarch could wish,
 And *too good* for the lovers of *Plato*;
 Then, with porter, and cider, and good whiskey punch—
 For we scorned your port and your sherry—
 We gaily diluted our pastoral lunch,
 And danc'd, laugh'd, and sung all so merry.

I beg you will not accept the last rhyme in an extreme construction, as I assure you that we were all, the ladies at least, most decorously, or, according to the adage,

"Merry and wise."

The sun was fast sinking behind the moat of Grannard, and gilding, with its oblique rays, the hills of Knock-ion, Knock-ross, Knock-body, and the Crooked-Wood, far east away, when we set about returning home.

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The ladies, ordering their vehicle round to the nearest point to our landing place, preferred coming into the boat; so we all embarked with the usual accompaniment of real or affected alarm, and interesting exclamations, perhaps I might say screams, as the boat inclined on her beams, until the party were all seated and balanced. Then,

“Each boatman bending to his oar,
With measur’d sweep the burden bore.”

The lake was like a vast sheet of glass, in which the sun seemed to dress his retiring beams. From the clustered thorns, scattered on the verdant slopes of the beautiful hill of Kiltoom, as we coasted its shore, the blackbird and thrush greeted us with their evening song—the murmurs and wild call of the water fowl were heard among the tall reeds occasionally skirting the shore, and the lowing of the full-uddered kine for the relieving office of the milk-maid; all, mingled on our ear in nature's own full and perfect harmony. All the pretty things said on board—our marine gallantries—our fears—our sentiment, and our nonsense, I leave to your imagination or your experience, and, for the present, shall content myself with saying, that we landed safely, and all reached Castlepollard, without the slightest circumstance to cast a shade over the memory of one of the most pleasant days I ever passed on the water. If you are not weary of the subject, and that I can accomplish the navigation of the river Inney, my next shall treat of Lough-Sheelan.

CHAP. V.

“Through a course, presenting no relief to the eye, from bleak swamp and brown bog, silent, and deep, and dark, the stream urged its sluggish, sinuous, and scarcely perceptible movement—an earthly phlegethon.”—AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

I had some notion of proceeding to Lough-Sheelan, by boat, up the Inney, but the account I received of the extreme dreariness of that part of the river, which flows with sluggish motion the whole way, through an unrelieved tract of bog and swamp, discouraged me, and I went by land, the distance being about eight miles, while the windings of the desolate stream would have made the distance sixteen miles or more. To a person who could be amused by an incessant take of small pike, with the bait, the river would repay the labours of the oar.

One of the rowmen, who constantly attended us, undertook to row our boat up the Inney, over night, and meet us in the morning at a given point, Ross. I cannot resist the inclination I feel to give you some account of this Caliban of the lakes:—Larry Moore is a sturdy, chubby, strong made fellow, of middle size, and about five or six and twenty years of age. His thick and uncombed locks, beard seldom shorn close, open shirt collar, ragged *triheens*, (an Irish term for woollen hose reaching neither to the ankle nor the knees) and formidable teeth, which no one better knows to put to their

natural use, always exposed by lips somewhat of the African form, would give you the most perfect idea of a wild Irishman, *just caught*; but, nevertheless, whoever would take Larry for a simpleton, would be widely mistaken. Fond of fish, or, at least, the pursuit of it, as an otter, he seems to partake of the instinct and qualities of that animal, and appears to wage a *bellum internecionem* against the finny tribe: When the season serves, he is every day on the water; and, being troubled by none of the scruples that govern the fair sportsman, "alike to him all seasons and their change;" the dark November nights may enshroud his form and his feats, but not secure from spear and net the ill-fated trout, mother fish, or spawner, which, in that season, forsaking the lake, proceed up the smaller streams that flow into it. In fact, a person disposed to use discourteous terms, would probably call our friend Larry nothing short of a poacher; and, indeed, there goes a story in the village, that, having learned that the suspicions entertained of his nocturnal sports were about to assume an active expression, he hid his net in a new-made grave, but not with the intention that it should form its last retreat. With all this, I would advise, that the very first inquiry of a visiting angler, in the town of Castlepollard, should be for Larry, and his first care to secure his services, which, as oarsman, messenger, carrier, and universal drudge, are invaluable. His zeal, combined with his strength and activity, overcomes all difficulties. He will carry your provisions to the lake, and your fish from it. He will "fardels bear" but never groan, though he may

sweat. He will provide you with bait of all sorts, if you are disposed to that agency of sport. If your boat lie shoaled from the bank, he will carry you to it on his back, and row you the whole day without intermission, if you but prevent his muscles getting rigid by seasonable supplies from the *aqua vitæ* bottle. Among his accommodating qualities, that of an ample and untired appetite, both for solids and fluids, does not rank as least; no one can be more expert at lightening Æsop's load, and such is his *gastric* sense of politeness, that he will never suffer his entertainer to doubt of his being pleased with his fare, either by rejecting any viands that are given to him, or leaving on his plate even "a wreck behind."

This fellow, so admirably fitted for the purpose, commenced his voyage up the river about six o'clock, and was in waiting for us when we arrived at the quay of Ross, after having caught two fine trout, and numberless small pike and perch. There is, near to Lough-Sheelan, a small lake, formed by an expansion of the Inney, and when Larry got into it, the night was so dark that he could not find his way into Lough-Sheelan; he, therefore, pushed his boat into a large cluster of strong reeds, which kept it stationary, as if at anchor, and, coiling himself on the floor, disposed himself for sleep. Such, however, he said, was the incessant rise of the fish around him, the noise of which so intensely occupied his otter-like instinct, together with the screaming of the water fowl, that it was long before he could close his eyes or his ears; when he did, he slept soundly, until a wasp,

directed by the morning sun, settled on his nose, which the insect mistook either for the yellow flagger flower, or an over-ripe pear, and, in the act of rifling its sweets, inflicted such a wound as suddenly aroused the snoring voyager from his slumbers. Larry's own account of his feelings on the occasion was, that he dreamt he had stooped to drink the waters of the lake, when a pike seized him by the nose, probably mistaking it for a large yellow freckled frog.

Lough-Sheelan is the largest lake of its neighbourhood, being, from the bridge of Finnea (the entrance to it from the Inney) to Daly's-town, or, as it has been newly named, Mount-Nugent, about eight miles long, and in one part nearly four miles broad. Proceeding from Finnea, a miserable village, up the lake, the county Cavan shore, on the left, is eminently beautiful; exhibiting a gently elevated shore of continuous improvements—among which are, a lodge of Lord Tara's; Somerville, the residence of Counsellor Cottingham; Fortland, that of the reverend Mr. Robinson; and a beautiful rustic fishing lodge, Arley cottage, belonging to Colonel Barry, a Lord of the Treasury; besides other lodges of less note.* On the right, which for the greater part is flat, and comprising a tract of bog, my attention was not much engaged. I noticed Orange-field, the residence

* The Colonel Barry of that day, is the estimable and virtuous Lord Farnham of the present. His Lordship is distinguished for the independence and integrity of his constitutional principles. Arley cottage used annually to be the scene of a most delightful exhibition. In the summer season a gala day was appointed for the inspection and entertainment of the poor children of the

of Mr. O'Reilly; and here I cannot help digressing. As the orange is a fruit not native, nor even artificial to the soil of Ireland, the appellation, "Orange-field," must have originated in a political feeling; and, as it has been the residence of the present family for generations, and that family being Roman Catholic, it seems strange and incongruous how it could have been so named. I have heard and I have read that the hero of the Boyne, the great and glorious William, has heretofore engaged the loyal and free-spirited enthusiasm of the Irish Catholic as well as of the Irish Protestant, from the common and rational interest which both and all should feel in the benefits of civil and religious freedom and toleration; that, before the Revolution of 1688 was made the watchword of dissension and hostility between the people of Ireland—all, of every sect, used to join in celebration of it and its great and benignant hero, as of that in the blessings of which, all had one common property; and that such has been the fact, I think, without a strained inference, is proved by the name of this lodge, which shows that "orange" was not always a colour hateful to the sight, nor the term ungracious to the ear, of an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman. The change that has taken place, in this respect, is not complimentary to the good sense, loyalty, or

neighbourhood, to whom the benevolent patronage of Lady Farnham dispensed scriptural education, and relief to their physical wants. On this day the lake was accustomed to be covered with boats, conveying the neighbouring gentry, and others to a scene of such virtuous enjoyment, and who partook also of the entertainment provided for the occasion.

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patriotism, of those who entertain and encourage the prolongation of its influence. Higher on the lake is Ross, an unfinished lodge, belonging to a Mr. Somerville; beyond that, Bob's Grove, the seat of Mr. Nugent, a gentleman highly and worthily esteemed for the goodness of his heart, the amiability of his manners, and the genuine and unforced hospitality of his table. On a subsequent visit to the lake, I had my obligations to these social qualities, and I feel peculiar gratification in this acknowledgment of them. Near to Bob's Grove, and farther up the lake, is the ruin of Ross Castle, boldly overlooking from an elevated shore, what, perhaps, was formerly its subject, water.

Central of what appeared to me the broadest part of the lake, is Church-Island; it rises, with a rocky boundary, just above the level of the waters, and contains about half an acre, or, probably, not so much, sprinkled over with a few stunted alders, and one or two thorns and elders, the last of which appears indigenously to shelter every humble residence of the native Irish, and to spring up among the ruins of their religious edifices. The remains of the church are of that description, which, in its rude simplicity, marks a very remote and early period of the Christian history of this island, and near, but detached from it, are the remains of another building, which appears to have been of domestic appropriation. The conclusion I draw from this, is, that some holy recluse had chosen this little island for the scene of his ascetic piety, that he erected the chapel, and that the other building was his own private residence; I say,

that I draw my own conclusion—for, were I to adopt the wild and romantic traditions which are local to the place, I might be amusing, but, certainly, not chargeable with being very authentic. For instance, one of those traditions is, that the space, now occupied by the waters of the lake, was once a rich and smiling vale, in which was seated a flourishing city, containing churches, palaces, and castles. You must recollect, in Moore's Irish Melodies, the following lines :

“ On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.”

These, according to the tales told here, are applicable to this place, and your local boatman will tell you, and swear to it, if necessary, that when the waters of the lake are low and very clear, the chimneys of the submersed houses are visible. The old woman's story of Lough-Sheelan is this:—at the upper extremity of the vale, and at the foot of a hill, was a spring, covered over with an enormous flag; a small opening admitted the egress of the water in sufficient quantity to supply the vale and town with a streamlet of the clearest and purest quality. On the flag was rudely engraven, in Ogham characters:—

“ Content and happiness are one,
 Try to part them, both are gone;
 Thankful for the good you know,
 Seek no further here below;
 In health and safety would you live,
 Take what now I freely give;
 If curious touch invade this stone,
 A work of horror shall be done.”

This inscription, of course, was intelligible only to the priesthood, the sole depositories of learning in those days. Many and profound were the consultations, and vague and indefinite the conclusions; but, at length, mystery, the resource of ignorance, and knavery, and superstition, was had recourse to, and a brotherhood of friars was established to guard the holy and portentous well from the approaches of curiosity. It is unnecessary to add, that all access to females was particularly interdicted; but, as the event proved, in vain. There was one young brother, over whom, maugre stripes and sack-cloth, fasting and mortification, the flesh triumphed in the attractive and subduing shape of the beautiful Sheelah O'Reilly. She was wont to confess to him; he began to confess her; and at length, both confessions assumed a tender character, and the act of confession became so pleasant, that the old and ordinary stock of sins having been told and shrived over and over again, rather than relinquish the pleasures of confession, they lit upon the expedient of creating new ones. This led to the removal of restraint of every description, and one fine moon-light night, when the young friar was in special charge of the mysterious well, yielding his trust to the seductions of the fair Sheelah, he suffered her to approach the forbidden stone. Ill-natured satirists have always said, and ever will be saying, that the sure way of giving activity to female curiosity is, to interdict its expression; but, whether this be true or not, is more than I will venture to pledge myself to. But, thus the story goes—that Miss Sheelah O'Reilly, in the spirit of curiosity and

her sex, laid her fair hand and taper fingers on the mystic stone, when, rising at the touch, ponderous as it was, it flew from its place, and, giving vent to the world of imprisoned waters which it before restrained, the torrent sweeping the guilty lovers along with it, overwhelmed the unconscious city and all its inhabitants in utter destruction, like Pompeii beneath the eruption of Vesuvius, and converted the smiling valley into a waste of roaring waters, urging their foaming waves many a fathom above the late cheerful and happy habitations of man.

But, to our sport. Having obtained an assistant oarsman to Larry, we proceeded to angle from the Ross shore to Church-Island; on the shoal water of which, we had several rises, and killed one trout of about four pounds weight. We then fished the Cavan shore, from Lord Tara's lodge up to Colonel Barry's cottage; off Somerville, Counsellor Cottingham's lodge, I hooked a trout that I verily believe could not have weighed less than twelve pounds; our Lough-Sheelan rowman, who had been all his life fishing that water, declared he had never seen so large a fish take the fly. How mortifying then it must have been to lose such a bully! he sprung to a great height over the water, and in his fall, owing, I confess, to my mismanagement, gave the foot line a jerk, by which it broke the upper link, and he carried all away. If you want to see when a man really looks blank, contrive to view him in the situation and expression which I then exhibited. At the upper or Mount-Nugent end of the lake, is an old castle, situated on a small rocky island, serving in extent for little more than

the base of the building; it is called Crover Castle, and gives the name of Crover to that end of the lake, where there is an excellent shoal for the lie of fish. Angling here, we encountered a distinguished local angler, named Thady Byrne, who, whether he be the most persevering, most lucky, or the best sportsman, is in the habit of catching more fish than any one of his competitors on the lake.* He was obliging enough to give me a hackle of his own tying, which he called "my uncle," and with which, although coarsely executed, I killed in one drift on that shore two trout, each weighing more than eight pounds. This was on the 3d of June; they were the handsomest trout of their weight that I ever killed; and, going on shore, I had them packed in dry straw, (It is quite a mistaken plan to pack fish in fresh grass, or any thing damp) and, directing them to a friend in Dublin, connected with the court, I got a sturdy, active messenger on the spot, who, travelling all night, and without stopping, reached town time enough to have the produce of "my uncle" displayed on the Viceroyal table, in honor of the King's birth day.

Being curious to land on Crover Island, and examine the old castle, Thady Byrne accompanied us. He appeared a shrewd fellow, and I hoped to have gotten from him some traditional and legendary accounts respecting the ancient history of the Castle. All I could collect from him was, that it had been a fastness or

* Since Mr. Greendrake's visit, poor Thady Byrne has, himself, been hooked by the relentless and insatiate poacher, Death, and safely landed.—Ed.

strong retreat of a chieftan of the olden times, of the name of O'Reilly. Every thing here seems to have belonged to the O'Reilly's; and one would imagine that there had not been an inhabitant in this district of another name. One little circumstance interested my antiquarian feelings very much. He told us that, about two years preceding, he found, among the ruins of Crover, where he acknowledged he had been digging in search of supposed hidden treasure, a harp-tuning key, of a singular shape, made of brass, and, considering the supposed length of time it had lain there, in very good preservation; having been closely involved in the fallen ruin, it was protected from the action of the external air. The circumstance forcibly directed my ideas and reflections to the poetical glories of this land of song, and its native instrument of sound.

“ The harp, that once through Tara's hall
The soul of music shed,”

rung again in my ear, and my fancy was vivid in painting the now fallen and grass-grown ruin of Crover Castle, as the scene of long past revelry and chieftain pride. I beheld, to “my mind's eye,” the hoary bard striking the note of subject praise, and genealogical verse, while his rude and barbarous lord, under the excitation of wine and song, became an object of not less terror, perhaps, to his friends than to his enemies; and his love and happiness partaking of the character of his hate and warfare. Civilization! how great thy

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blessings! even in thy vices there is a security which the virtues of barbarism cannot afford. National egotism may look back through the delusive vista of time, and people, with the attractive creations of poetry, a period which knew nothing but brutal ignorance and passion, and the faithless and ferocious transactions of wild and lawless indulgence. But to the reign of knowledge and civilization belong that subjection of passion and direction of reason, that impart form, and system, and permanency to all the essential blessings of life, and the defined and rational virtues that exalt man in the scale of his being, and make social benefits hereditary to his posterity. I find that my subject has grown upon me, and that I must reserve to another chapter, the conclusion of my excursion to Lough-Sheelan.

CHAP. VI.

" Full fathom five thy father lies,
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 These are pearls that were his eyes ;
 Nothing of him doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea change,
 Into something rich and strange ;
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell—
 Hark ! now I hear them—ding-dong bell."
Ferd :—" The ditty does remind my drown'd father :—
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes.—"

SHAKESPEARE.

LOUGH-SHEELAN.

THE following day, my piscatory friend and I revisited the waters of Lough-Sheelan, and trusting to the polite attention of the gentlemen residing on its shores, for the accommodation of a boat, we did not take with us our Caliban of the lakes, the redoubtable Larry. Our confidence was not disappointed, and we were most obligingly supplied by Mr. Nugent, whom I mentioned in my last letter, with a boat and rowers.

We proceeded up to the right towards Crover Castle, careful to fish Rotheram's bay or shoal, as it is called, after a most worthy and respected gentleman of that name, residing in the neighbourhood, at a place called Sallymount, and who had been an excellent angler, while the state of his health permitted an indulgence in that and other rural amusements. His name has not lost its

distinction in this respect, as his eldest son, a gentleman esteemed by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, is acknowledged one of the most scientific, and perhaps the most successful, angler on the lakes. No man's landing net is oftener out in a day's fishing, and, what with his skill, and the help of "*the green monkey*," no man's cuckoo note of triumph is oftener heard upon the waters of Westmeath. He was on Lough-Sheelan this day, and I feel it a pleasing duty to acknowledge his polite and kind attention. On passing his boat I enquired what he *took* with; and he was not only candid and liberal enough to make me acquainted with his killing fly, but to give me a cinnamon and green-drake, of his own tying—the latter a monkey. With his cinnamon I took in two good trout—and with his monkey drake three, of not less, in the aggregate weight, than fifteen pounds, until, on the shoal close by Crover, I was taken by a fish that must have weighed eight or ten pounds, and which carried away my whole foot-line, cinnamon, monkey, and all, by which my sport that day was considerably suspended. Mr. E. Rotheram, was very successful that day, having landed no fewer than eighteen fish. It may be useful to inform the angler how to distinguish the fur of the real green monkey. It is short and soft, and of a goslin green colour, approaching to the yellow, and upon the belly of the animal is a down, something of a dull white, which mixes up with great effect in the formation of the dubbing. The best kind of this monkey is a native of Demerara, and is called by the natives *Sacawinki*. There is another sort of monkey

which is attempted to be passed on the angler as the *green*, but the difference is to be known by the hair being longer, coarser, and of a bluish tinge of green. A dubbing of this fur will be occasionally productive of sport, but, generally, it is of no value compared with the other.

I this day experienced how the sport of an angler may depend upon contingent and speculative resources. The trout have different periods of feeding throughout the day, governed either by the state of the weather and atmospheric air, or the satiated or renewed appetite of the fish. I have observed, too, in a former letter, that the trout display much capriciousness in the colours of the fly that attracts them; fancying this hour what they reject the next. I had been casting my line for some time unprofitably on the water, when my old row-man picked up a fly which was going down, and at which the trout rose merrily; it was an olive of a particular shade, and to my mortification I had not a bit of colour to match it. Well, what was to be done? The keen angler, and he alone, can judge of my mortification, to see the fish rising about me in every direction, and taking down this fly, while I was destitute of the colour to imitate it. In this extremity, which perhaps is not less interesting to the genuine angler than the crisis of a great battle to a general in the field, my boat-man, Billy, afforded me a resource. "*Be Gor*, sir," said Billy—*Be* (or *By*) *Gor*, is a compromise between conscience and the indulgence of an oath.—"*Be Gor*, sir, I think I have a chance of matching you; at least there's no harm in trying"—

thereupon he pulled off an old coat, "of many colours," (*i.e.* patched) and cutting a bit from one of the patches, he unravelled and teased it, and handing it to me—"Now, sir, just run up a bit of a fly with that, and be *Jakers*" (another compromise) "I think we'll not be long before we cry *cuckoo*." I found that this wool approached as nearly as possible to the body of the fly I wished to imitate, and having tied in with a red and black cock's hackle mixed, and a brown mallard's wing, I killed two excellent trout. The first I struck surprised my rower Billy out of his compromising caution, and, without mental or verbal equivocation or reservation, he bolted out a plain, broad, round oath of exultation, exclaiming—"The *rag-man* for ever! my old coat will be the making of me!" This little anecdote, however ill-told, will interest you as an angler; it serves to show that resources are open to the ready and ingenious of thought, and from this trifling incident the philosophic and reflecting mind may be instructed to account for many of those successes in war or diplomacy, assumed by the general or the politician, as the results of systematic arrangement, and deep prospective views and combinations.

We took our repast this day on the shore, close by Arley cottage, where there is an excellent quay, and good lying for boats. About four o'clock, we re-embarked, and put out again, but the fish being off the rise, we let out line on the troll, and I amused myself by entering into conversation with my old row-man. While proceeding at an easy and gentle stroke of the oar, I asked him if he ever knew the lake to have been frozen.

He replied, that he did once, when numbers of persons, from curiosity, and upon their ordinary avocations, crossed from one shore to the other. "But," continued he, "some of the very old people, (now gone) who recollected the *great* frost, used to tell of loaded cars and droves of cattle going across the lake from one place to another; but, God be good to us, and forgive us our sins, there goes long beyond the memory of man, a dreadful story of the *Black Funeral*." As Billy was rather prolix, the more, perhaps, for the beverage associated with his cold mutton and ham, I shall condense this narrative in my own words. Church-Island cemetery had been especially and exclusively set apart for the interment of priests and friars.—One of the lords of Ross Castle, in the olden times, however, directed that he should be buried in Church-Island, in consequence of an old tradition, to the effect, that the individual of the family, who would have his death most mourned and longest remembered, must find his grave in Lough-Sheelan. He died in a severe winter, when the lake was frozen over, and although the priest of the family endeavoured to persuade the heir and surviving friends of the defunct against violating, by lay intrusion, the sanctity of this sacerdotal cemetery, and enforced his advice by mysterious warnings and misgivings, the object was persisted in, and the body, preceded by the priest, and attended by the friends, relatives, and dependants of the deceased, men, women, and children, to the number of some hundreds, was borne forward on the ice; but, awful to contemplate! when the funeral

procession had reached about half way to the church, the ice gave way, and the corpse and all its living attendants were, in a moment, engulfed in the abyss of waters, the ice again closing over them, the priest alone having been spared, to hand down the dreadful catastrophe to future ages, as a warning against lay presumption and contumacy. The priest was so impressed with the event, that he passed the remainder of his life in prayer and penance on the Island.

That you may have some idea, however, of the superstitious credulity of the Irish peasantry, and their love of the marvellous, I will, as nearly as I can, give, in my boatman's own words, another tale of wonder, connected with, and arising out of, that I have told.

"But the strangest thing of all, sir," added old Billy, "is, that, on that very night, *once* in a *hundred* years, the appearance, or ghost, of the funeral goes on the lake, whether frozen or not, and sinks down in the same spot." "And you believe this, Billy?" "To be sure, sir; and why shouldn't I? Didn't I, as sure as your honor is sitting there, see it myself, with these two eyes, next December will be twelve years?" "Psha! man, you were dreaming" "Dreaming, sir! may I never rise a trout in Lough-Sheelan, if I wouldn't take my oath of it!" (I had no doubt but he would, for there is nothing that the vision of superstition cannot see, and its credulity believe.) "Did any other person, besides you, see it?" "How could they, sir? Sure you know that a thing of that kind can only be seen by one at a time?" "In that case there's no great danger of your being

contradicted?" "Troth, your honor, no more there is; but the next body that lives to see it, will believe what I say." "I dare be sworn he will; but, as the periods between the appearance of the Black Funeral are so remote, there is no chance of the fact being ever proved by two witnesses." "Oh! I don't know that either; there was Tim Muldoon, of our town, and his wife—one was 84, and the other 75 years old, and, you know, that made more than a hundred." There was no resisting such an arithmetical demonstration as this; so I begged him to relate the particulars of his wonderful story, which he proceeded to do as follows:—

SUGHREAD DHU; OR, THE BLACK FUNERAL.

"It was on the 21st of December,——, I recollect it as well as yesterday, your honor, I was going up to the big house, (the Celtic temor,) the grove there, to receive orders, for I was sportsman to the *ould* Squire, when I met the master at the gate, and sis he, 'Billy,' sis he, 'I must have a brace or two of ducks to-morrow.' 'Faith then, your honor, sis I, 'and why shouldn't you; and sure if they're on the feed at all, so you shall.' 'Very well, Billy,' (somehow, your honor, I was called Billy, and will, I believe, wherever I go, in this world or the next) 'very well Billy,' sis the master—God be merciful to him; he was a pleasant gentleman—'I know you're a long shot in more ways than one;' and his honor laugh'd that you'd hear him at Church-Island; yet, with all that, and there wasn't a better gentleman living, he'd send, while you'd be saying trap-stick, a man to gaol,

and hang him too, for killing a hare. There was a wake that very night at Jem Briady's, down at the rocks: his grandfather, ould Pat Briady, the piper, although he lived to upwards of eighty, died at last. The Briady's, your honor, had always a piper in the family—there was one of them lived with the good ould lord, there at Lough-Crew, and a neat hand he was at it; it would do any man's heart good to see the long shake he'd hould on the chanter, and all with the help of the whiskey, which made his fingers go of themselves. There's another of 'em now, a little gossoon, not the height of my knee, and he'd play you all the great ould tunes, that Carolan, himself, would stop the glass at his chin to listen to him—there's Coolun, the Receipt, Planxty Reilly, the Twisting of the Rope, Paudeen O'Rafferty, the Sprig, and the Bard's Legacy, not forgetting Mad'huh Ruadh, or the Fox Chace, and a hundred more, that I can't remember; he plays 'em all to the life. In troth, they say he has the real touch of ould Paddy's finger." Notwithstanding that my rowman was giving us rather a dose of the Tam O'Chanter family, I did not like to interrupt or prevent his telling his story his own way, so he went on. "Well, sir, after cleaning my gun, and putting every thing in order, I clapt on my ould jock, and getting into the cot, (a small boat, rowed by one man,) I rowed down to the wake. I found a good many of the neighbours there before me. There was Darby Nugent, the toughest labourer in the three townlands round about. He'd cut more turf in a day than any four men; find'm where you would; there

was Briney M'Cann, the strongest fellow from Knock-ion to the Moat of Granard. Give him a pint of the stuff, so it wasn't *Parliament*,* and a proper bit of the sprig in his hand, and he'd clear a fair, sooner and better than a troop of Peelers; then there was Thady Byrne's father, who was the real hand at taking a trout any way that a man could take it. Thady wasn't fit to hold a candle to him, though he's one of the best among us now. Then, beyond 'em all, there was Moll Gallagher, a *Cavintaor*†—but, she's gone, God be merciful to 'her, and hasn't left her fellow behind her. The devil a thing, good or bad, that you, your seed, breed, or generation, kift or kin, ever did, that she couldn't tell, and it wouldn't be wishing a small matter, any how, for the corpse she sat by, not to have her good word. When she raised an *Oghone!* or a *Fuilallua*, you'd think she'd lift up the roof of the house!—Oh! sir, it was a pleasant thing to be at a wake then, and I'm only sorry that I didn't die while Moll Gallagher was alive! Oh! *blood* and *ounkers!* sir, take up your rod—take up your rod, you have him!" So I had, indeed, and I was not at all displeased at the episode. We backed oars; I wound up line, and soon brought in, with cuckoo note of triumph, a very handsome trout, of about four pounds weight; he took a dark mulberry, ribbed.

Having let out line again, and got on the troll, I

* The Irish peasant's denomination for spirits paying the King's duties.

† A hired mourner or waiter, who sings the praises of the deceased, and cries at the wake.

desired my oarsman, Billy, to proceed with his story. "Where was I, sir?—for, faith, myself fergets." "You were at Paddy Briady's wake; and if you don't make more haste with your story, I fear you will be at mine, too." "Why, sir, ould men like to keep long over ould times, when they have the luck to get any one to listen to 'em. Poor Pat Briady, barring that he lost his two blessed eyes, and was a good deal seamed with the small pox, which took him about twenty years of age, was rather a good-looking corpse. His pipes lay over the bed along with him, and it was a poor thing to think that there wasn't a *puff* in either of 'em. There was a drop of the whiskey going too, not the worse for being made in the bog, and it went down just as smooth as if it had the excise-man's blessing; the devil's luck to 'em all! and then the young boys and girls were kissing and courting, and the ould people *sanahing*, that is, telling stories your honour, while Moll Gallagher was resting and wetting her whistle. Among other ould stories, Jem Briady's wife gave us the story of the Black Funeral.

But, your honor, to make a long story short, about three o'clock, the moon shining bright as day, I took to my cot and struck over to Church Island, which was always a great *randyvoo*, all out entirely, for ducks, and where a man could hide himself behind the walls of the old church until he could get a good shot. So, sir, while I was waiting for 'em, sitting on a low part of the broken wall, and leaning against the ould stump of an elder tree, with my eyes fixed across the lake towards Ross Castle—

look yonder, your honor, and I'll show you the very spot—see that double line of broken wall that goes down the slope from the Castle to the lake, and the mark of the old road now green with grass—see, sir, just there where the bracked cow is standing cooling herself in the edge of the lake.” “I see it,” said I. “Well, sir, while my eyes were fixed towards that spot, I saw the light of candles in the windows of the Castle: in a short time the light moved away, and I heard, as plain as I now do the splash of my oar, the sweetest *caoineadh* (funeral cry) that ever I heard in my life, not even setting aside Moll Gallagher herself; and then, as if coming out of the Castle, I saw four men carrying a corpse on a bearer, and a priest in his vestments walking before them; and after the corpse a great crowd of people, and they came down the old road, and went on the lake walking, just as if it was all froze hard over with ice, and *caoineadhing* until they got about half way to the Church-Island, at a part of the lake where no bottom could ever be found, when, God preserve us! I heard a crashing noise as loud as thunder, and a great shriek, so frightful, so dreadful, that I won't forget it the longest day I have to live, when all of a sudden, in the turn of a hand, the whole funeral sunk in the lake, all but the priest, who I saw as plain as I now see your honor, standing firm on the water, and holding a cross up in his hand; just then a cloud came suddenly over the moon, and he disappeared from my sight.—Oh! if I was to live to be as old as Pat Briady, I'll never forget that

night!" "Well, friend Billy, did you ever, as I said before, get one beside yourself to believe this story?"

"Troth, did I, sir, and many too—I'd get you half the parish that would take their oath of it"—"Though they hadn't seen it!"—Aye, sir, and would think it a great sin to doubt it—sure I told my priest the Sunday after." "Well, and did he not tell you that you were a drunken dreaming fool!" "No indeed sir, his reverence said no such thing; Father M'Quirk said that the priest not sinking put the truth of the whole beyond all dispute, as there was no miracle that God wouldn't do for his *own clargy*."

The wake, the whiskey, and the old stories, clearly accounted to me for Billy's vision; but out of the belief of its reality, not all the philosophers on earth could reason my honest oars-man. "I suppose, said I, that your fright prevented your killing any game." "O! no, sir, although the old master was one of the pleasantest and best gentlemen in the world, his own way, I knew that I might as well follow the *black funeral* and sink to the bottom of the lake myself, as disappoint him; so I thought I might as well recover myself, and watching my opportunity, I killed four brace of ducks and mallards at one shot. When I got home to my cabin, I found myself very ill, and was obliged to keep my bed all the next day; for all the world knows, that any one who sees a spirit isn't well for some time after"—"Yes, and I believe *drinking* spirits has pretty much the same effect." Oh! you may be as pleasant as you please, sir; but it wasn't that any how, for I'm sure, if it was all put

together, I didn't drink more than three half-pints of whiskey that night. I felt perfectly satisfied of the justice of my conclusion from Billy's own evidence, and questioned no farther the vision of the "*Sughread Dhu*," or "*Black Funeral*."

A ludicrous circumstance took place this day on the lake. A Dublin *tyro* of the angle, who probably never had a larger fish at the end of his line than the *sprat*-sized fry of the river at Bray, in the county Wicklow, was slashing the waters of Lough-Sheelan, with the unaccustomed labour of a two-handed rod, when, by one of those chances that run before the results of system and skill, he hooked a *bully* of a trout: holding his rod nearly in a horizontal position, his line was soon ran out, and the weight and strength of the fish bearing wholly on the foot-line, must have soon carried all away. At this juncture, his companion in the boat earnestly vociferated to him, to "*throw in the butt*," as is the term of the sport, when it becomes necessary to bear on the fish, by maintaining the rod in a more perpendicular position, inclining the butt forward, and throwing the weight and play of the struggling fish upon the elastic action of the rod. This instruction our Dublin *cockney* accepted in a literal sense, and actually threw the rod and all into the lake! By the activity of the row-men and his companion, together with the assistance of a boat, close in company, the rod was recovered, but the trout was lost. This incident provoked a hearty laugh at the stranger's expense. My companion complained heavily of the injury done to this and the neighbouring lakes from

poachers, and the neglect of the resident gentry in not adopting the precaution necessary for preventing netting, cross-fishing, and the destruction of the mother fish in spawning season. From the information afforded to me by the local knowledge of my friend, I strung together, in a day or two afterwards, the following doggrel rhymes, which possess no merit but their connection with the general subject, and the truth of their local description:—

THE ANGLER'S ADDRESS,

TO ALL THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

On the lakes of Lough-Sheelan, Lough-Lane, and Donore,
Lough Carrick, Lough-Anna, and weedy Lough-Glore,
Who love honest angling, this letter goes greeting,
Requesting they'll hold a PRESERVATIVE meeting—
Some plan to resolve on, and offer reward,
'Gainst netters, cross-fishers, and poachers to guard.
A stranger, who lately was angling those waters
Saw rogues who deserved to be dangling in halters;
Fellows with cross-lines and, worse still, with cross-nets,
Which are, or which should be, deemed contrary to law nets.
Each base poaching pot fisher all should be chased
From the scenes of fair angling, and fined and disgrac'd.
In winter the spawning fish should be protected,
And night depredators be watch'd and detected.
On all the small streamlets place vigilant keepers,
Who'll have a good look-out and well use their peepers;
With gun and commission, the spawners to cover
From plungers and spearers who over them hover,
More fell than the pike is, the crane or the otter,
Or A—t—s, those sharks who seek prey in hot water.
As thieves, it is said, are the best at thief catching,
I'll glance at a few whom I'd have you set watching:

Old Masterson's one of the guards I would wheel in,
 To watch o'er the streams that flow into Lough-Sheelan,
 From Church-Island, Ross, and Bob's Grove to old Crover,
 Amid whose grey ruins, of late, as walked over—
 So fame says was seiz'd by a crafty exciseman,
 Such stuff as would soon make a fool of a wise man.
 In Church-Island, too, it is said, have been found
 More spirits than usually haunt the Church ground.
 With equal effect one might take a good turn,
 From the Callaroo poacher, old sly Thady Byrne;
 Who, on th' other side, well knows each streamlet and bay,
 From Daly's-bridge down to the bridge of Finnea.
 At Mill-castle-brook, that runs out of Lough-Glore,
 I'd place, and he well knows why, "NEAT" Larry Moore;
 The white-stranded Anna, the beauteous Lough-lane,
 And Carrick, whose waters expunge ev'ry stain,
 I pass, for no poachers their waters infest,
 And seldom the keel of a boat breaks their rest.
 I haste to that lake which, from all, bears the prize
 For the finest of trout and a good merry rise;
 And whose waters, preserv'd, would all waters excel,
 And yield such rare sport as I faintly can tell:
 O! I ne'er shall forget, at the close of last May,
 The wind all south-west, and a dark cloudy day—
 Lines of froth streak'd along the soft swell of the lake,
 And like fairy barks floated the three-tailed green drake;
 Three-tailed, like a Turkish Bashaw of high state,
 And quite as uncertain his pride and his fate.
 Such dashing! such splashing! on every side,
 That the lake seem'd alive o'er its whole surface wide,
 And scarcely the angler could choose where his flies
 He'd cast still to cover each quick coming rise.
 On thy lake, Derevaragh,* one might sail all the way,
 From Knock-ion hill till he reach Currane;

* Called also Kiltoom and Donore.

And for catching the poachers, meet no such fit man
 As Monaghan, Houghy, or Brian M'Can.
 Of this last sturdy fellow, I'd fairly say, no man
 With him can compare as a hearty good row-man ;
 At an oar, or a glass, or a joke, at a pinch,
 If his equal there be, it is dry Mathew Lynch.
 There's Whirren so merry, when the wind in full west,
 Where the trout are the largest, the most, and the best ;
 And Colure, and Dara, Cranlaballa, Donore.
 Might be guarded by Indians† from Cloneave's lone shore ;
 All these rogues, if well paid for't, may chance to prove honest,
 And, as they become so, the poachers be non est.
 Ye Lords of the lakes, to my counsel attend—
 Your own and the right of fair angling defend :
 Exhausted Lough-Sheelan again shall revive,
 And, like Derevaragh, with trout be alive ;
 And, than now, tenfold better the fishing shall be,
 When from all the curs'd posse of poachers set free.
 As soon as the May-fly shall rise from the deep,
 And forth from its shell on the smooth waters creep,
 Your angles prepare, and each gay painted boat
 From its winter confinement again set afloat ;
 And while with fair angling your sport you pursue,
 May the shores still re-echo the frequent cuckoo ; ‡
 With the DRAKES and the OLIVES, the monkey and crottle, §
 Pull many a six-pounder trout may you throttle.
 At present no more, of all poachers the hater,
 I am your's, as you merit, an honest—PISCATOR.

† Applied to the rude inhabitants of Cloneave-island, insulated by lake and river Inney.

‡ A note of exultation used by an angler on hooking a fish.

§ A dye of the cinnamon ; an excellent killing colour.

CHAP. VII.

“ Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop’d and window’d raggedness, defend you
From seasons, such as these? Oh! I have ta’en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel:
That thou may shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.”

SHAKESPEARE.

SINCE the publication, originally, of Mr. Greendrake’s Westmeath Excursion, we have been looking over the remaining manuscript in our possession, and discovered the following papers, which before escaped our notice:—

ACCUSTOMED as I have been to the well-ordered state of society in England, where a certain degree of comfort, neatness, and plenty, attaches to the very last link of the social chain, I could not but be more sensible to the melancholy and afflicting contrast, which this country furnishes. My great love of the angle, and the excellence of the sport which the lakes here afforded me, could not altogether so occupy my mind, as to blunt my feelings towards the abject and extreme poverty and privations which I witnessed on approaching or entering

the habitations of the peasantry. I can venture to assert, that the worst and barest wig-wam of the North American savage, is supplied with more, and superior, articles of furniture and domestic accommodation, than the generality of the Irish cabins, the interior of which I have had an opportunity of viewing. I will not name the individuals, nor their locality, as I do not wish to attach direct reproach to those whose duty it is to correct such extreme poverty, and alleviate its evils. But, I have been in the wretched huts of several peasants, wherein I could not get a vessel out of which to drink; a stool to sit on: a plate, or knife and fork; and yet, these men have been, from boyhood to old age, the almost daily attendants on the sports of their luxurious and wealthy lords, by land and by water; by wood and chase; and their wretchedness, exhibited in the immediate vicinity, indeed, I may say, in absolute contact, with the proud mansion-house, must have been within the constant observance of those *filles du fortune*, who, at the perusal of fictitious distress, and surrounded by all the warm and glittering appendages of luxury, would display a shuddering sensibility; aye! and even shed tears to the sorrows of fanciful excitement.

I am not one of those who expect, in its extreme sense, that the wealthy shall give all their substance to the poor, and take up the suffering and self-denying cross of their Redeemer; but, I would call upon them to manifest so much of the christian spirit, as should lead them to administer, in some degree, to the wants of their dependant fellow-creatures; and, for their own sakes, if not from

a less personal motive, to reflect, occasionally, upon the parable of Dives and Lazarus. To those who will not, I certainly cannot award the character of christian, although they assume its profession; and, I cannot picture to myself, the man of cultivated mind, redundant wealth, influential rank, and responsible station; I cannot contemplate the happy and delicate ladies of his family, with all their sensibilities, strengthened and refined by their habits, and their studies; yet, daily passing the doors of the wretched families, committed by Providence and the relations of society to their protection, without being at all affected by the duties thus imposed on them.

There is another kindred consideration, which pressed upon my mind, upon observing the very defective relations of society, in this fine but unhappy country. In England, every provincial town, however small, is the centre of much domestic trade, and exhibits features of wealth and prosperity, which you vainly look for in Ireland. You see in the one, splendid and well-stocked shops, because, from them are supplied all the neighbouring gentry around; in the other the very reverse of this just and salutary system of social dependance prevails; the squire, and his imitator, the gentleman farmer; the rector, and his curate, the physician and the attorney—all send to Dublin for every thing they want. And many carry this anti-patriotic feeling and practice still farther, getting their wearing apparel of every description from London. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that, with few exceptions, in the Irish country towns, are to

be seen no extensive and well-stocked shop of the grocer, the woollen and linen-draper, the ironmonger, &c.; and that the general aspect of those towns is of the idle, torpid, desolate, and miserable character, which I have appropriated to Castlepollard, in a former letter?

In conversing on this subject, I have been opposed by arguments, drawn from the defective quality and advanced prices of the articles to be had from country shop-keepers, and the impositions practised by them. I have been told, that no tailor could be found to make a coat of fashionable cut; no shoe-maker to compete with Drummond, of Dublin, or Hoby, of London—very true: but, whose is the fault? The arts, mechanical trades, and commerce, will not thrive or advance to perfection, without encouragement; and, then, it follows to ask, who are they whose duty it is to afford this encouragement? The shop-keeper, without capital, cannot have a well-chosen and extensive assortment of goods. Capital is created by the profits of trade; and without trade the small capital is daily growing smaller, until it disappears altogether in the utter ruin of the unhappy speculator. Not having quick returns, he is obliged to aim at greater profit, by advanced prices; having no customers whose elegant and luxurious habits require the best and finest quality of goods, he is obliged to suit the character of his wares to the description of his customers—the small farmer, the humble mechanic, and the miserable peasantry around him; and nothing of a superior quality can be had where no such thing is ever called for.

I could supply the Irish country gentleman with more than one personal motive for discharging what I deem a duty—the encouragement of local trade and industry. As landlord and tenant, there is a reciprocity of interest existing between the tradesman, shop-keeper, and lord of the soil, which ceases, if the one party but pays and the other receives his rent without creating and leaving behind one kind feeling or sense of mutual obligation. According to the unerring law of nature, the evaporations of the ocean, after attempering the air and fertilizing the earth, return in noble streams to the parent reservoir, dispensing, in countless ways, benefit and beauty through the material world, without impoverishing their source. Thus should it be with the landlord; and the more of his necessary expenditure he diffuses within the circle of his own dependencies, the more will he promote the capability of his tenants to pay their rents; the more will he assist to raise their capital to the level of extensive undertakings, and invigorate their industry and competition to the improvement, not alone of their condition, but of his own rental. But, I promised to supply more than one personal motive for the line of conduct which I recommend. To attach to them the affection and gratitude of the respectable traders of a country town, should, if well understood, be no trivial object in the estimation of the country gentleman, particularly in Ireland. Those traders form a class very influential with the rural population, who look to their opinions with deference, and who seek, and are largely guided by, their advice:

the sense of neglect and withheld protection, which rankles in their own bosoms, they will not be slow to transfer to those of the inferior population; the negative injuries which they sustain from those whose kindly support and countenance they are entitled to, they are not, for the most part, ineloquent in describing, on Sabbaths and market days; and however the squire, in his own sense of self importance, may hold himself elevated above such influences, he may, with truth, be told, in the words of our great bard, that,

“After *his* death, *he* were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while *he* live.”

Were I, my friend, to notice all the anomalous features of Irish society, I should impose upon you an essay on political economy, instead of the light matter to be expected from the details and incidents of an Angling Excursion; but, “sith I am i’ the vein,” I cannot refrain from a remark or two more. Much is angrily said, and not without cause, against absentee landlords; but, I can assure you that a poor and miserable peasantry is not exclusively characteristic of their estates. The reproach is shared by not a few resident landlords; and it outrages earthly and heavenly justice, and accounts, in no small degree, for peasant discontent and violence, that the redundant plenty and inventive luxury, “the purple and fine linen,” and the “faring sumptuously, every day,” of resident landlords, who have the condition of their tenantry under their daily observation, should be drawn from the worse than galley-slave labour—the hopeless, brow-sweat exhaustion, of a

multitude of fellow-creatures, who, themselves, and naked shivering little ones, taste, through the year round, little better than dry unsavouried potatoes, and not always enough even of these.

The Romish Clergy here stand convicted of opposing their influence to the progress of education among the children of the lower orders of their creed; but, whatever may be their intention or motive, they actually, though it may be involuntarily, render practical aid to the peace of society, in not suffering that which would sharpen the sensibility of the multitude to the privations and hardships which the defective state of society imposes on them; and it were better that they eat not of the tree of knowledge, but as a dessert to the more substantial food and comforts, which should fit them to receive and enjoy the mental aliments.

Relatively to absentee and resident landlords, let me not be misunderstood. If the estates of the former do not in general exhibit the extent of human misery, which may be met with on the estates of some resident landlords, it is, because the living and obtrusive evidences of a vicious system are fewer, particularly on the estates of English absentee landlords. These can better afford to hold themselves independent of the small *rack-rent* farms, which are peculiar to Ireland, than the native absentees, and they also let their lands cheaper; but then their grounds, when suited to the purpose, are rented in large tracts, in some instances from one thousand to two thousand acres together, to graziers, and

thus depopulated of human kind, with the exception of a solitary herds-man, whose miserable hovel, after an interval of hours' walking, marks but the more strongly the human desolation of the scene; and yet, if not better managed—I confess it admits of argument, whether a desert were not preferable to an Irish population?

In our country, the land proprietor erects the houses and offices of the farmers on his estate, and maintains them in continual and good repair at his sole expense; he or the farmer does the same for the cottier, or cottager. Health and comfort are secured to the inhabitants, and the face of the country is not deformed by dilapidation, and the external indications of internal want and misery. Here, the very reverse is the case; and a British farmer would not so abuse his hog as to lodge him in the sordid and crumbling mud-built hovel of an Irish peasant! It were a libel on the dignity of human nature should content and such abasement exist together. But, let me stop, I fear to trust my pen with dwelling longer on the physical and moral portraiture of the Irish peasant.— I love truth and justice, but you know I detest *radicalism*.

CHAP. VIII.

“When next we meet, our strife is mortal.” - *Home's Douglas*.

This my dear friend, is the last letter you shall receive from me, before I shall have the pleasure of shaking hands with you, the God of earth, sea, and skies permitting; and shall be as brief as possible in my notice of the few other waters I have angled upon. Within about two English miles of Castlepollard, is a small lake, called Lough-Glore, which affords to the angler the best sport, in point of merry rising, of any in the county; but the trout are not so large as in Lough-Sheelan and Lough-Derevaragh. The angler may, however, fill his pannier in a day's fishing, with trout, from one to two, and, occasionally, three pounds weight. It abounds also with very large pike. Lough-Glore occupies one extremity of a valley, at the head of which stand the ruins of the ancient abbey of Fore, and a miserable village, at each end of which the high road passes under old and dilapidated arch-ways, denoting that Fore had once been a place of strength, walled and gated, either for the security of the conventual brotherhood, or as a military position; although it could not be long tenable against cannon, being surrounded by hills, which command the place at all points. During the civil wars,

the abbey was assailed and demolished by Cromwell, (according to local tradition) and the earthen mound, or battery, on which he planted his cannon, is still to be seen in great preservation. The scene, at this end, on a smaller scale, much resembles that of the solemn and lonely character of the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow; being a narrow area, embosomed in hills; the Ben of Fore rising abrupt and steep on one side, and the acclivity of the opposite hill presenting the remains of two religious edifices, one of which has been converted into a mausoleum for the family of the Nugents, Marquesses of Westmeath. At the other side of this hill is Lough-Lane, a trim pretty lake, without any feature of wildness and sublimity; but, affording good sport to the angler.—Through the fissures of limestone rock, a portion of the waters of Lough-Lane filtrate under the base of the hill into the valley of Fore, just at the village, and there affords a constant supply to a grist-mill throughout the year.

Lough-Ouel, close by Wilson's Hospital, is a lake of respectable size and considerable beauty; though not apparently as large as it really is, owing to its circular form. On a small island are the ruins of a church, of very ancient date; and, on its shores, which are highly cultivated, are several handsome residences: Mount-Murray, the seat of Mr. Murray; Levington Park, that of Captain Levinge; Portlemon, that of Lord de Blaquiere; and Clanhue, a pretty fishing lodge, or cottage, belonging to Lord Forbes; and Lakeview, the beautiful cottage of Edward Daly, Esq. a good and

hospitable sportsman, to whom the Editor has subsequently been indebted for sport on the lake.

It is said that this lake, occasionally, affords good sport to the angler; but the only day I fished its waters, I met from its scaly denizens a dogged and churlish reception, very different from the characteristic hospitality of Ireland; it abounds in perch of a large size and good quality. Of late years a communication has been opened from this lake to the Royal Canal, to afford a supply of water to the latter; and popular superstition attaches to this event an ominous importance, which I will explain when I come to treat of Lough-Einnel, or Lake Belvidere.

Having determined "for England, ho!" I took leave, with regret, of my kind Castlepollard friends, and proceeded to Mullingar, intending to take a day's fishing on Lough-Einnel, (Lake Belvidere) and return to Dublin by the Canal passage-boat.

Within about three or four miles of Mullingar, on the road by which I went, is Knockdrin-Castle and demesne, belonging to Sir Richard Lovinge, Baronet, a brother of the angle, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, and an active, impartial, and most excellent magistrate, who, I understand, possesses the happy art, not very common in Ireland, of enforcing strict obedience to the laws, and yet maintaining a high degree of popularity with the surrounding peasantry. The castle can vie with many of the oldest mansions of the feudal times with which England abounds, and the grounds, rich in

the varieties of wood and water, delightfully exemplify the taste and judgment of their owner. This gentleman is married to a daughter of the noble house of Ranccliffe, allied, I believe, to the blood-royal of France, Lady Levinge's sister being Princess de Polignac.* In her mind and manners, she is said to justify her high descent; and, I am told, has blessed Sir Richard with one of the finest young families, both in respect to number and beauty, that the country can boast of.

On the opposite side of the road, is Ballinagall, the seat of James Gibbons, Esq., who possesses a large fortune, professionally acquired; and whose best eulogium is, that he makes a good use of it. Ballinagall-house is very excellent and commodious, but wants the imposing appearance of the castellated mansion of Knockdrin; the demesne is varied extensive, and richly wooded.

On arriving at Mullingar, the assize town of the county, but mean and dirty, though populous, I put up at Mrs. Clarke's; and, except in the quality of neatness, of which even the best Irish inns are in a degree deficient, I found my previous expectations of comfort and attention fully justified.

I proceeded immediately to the lake Belvidere, which, at it nearest end, is within a mile and a half of the town. I was obligingly accommodated with a boat, and launched on the bosom of one of the clearest waters I

* How treacherous is the happiness which depends on any rank or state which vicissitude can make worse! unhappy Prince! unhappy Princess! victims of the "Three days of July" in Paris. How enviable now, the lot of the less titled sister!

have any where seen. The form of the lake is oblong, and can be wholly seen from both extremities. Like Lough-Lane, it altogether wants boldness and diversity of shore, rising in no part beyond a gentle slope; but, exceedingly rich in cultivation. It is considered about five miles long, and about two in its greatest breadth. It contains several wooded islands, which greatly contribute to its beauty. The mansions which show themselves on its banks, and claim notice, are, Ladiston, the seat of John Lyons, Esq. La Manche a small fishing lodge, belonging to a Mr. Wynne,* Belvidere Castle, a handsome building of hewn stone, disposed to good effect, and set off by ornamental plantation; and, adjacent to it, is one of the most natural, if I may so express myself, artificial ruins, I have ever seen; it is the residence of the Dowager Lady Lanesb'ro'.† But, claiming pre-eminent notice, is Rochfort, the mansion and demesne of Gustavus Rochfort, Esq. one of the representatives in parliament for the county Westmeath. The house, which is spacious, stands nobly to the lake, surrounded by venerable woods, and its back lawn sloping gently to the water's edge. There is a good quay, or landing place, and numerous pleasure-boats, of every description, with which strangers are politely and readily accommodated. Mr. Rochford, now of very advanced age, has, through successive parliaments, and as it were by acclamation, represented his native county. As a senator, his

* Now inhabited by Mr. Hudson, a worthy brother of the angle.

† This lady died since the above was written, and from that period, the house has been occupied by various persons.—ED.

conduct has been distinguished by a corrected patriotism, equally remote from the servility of the courtier, and the indiscriminate opposition to all the measures of government, by which a vulgar and vicious popularity is too often acquired. No man is more generally esteemed for his private virtues; none more worthily trusted in his senatorial character, as his integrity affords a security to his constituents, which is not always found in displays of eloquence, or the most splendid exhibition of talent.*

One cannot be some hours in the company of an Irish peasant, without being treated, *con amore*, with the recital of some wonderful and fabulous tradition, and accordingly, one of my rowmen related the following legend.

Ages antecedent to the *Firbolgs* or Tuatha De Danans, among the earliest traditional inhabitants of Ireland, there were two antediluvian young ladies saved in Noah's ark, having smuggled themselves in along with his family, and landed, we are not told how, perhaps on a cliicken-coop, on the top of Ginnybawn hill, in the neighbourhood of Mullingar; their names, *Ouiel* and *Einnel*. Although sisters, (but perhaps that was the reason) they could not agree even in the ark, notwithstanding the generally reconciling effect of a community

* This worthy gentleman has also departed this transitory scene, deeply regretted by all who knew him. It is expected that his son, Colonel Rochfort, will be a candidate for the county, at the next general election; and, it is not doubted but that he will have the zealous support of the independent and constitutional interest.

This anticipation has been justified, Colonel Rochfort, although an uncompromising Protestant, and despite the factious and religious excitement of the times, has been returned to two successive parliaments without the aid of bribery, corruption, or intimidation. Eo.

of danger; and old *Commodore* Noah, it is said, found it a more difficult task to suppress, or confine within bounds, the hostility of their tongues and nails, than to keep in order the multitudinous collection of parrots, paroquets, magpies, cats, and chattering monkeys, with which he was freighted. The co-heiresses of the Emerald Isle, having no other company to quarrel with, it might have been supposed that they would have sought to render their solitude as agreeable as possible to each other; but, no such thing. The contemplation of being placed on the *shelf* and leading apes in the nether world; or, in other words, becoming old and neglected maids, was, to the full, as disagreeable to the antediluvian misses, as to those of our own times.—Speculating one day, in more kindly mood than usual, and on the God-send chance of a male or two, (perhaps a couple of the ark dandies) being added, to enliven their society, they, more amicably than might have been expected, settled the interesting point of each having a husband; the idea was altogether so pleasing and consoling, that the genius of Concord seemed, for the moment, about to dispossess that of Discord, in her dominion over the minds of the sisters, when they began to consider, where they should fix their habitations—

“ *Ireland* was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

But, rest they were doomed not to find within the echo of their unruly colloquial members. Both fixed on an extensive and beautiful tract of ground which then

spread itself around them; none other would please either, and even the tranquillizing expedient of an Irish bargain, that of "splitting the difference," did not suggest itself to them; on the contrary, they began to tear each other's caps—(it is no violence to the general credibility of the story to suppose them furnished with such head-gear)—when, suddenly, the genius of Ireland appeared before them, and, with a voice loud as the water-fall of Ballyshannon, or the ladies' own contentious railing, he commanded peace. Taking each virago by the arm (a service of danger even for a genius) and separating them, he pronounced their sentence of punishment, changing them into distinct lakes, still bearing their names, and accompanying the wonderful transformation with the following awfully prophetic denunciation:—

"Together you could ne'er agree,
And where you meet must discord be;
Divided let your waters flow,
Nor ever happy junction know;
For, should you e'er join hand in hand,
Then woe to this devoted land."

According to my rustic story-teller, this ominous prediction is in course to be accomplished, and woe! woe! impends over the Island of Saints, as by the communication of the waters of Lough-Ouel with the Royal Canal, and those of Lough-Einnel, by the river Brusna, with the Grand Canal, the contentious sisters, against all the calculations of probability, again meet and shake hands in the river Liffey.

So much for Irish legend, and so much for my Westmeath angling excursion. After fishing for a few hours with little success, the season having been two far advanced, I returned to my comfortable-looking hostess, eat heartily of a plain but well dressed dinner, took a tumbler of whiskey punch that would have softened the hearts of even the contentious sisters, slept soundly, and returned to Dublin the next day by one of the Canal passage-boats, in which I was well and comfortably accommodated with breakfast and dinner, and the tedium of the way more than relieved by the conversation of agreeable company, which I am told is very frequently to be met with in these vessels. I trust soon to grasp your friendly hand, without any prophetic apprehension of evil, or the mysterious fear that, like the Antediluvian Sisters, "When next we meet, our strife is mortal." Ever "mine honest brother of the angle," yours, in all sincerity,

GREGORY GREENDRAKE.

END OF THE WESTMEATH EXCURSION

TABLE OF FLIES

Most effective for Angling on the Lakes of Westmeath,

THROUGHOUT THE YEAR,

From the middle of March to the 21st May.

Cowdungs, he and she—Red hackle and rail's wing.

Green Dagh-a-dhu—Black hackle and stair's wing.

Brown do. Same.

Hare's ear and black spaniel's fur—Black hackle and mallard's wing.

Hedge-hog—Red or cuckoo hackle. Do.

Hare's ear and yellow. Do. Do.

—————ribbed. Do. Do.

Dark olives—Ribbed, red hackle—mallard's wing.

Dark brown, tipped with orange—gold thread—red hackle and mallard's wing.

Hare's ear plain—Red hackle or cuckoo—mallard's wing.

Do. ribbed—Do. Do. Do.

Clarets, of different shades, particularly dark—Red hackle and mallard's wing.

From about the 21st May to about the 10th of June, on the large Lakes, particularly Derevaragh.

The green drake, or May fly, through all its shades, the first a dark ashy hue, then yellow, and terminating in a high buff, at the close of the season.

The grey drake may be fished at the same time, although the general opinion is, that it should come after the green.

The green drake is best composed, when the fur of the green or Marmozet monkey can be had, with that and white mohair—Cuckoo hackle, dyed yellow, and mallard's wing, or widgeon's feather, dyed yellow, the speckles imitating the natural drake.

Hare's ear and olive, ribbed—cuckoo hackle and mallard's wing.

Hare's ear and yellow }
Hare's ear and claret } Red hackle and mallard's wing.

Dark brown olive, ribbed—orange tip—red hackle wing of the tail feather of a red kite. This is a very killing fly.

Hedge-hog—Red hackle, light cinnamon tip—mallard's wing. This fly generally fished as a tail, or stretcher, and very killing on hazy wet days.

Cinnamons, in all their shades; some tied with mallard's and others with kite's wing—red hackle.

Crottle Do. being the best description, and tied with the same wing and hackle. The crottle is a moss, or lichen, growing on the rocks, the best being found in the neighbourhood of Ballina, county Cavan. While all other dyes, yielding to the influence of sun and water, fade, nothing affects the crottle dye. It is worthy of consideration, whether silk dyers might not use this material with great advantage in their business.

Olives, in all their shades, plain and ribbed—the golden and other lighter shades—red hackle and mallard's wing. It is to be remarked, that the golden olive, ribbed, is a very killing fly.

Clarets, in all their shades.

Mulberry, in all its shades—black and red hackle occasionally—plain and ribbed—mallard's wing.

Soldier fly—black and red hackles, mixed—gold thread body—wing, cock pheasant's tail.

The spirit, or Harry long-legs—red and black hackle, mixed—light kite's wing.

Hare's ear and green—red hackle and mallard's wing.

All the foregoing flies to be tied on single and double B hooks.

From 10th of June, or thereabouts, the great Lakes are down until autumn, when the following flies will be found most effective:—

Clarets, of all shades, plain and ribbed, but the dark best—red hackle and mallard's wing.

Fiery brown, plain and ribbed—red hackle and, occasionally, dyed claret hackle—mallard's wing.

Crimson fly, plain or ribbed—red hackle and crimson-dyed do.—mallard's wing.

Orange fly—red hackle and mallard's wing, tipped with gold thread and light yellow.

Do. ribbed with gold tinsel—breasted with wren's hackle—red kite's wing.

Rat's fur, mixed with orange, gold tip, orange cuckoo hackle—light mallard's wing.

All the foregoing to be tied on single and double B hooks.

While the large lakes have their intervals, when the trout are altogether down, and will not rise at the fly, Lough-Glore, close by the ruins of Fore, and within about a mile and a half of Castlepollard, affords constant and excellent sport to the angler, from March to the last week in October; the trout at all times (the day suiting, being dark and windy) rising merrily. The flies must be tied on F's treble, C's and double C's; the prevailing colours: olives, hare's ear and yellow, cockers, hare's ear and claret—yellow-dyed hackle—stair's wing—cinnamons—red and black hackles—hedgehog, Connaught brown—red hackle and mallard's wing. The midge flies, or such (the larger of that size) as streams are angled with, will do well in Lough-Glore. The trout here are generally smaller than on the large lakes, but caught in much greater number, from one pound to three pounds weight. It is also remarkable for many and large pike; some have been caught of 35lbs. weight, but frequently from 8 to 10lbs. On the large lakes, particularly Derevaragh, when the day does not suit angling with the fly, if the angler be provided with trolling apparatus, and minnow, gudgeon, or loach, he will have good and assured sport, catching perch sometimes of 2 and 3lbs. weight, and pike also. The fishing on Lough-Lane is pretty much of the same character with that of Lough-Glore, and both are within less than two miles of Castlepollard.

ANGLING EXCURSIONS

PART III.

MEATH, LONGFORD, AND CAVAN.

BY GEOFFREY GREYDRAKE, Esq.

“ Away to the brook,
All your tackle out-look,
Here’s a day that is worth a year’s wishing :
See that all things be right,
For ’twould be a spite,
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

Away, then, away !
We lose sport by delay ;
But, first leave our sorrows behind us :
If Mis-Fortune should come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.”

COTTON’S POEMS.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Although the readers of this new edition of the Angling Excursions of Gregory Greendrake, Esq. may not, to speak piscatorially, care a *Pinkeen* about me, I, nevertheless, yield to the self-indulgence of introducing myself to their notice. Having heard of the intention of Messrs. GRANT and BOLTON, to publish a new edition of this delectable volume, I felt a consanguineous obligation on me to offer my assistance, not only to edit the work of my deceased relative, but also to add this third part from my own experience. The family of the Drakes were all anglers, and its female members not the least practised in the art, delighting, particularly, to catch gold-fish and gudgeon, although the success was various; some hooking and netting, while others could never get so much as a nibble or a bite. My relative intended carrying his Angling Excursions farther, but, before he could effect that intention, he, himself, perhaps in retributive justice, was hooked and landed by the great poacher Death.

Oh then in peace let Gregory Greendrake lie—
His fame survives him, and shall never die!

It may be expected that I should establish my consanguinity, Gregory having been an Englishman—

nothing can be more easy ; but as the reader will probably dispense with ancestral details, and be as well satisfied of my veracity as pleased with my brevity, I shall merely say that the English and Irish Drakes are branches of the same genealogical stem, being descended from Peter the Fisherman, which I can prove as clearly and conclusively as the Pope of Rome can his legitimate and lineal succession to, and inheritance of, the pontifical chair. We had great men of the family besides Gregory. The celebrated Sir Francis Drake was of our blood, and possessed the family propensity to fishing, but it was in salt and troubled waters ; history, however, records that he baited his hook to some purpose. The Duckworths are also near relations, as were the poets Stephen Duck, and Sir John Suckling, whose name, originally, was Duckling, but it having been pointed out to him, that the diminutive *ing* attached to him the reproach of being a *minor* poet, he substituted the letter S for the initial D. The Quakers, or as it should be spelt, *Quaakers*, are all descended from the Drakes, and by right the title of Eggmount belongs to our family. But that upon which I, for one, most pride myself is, that an ancestor of ours was such a favourite with Saint Patrick, that it was at his request, and to gratify his angling passion, that “ he took the cold stone out of our waters on the seventeenth day of March,” which theretofore was wont “ to linger in the lap of May.” If any one should doubt the truth of this fact, I fearlessly refer him to the *Psalter of Cashel* wherein, if he take the trouble to look for it, he will find it recorded, together with some curious angling anecdotes

of our tutelar Saint, who was very fond of casting a fly on the water, and particularly the "*Orange-palmer*" whatever the Rev. Doctor Doyle, or Mr. O'Connell, may say to the contrary.

On many of those occasions the Saint was accompanied by my relative, and, among others, there is in our family, *tradition* of the two following miracles. Fishing Lough-Derg during a black lent, my ancestor felt an irrepressible desire for a morsel of flesh meat at their repast, even if it were only the gizzard of a turkey. Saint Patrick was a man of sense, and when there was no particular necessity for carrying on the *humbug* system, despised the foolish prejudices and austerities which, however, he was obliged to use as instruments. Being, moreover, as I suspect, a bit of a jesuit, he would not have it go out upon him and his friend, that they had eaten meat on a black lent, and of a Friday too—so what does he do? He caused every trout caught that day to contain as good and perfect a gizzard as any that ever ornamented the right wing of a turkey bedded in celery and oyster sauce! These are what we call the *gillaroo* trout, and the singular distinction of gizzards appertain to them ever since. Some conscientious difficulties arose in the mind of Mr. Drake, as to eating the gizzard, and the discussion which ensued thereon, would be most edifying, as well as satisfactory, to persons of tender consciences, had I room to detail it. Saint Patrick was an excellent casuist, and it will be enough to mention the points of his argument which satisfied my ancestor, and removed those scruples which stuck in *his* gizzard—

“ You will admit, my dear Drake, (said the Saint) that many things seem to be what they are not.” “ True enough, (answered my ancestor) I know many of my acquaintances, the curse of Cromwell on them, who are anything but what they seem to be, and would have one think them.” “ Very well, if they deceive you, theirs’ is the sin not your’s. As to the gizzard, the case is this. Being in a fish, it is of fish or fishy—are you satisfied of that?” “ O! to be sure (said Drake) why not.” “ Well, then, the gizzard having the appearance and taste of flesh, is so far fleshy; but how do you know even that? As a good catholic you are bound to have neither eyes, nor ears, nor taste, nor understanding, but on the authority of the church and your priest; so I tell you that it is either fish or flesh, and you may eat it in which ever substance will sit lightest on your conscience.” My ancestor availed himself hungrily of the licence granted to him, and was not without the countenance of the Saint’s example; and both, to help moral and physical digestion, took a *tickler* of *Gorteen* whiskey, a spirit as superior to the potheen of our days, as some *broton Sherry* that I know of, is to Cape Madeira, while Patrick laughed heartily at his own logic, and his companion’s scruples. I will not venture to avouch it in these dangerous times, when we have all but the Inquisition established among us, but it is on the records of our family, that Saint Patrick died as good a protestant as Sir H. Lees or the Archbishop of Dublin.

The other miraculous story is this. In the year—but what signifies the year—my readers will never find me

embarrassing my subject with the restraints of chronology, (as they must have seen) no more than a dramatic writer should by a strict observance of the unities. Saint Patrick and my ancestor, were on a visit with Saint Collum-Kill, at Kells, county of Meath, when he was building the church and the cross—the one has been pulled down or *reformed*, the other stands there still, a curious and antique emblem of absurdities and monstrosities, which I am too delicate and *liberal* to apply more directly. They were fishing the Blackwater, or Rosmin, there is no occasion to be particular as to the river, when Mr. Drake, having had a fresh supply of Clonmel colours and Limerick hooks, was beating Saint Patrick hollow, who got a little vexed, not having hooked a fish the whole day. “By the powers!” exclaimed he, “I believe that if I were to slash the water until the cuckoo comes in, I wouldn’t rise a fish!” He had scarcely uttered these words, when the bird of note so “fearful to the married ear,” perched on the Saint’s head, and, first ornamenting it with its *dropping*, as an omen of good-luck, it sang out *Cuckoo! Cuckoo!* when, at the moment, Saint Patrick hooked a trout which kept him in play forty three minutes exactly, and weighed, by a pocket ounce which, together with a cork-screw he always carried about him, five pounds, seven ounces, and a half. In so important a matter it behoves one to be minute and circumstantial. Ever since, it is the custom of all honest Irish anglers when they land a trout, to raise the exulting cuckoo note. I, however, earnestly

advise all my brethren of the angle not to "hollo! before they are out of the wood," or "reckon their chickens before they are hatched." If they cry "Cuckoo!" on merely hooking the fish, and that he break his hold and get off, the disappointed angler will find his "Cuckoo!" turned into a laugh against him, particularly if the scene of sport be Lake Derevaragh, in the May-flyseason. Mrs. Glass's Cookery Instruction is admirable to this point, and should be scrupulously observed—"First catch your fish."

I trust that I have not only established my family claims to a natural interest in the reputation of Mr. Gregory Greendrake, but, also, that I, myself, appear seasonably before the public, in as much as the beautiful insect the Green-drake is, in the order of nature, succeeded by the no less beautiful Grey-drake. Now, referring my reader to the following pages, and claiming his indulgence to a brother of the angle, I am, his faithful senior,

GEOFFREY GREYDRAKE.

ANGLING EXCURSIONS

IN IRELAND.

PART III.

CHAP. I.

“Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But, Coach! Coach! Coach! ———”

CRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

BUT, if no coach should come for the calling, I would advise the angler, if the spring be fine, and about the second week of April, to do as I have done, and go to the coach—the Cavan coach, which starts from the Enniskillen Hotel, Capel-street, and plant himself where he can, an outside passenger. From the village of Clonee to that of Dunshaughlin, if he be only intent on looking for the beauties of nature, he may as well keep his eyes closed and dream of them. It is true, that on his left he will see the famed hill of Tara, where, according to silly fabulists and seditious poets, a sort of Corn-exchange Wittenagemot of the Irish barbarians, and common disturbers of former days used to assemble, to consult on schemes of rapine and murder; each chief or toparch in his own tent or house of wattles, covered

with his own blanket. What a bounce of imagination to appropriate to such a scene, and set of vagabonds—

“ The harp that once through Tara’s hall
The soul of music shed,” !!!

In such a community, as among their genuine descendants of the present day, the din of savage riot, the cry of murder, and the shriek of death might have been heard, with the suitable accompaniments, not of the harp and bards of later days, but the clatter of *alpeens* and *shillelas*, and the more silent and effective agency of the *Skeine*. Passing Dunshaughlin, the country becomes worth looking at. Sir Charles Dillon’s demesne, General Taylor’s improvements, and the rich but limited view at the other side of the Boyne, as the coach approaches Kilcarn-bridge, are all beautiful. What friend to civilization, liberty, and truth, can pass the river Boyne, without associations very different from those which the hill of Tara gives birth to. I candidly confess, that on recently going over it, the wish rose in my mind, that the *relievers* of 1829, and the present Whig Ministry, with their several bills about their necks, were plunged into its deepest pool, where the weight of accomplished and pregnant evils would not fail to keep them. My deceased relative, Gregory, was as staunch a Tory and Protestant as ever cast a fly on water, and, withal, somewhat of a poet. It may not, therefore, be unpleasing to the angler, while he is waiting for a cloud to pass over the bright sun, to seat himself on the shady side of a hawthorn hedge, and read the following. Mr. Thomas Moore, a vicious politician, with the finest lyric

Muse, that Ireland has produced, gives, in the ninth number of his melodies, "A lament for the success of King William the third over James the second," adapted to the air of "Boyne Water." Among the papers of my Relative I found, in his autograph, and with corrections, an answer to Mr. Moore's composition, both of which I introduce here in juxta positionis, which, for the benefit of those of my readers who, despite of the good old *Thwackum* system, never progressed farther than "*propria que maribus*," and who are deeper read in *Whyte's Farriery*, than in the *dead languages*, I translate, *side by side*.

A LAMENT
FOR THE SUCCESS OF
KING WILLIAM
OVER
KING JAMES.

FROM THE NINTH NUMBER OF
MOORE'S MELODIES.

AIR—*Boyne Water*.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord in the tide
Had dropped his loaded quiver;
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eyes may shun you;
"Lie hid—for oh! the stain of hearts
"That bleed for me is on you!

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,
As time too well hath taught her—
Each year the fiend returns again,
And dives into the water;
And brings triumphant from beneath
His shafts of desolation—
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death
Throughout her madd'ning nation.

Alas! for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
And stor'd is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye powers of good?"
She, weeping, asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

SONG OF LIBERTY.

BY GREGORY GREENRAKE, ESQ.

AIR—*Boyne Water*.

As Freedom walk'd one evening fair,
Beside Boyne's classic water,
Her tresses sporting in the air,
That sweetly wooing sought her,
Exultingly she view'd the plain
Where Monkish relics lying,*
Proclaim'd the triumph of her reign,
And Popish error dying.

O! who, she cried, that looks on thee,
His soul with virtue glowing,
That must not in thy mirror see
Time's imagin'd current flowing:
The days when bigot Priestcraft drew
Its darkling circle round us,
And despot Kings, in union true,
With slavish fetters bound us.

But now, with body and with mind
Erect in Freedom's spirit;
Prepar'd to guard, with hearts combin'd,
The blessings they inherit—
A race, imbued with me and truth,
Shall ne'er forget thy story.
While virtuous bards rouse Erin's youth
To emulate thy glory!

Yes! gently flowing Boyne, thy name
From mine no years shall sever,
But thou and I, to latest fame,
Live pure and bright for ever;
Upon thy banks a wreath was won,
Which crowns my brow unfaded,
And he is not my genuine son
Who'd wish that wreath degraded.

* On the banks of the Boyne, near Trim, are several ruins of monastic buildings.

At Navan, the river Blackwater, whose source is Lough-Raumier in the county Cavan, joins the Boyne, and their united waters, contributing to the beauties of Beaupare, Slane Castle, &c. flow into the sea at Drogheda. It would be no national calamity if they swept away filthy Navan along with them.

About two miles beyond Navan, the road divides into two branches—the right leading to Kells, the left to Ardraccan-house, the beautiful residence of the Diocesan of the Established Church, and to other places. I observed an elderly gentleman, who sat beside me, look long and earnestly toward the spire of a church which rose above the plantations of Ardraccan—his cheek flushed, his breathing became short, tears trembled in his eyes, he sighed deeply—I looked at him, but not impertinently, and ventured to ask “Are you unwell sir, shall I call to the coachman to stop?” “No, sir, I thank you—I am not bodily unwell, but memory sick. Many a time, at this very point, has the coach stopped to let me down; and there, (pointing to the trees) a heart, rich in feeling, in virtue, and in friendship, was open to my welcome reception; there a mind of power and resources, such as I never found equalled, combined pleasure and delight with instruction and improvement. My acquaintance with him commenced under circumstances almost marked by romance, and through a great portion of my life, even to his death, I enjoyed his confidence and friendship—an honor and a happiness which none could duly appreciate but those who knew him. Were he now living, my son—but, sir, I am garrulous—what are

these things to you?" "The feelings that honor the human character, sir (said I) should be something to every one." "One of the best prelates and finest minds that Ireland ever produced, lies entombed beneath the shadow of that spire; and the tear that memory and affection summoned from the heart to the eye was an homage, sir, paid not to living power and wealth, but to the sacred grave of departed worth." The impression of a sorrowing reminiscence was not, for sometime, removed from my fellow traveller, and much of the remaining way was marked by silence. The road onwards to Kells is interesting in richness and cultivation of the country on either side, and, at intervals, is seen the Blackwater, infinitely more beautiful and pastoral than the Boyne.

Within about two miles of Kells, Headfort-house and demense, lying to the right, challenge the attention of more than a common observer; they lie at the other side of the Blackwater. The house is not exteriorly distinguished by architectural features, it presents a plain front, of a large centre and two wings; but I am *told* that it is, inside, one of the best and most commodious houses in Ireland. The man who sits on the top of a coach driving through a country has, legitimately, nothing to do with anything but the objects which nature presents to his view, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying, although I wish the Whigs and their supporters nearly or altogether at the devil, that the present Marquess of Headfort is, relatively to the social and domestic duties, a most amiable man, which is a thousand times better than being merely a Lord.

The appearance of the Blackwater allured me; and I was determined to fish it, and I was fortunate enough to establish myself in good quarters, close by the town of Kells, of which I mean to say a little. Entering into it, from Dublin, the effect is very imposing; it has all the best appearance of an English village or town—open, wide, clean, and free; good houses, pretty gardens, and an air, altogether, of civilization and comfort. On examination I, however, found that first impressions are not to be implicitly conceded to. From Lady Headfort's school, and the Sessions-house, up to the church-gate, is most respectable, but beyond, and at either side, we find verified the adage of "go farther and fare worse." There is a very fine "round tower of former days," and there were more antique relics which have disappeared before modern taste or modern policy. I am inclined to adopt the spirit and anger of a Ledwich or Monkbarns, but the character of the Lord of the Manor disarms me. The church is handsome and capacious, has a fine organ which belonged to the late Lord Sunderlin, of Baronstown, county Westmeath. The church has, however, a greater and better ornament than the organ—it has a full and, as far as I could judge, a religious congregation: attention to form a choir has not been wanting, nor has been ineffective; the singing is far beyond what is usually heard in country churches.

Having pitched my tent, as I before said, in good quarters, I determined to establish the character of the Blackwater on good evidence—that of fact. I had, certainly, the advantage of angling a preserved water,

that of the Archdeaconry, for which I beg the worthy and excellent Incumbent to accept my thanks.

The Archdeaconry-house is handsome and respectable, but the improvements which surround it are among the most tasteful and beautiful that can be anywhere seen. I have been assured that, except the house, it is all of the present Incumbent's own creation; and, certainly, the life tenure considered, he has proved himself a faithful steward, acting in the best spirit of corporate duty, and as if he was improving an inheritance for his own children or heirs at law, instead of that which must pass—he knows not to whom. I was privileged to fish stretches of two waters belonging to the Archdeaconry, on the Blackwater and Rossmin rivers; on both of which I had great sport. I began upon them after the sixteenth of April. From the Blackwater, on any day, I seldom failed to take from fifteen to twenty trout, red and in season, from herring size to a pound and a half weight, the killing flies will be found described with tolerable fidelity, in the metrical table appended to my deceased, and, of course, very much lamented relative, Gregory Greendrake's angling excursion in the county Wicklow. A material source of the good angler's pleasure is to watch nature, catch her, in the shape of a fly, on the wing, and work artificially upon the original—that pleasure I will not lessen. Rossmin river differs from the Blackwater in all the strength of contrast; the banks are high, the pools deep, the breadth narrow; and a wind very high, and blowing in a particular direction, is

required to act upon the river, in order to afford sport. At best a stranger will find it difficult to be angled. The flies are required to be a size larger than those of the Blackwater, although the Rossmin is a narrower, and apparently a very inferior river. It abounds in trout of the best description, rising to four, five, and even seven pounds weight, and there are in it pike of a formidable size. The greendrake, in the season, comes upon it in amazing number, and then the angler is sure to have great sport, and to take great trout. Trolling with the Loach, or, as popularly called in Ireland, the *Callaghriou*, and the *Man-keeper*, very large and many pike are caught, and sometimes the *Keerouge*, or clock, is pressed into the service, and does great execution. The *Keerogue* is placed on a small midge hook, so as that the bend and barb shall be under the belly of the insect, and appear as one of its legs. It should be let to fall lightly on the deep pool when ruffled with the wind, and with the wind float down: it will be taken by the largest trout in the reach. A much uglier but, as the day favours, a much better river cannot be fished, in all Meath, than the Rossmin. Looking to natural beauty, one returns from it relieved and with pleasure, to the Blackwater. I cannot quit the Archdeaconry without a brief and parting notice. The part of the demesne through which the Blackwater flows, is bounded, up the river by Mapes-bridge, and down, by Maudlin-bridge, close by the town of Kells. Few things in scenery can be more beautiful. Nature, as I have already remarked, has been bountiful, and art has been her hand-maid, not only to dress previously existing beauties, but to create

them where they were wanting. Looking from the house, the lawn and its planted clumps, the river, a weir and fall, Maudlin-bridge and its numerous arches, under all of which, the eye can pursue the course of the water, compose a most beautiful landscape, while Headfort-house, towering in the distance above its rich surrounding woods, seems, together with its sylvan beauties, as if made only for subject effect. A gentleman whom I met in the neighbourhood, favoured me with a copy of the following lines, descriptive of the scene by moon-light—it was on a harvest night, ever particularly interesting to the mind that associates the love of nature with that of humanity, and both with adoration of God.

MOON-LIGHT AT THE ARCHDEACONRY.

A SKETCH.

It is, indeed, a night from Heaven! The moon,
 Gentle and first created lovely light,
 Ne'er since her birth from the Almighty will
 Shed more radiant beams! a harvest moon,
 That seems the eye of the Eternal Power,
 In mercy watching o'er the bounteous gifts
 He yields to man from forth a subject earth.
 How lovely! as I sped the sloping walk
 Down to the tufted trees that o'er the stream
 Cast their broad shadows. On the plank I stood
 Whose rustic arch is based on either bank.
 Oh! it was beautiful! The lunar rays
 Peep'd through the foliage, trembling to the breeze,
 Like the young modest glance of maiden love.
 The shorn lawn seem'd dress'd as tho' in homage
 To the queen of night, and glad in her smile.
 On the green knoll the cluster'd sheep repos'd,
 Like fleecy clouds on the cerulean sky,

Their tinkling bells the music of the night,
As ever and anon by motion wak'd.
The stooks of corn upon the farther fields,
In shadow doubled to the farmer's hope;
The Rail's night-song and partridge call were heard,
And wakeful watch-dog, faithful to his trust.
All beneath, the broken waters murmur'd,
But softly as in dreamy sleep they spoke.
While in the smooth deep, the feeding trout,
Lured by the shelter of a passing cloud,
Rose at its prey, breaking the waters' rest.
Far in the distance down old Maudlin's bridge,
Buttress and battlement, in mellow light
Shone burnish'd o'er the shaded arch below.
O! it was lovely! while afar arose
Headfort's proud dome and long extended woods,
Abounding less of open charms and taste
Than are thy modest bow'rs Archdeaconry:—
It charmed my soul to look upon the stream,
Blackwater on that night inaptly nam'd,
But where a mass of foliage cast its shade,
All else reflected silver mov'd along!
This world how beautiful when clad in peace!
But Oh! through human passions how deform'd!

Angling preserved waters is a bad preparative to the fishing, immediately after, the parts of a river that are a commonage; nevertheless, Mapes-bridge to Daly's-mills, and upwards still, the Blackwater will afford good sport to the skilful and well appointed angler. There are many nice sharps and good pools up nearly to Rye-field-bridge, under which the waters of Lough-Raumer issue to the formation of the river. Mapes-bridge reminds me of a characteristic trait of our Irish peasantry. I had just landed a very handsome trout, the first I caught that day,

when the priest of the parish, accompanied by a countryman, were passing by. The latter approached me with a "God save you sir," and, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, entered into conversation with me. He appeared to have had that within which is foe to reserve, and I soon learned that he and his reverence were at a neighbouring farmer's house, exorcising the devil cholera, in the course of which, spirits of another description made their appearance and disappearance too, but seemed wholly to possess my friend Bartle, so was he named; his reverend companion furnishing no indication of any but the spirit of meekness and reserve. "Troth, then, that's a purty bit of a trout you have there," says honest Bartle. "Pretty well," replied I, "but he was a long time coming", "Why then, see here now," edging closer to me, and speaking a little lower, "sorrow take me if you could do better nor slip it into his reverence's coat pocket". "Yes I could," said I. "Troth, then, it's myself that id be glad to know how, for father * * * is as good a man as ever ye knew"—"I believe you on better evidence 'than your own, and wish more of his reverend brethren were like him, in the performance of those duties essential to the peace and happiness of their country—but, still, I won't give him my first-caught trout, and for this reason, that it is, as yet, the only one I have." Bartle philosophically bore the disappointment of not paying his offerings at second hand, and walked away. I fully acquit the reverend gentleman of having been father to his companion's thought, but, certainly, I did observe that his pocket was capacious, and invitingly open.

CHAP. II.

“ This bird (the crane or heron) was formerly much esteemed as an article of food, made a dish at great tables, and was valued at the same rate as a pheasant.”

ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

In these days, when the science of gastronomy is so much studied, and the empire of man extending, with his appetites, over the edible creation, is it not strange that the crane should be banished from the tables of our *gourmands*? I'll maintain it, *vi et armis*, that is, with knife and fork, and cooked as it should be, a very good bird for a second course; aye, quite as good as a bittern, or, even a Wexford barnacle. If the reader think that I am straying from the proper subject of this excursion, by the brief digression forming part of this chapter, he is much mistaken. “ Fish, flesh, and fowl,” compose a natural and well established concatenation in the laws, not of the “ twelve tables,” but of every table impressed with the practical lessons of good living, and constitute the main links of good taste.

“ Whether shooting for game, or angling for fish,
The end of your sport is still found on a dish.”

It is, therefore, quite legitimate, before we embark on Lough-raumer, to take my reader for a few hours into

Headfort demesne, on what I call, for sake of the coinage, an *exverminating* expedition. Our party being provided with guns, climbers, a climbing ladder, and a terrier dog or two, proceeded to apply Mr. Malthus's system of reduceable economy to those animals which destroy game, (fish or fowl) and impudently encroach upon the destructive privilege of the great poacher, man. Of the feathered kind, our warfare was directed against the crane, the scare-crow, the magpie, 'et hoc genus omne,' as the Latinists of the public press are wont to say, when abusing each other. These we shot as we could, and destroyed the eggs and young which we found in their nests. For the latter purpose we were attended, as I have already said, with climbers. My deceased relative has recorded and necessarily immortalized his sporting attendant, Larry Moore, for his otter-like qualities, and I might well do the same as to the cat-like perfections of our climbers. It is a saying, indeed, axiomically just, that "one word produces another," as is often too sorely experienced in domestic and other colloquies; so the term "cat-like" reminds me of an animal we met that day which I had never before seen; it was a *marten cat*, one of the most destructive creatures to birds, and small animals of every kind, that exists. I give the local and popular name, but whether the animal, which I can scarcely say I had *seen*, so quick was its transit, be the *Foina*, or common marten, the *Martes*, or pine-marten, or some intermediate creature of the same genus, more native to Ireland, I am unable to say. The *Foina* is thus described by the naturalists.

"It is of a blackish chestnut colour, with the throat and chest white; the head and body measure eighteen inches in length, the tail ten. It inhabits Britain, Germany, France, and most parts of the south of Europe, and even the warmer parts of Russia. He lives in woods, and goes about, during the night, in quest of prey. His movements are exceedingly nimble; he rather bounds and leaps than walks; he climbs rough walls with ease and alacrity; enters the pigeon or hen-houses, eats the eggs, pigeons, fowl, &c. He likewise seizes mice, rats, moles, and birds, in their nests." "The pine-marten differs from the other, in its breast and throat being yellow, and is more rarely found in these countries. This race live in large woods and forests, keeping in the day time in the hollows of trees, occupying squirrel's and other nests, and go about by night in search of their prey. The head is shorter, and the legs somewhat longer than the common marten.

In a wooded island of the demesne, formed by an artificial direction of the Blackwater, and pursuing our verminicide, we descried, at the summit of a very high tree, a nest, apparently that of a scare-crow, to which we directed the paramount inspection of one of our climbers, and up he went with the agility of a man-of-war's man, and having reached the nest, and commenced manual examination, instead of smooth egg, or unfledged bird,

What met the hand of our climbing Pat?

Vampyre of woods, a marten-cat!

The animal jumped on his shoulder, and from thence

to the ground, at one spring! and, without being affected by the mode of its descent, escaped, with a quickness almost incredible, two shots were fired at him. The astonishment and terror, at the moment, of the climber, beggars description; he grew as pale as if he had seen a spectre, and the wonder was, that the fright did not cause him to loose his hold, and follow the marten cat by the same way of descent. When asked what he thought it was, he with great simplicity answered, "Sorrow take me, but I was knocked all in a *doldrum*, and couldn't think what it was, at all at all, barring it was cholera, or the devil!" Had Fat been a politician, and conservative, he might have added—or a *Whig*.

Having shot some young cranes, it occurred to our host, on the authority of the epicures of the middle ages, and when falconry was among the baronial sports of the field, that they would form an adjunct to his cook's bill of fare, and he determined to prove whether the crane was worthy of being restored to its ancient place in gastronomic estimation. We had them dressed in two ways, spitchock fashion, and roasted; either way good, but the latter I prefer: the flesh is close, dark, and tender if kept awhile; in texture and flavour it most resembles the bittern and barnacle. Our admired father of the angle, the venerable Isaac Walton, did not hold it unworthy of him, elaborately, to instruct his "honest scholar" *Piscator*, how to dress a pike or a chub, and may it not be allowed to Geoffrey Greydrake, to say something of the dressing of a crane, although taking a

higher flight, and in another element. Thus then let it be. The crane should be skinned, and lie in salt and water from the evening before that on which it is to be dressed; this process will free it from any fishy flavour imbibed from its ordinary food; as I said before, it is best roasted, during which, it should be well and richly basted; and if any person chooses to season it, on his own plate, with cayenne pepper, lemon-juice, and port or madeira wine, I do not know of any prohibitory or sumptuary law to stay his hand. The moralist ranks, as a benefactor to mankind, him who causes a blade of grass to grow where none had been before, then why should not I be thanked for adding a crane to the good things of the table. But let us return to Ryefield-bridge, through the arches of which, Lough-raumer supplies the Blackwater. Without the agency of Fortunatus's fairy-gift, the writer, "annihilating both time and space," can change his reader's locality, and, at a word, transport him from place to place.

From Ryefield-bridge, the road, coasting the lake, leads to the town of Virginia, county Cavan. It is the property of the Marquess of Headfort, who affords every encouragement to its improvement and occupancy; and its situation is highly picturesque and pleasant. With the exception of a lane at the lake side of the road, it consists of one street, which being very wide conduces to the health of the inhabitants. It is entered, on the Meath side, over a bridge, under which flows a very pastoral stream, called the *Moreen*, a tribute to the lake into which it falls, at a few perches distance, and is a

nursery and repository for trout. On the right hand is a brewery, which furnishes the immediate neighbourhood, and extensively beyond it, with some of the best ale I ever drank, not excepting the Castle Bellingham; a good market-house &c.; on the left, is an excellent inn; a boarding school, under a well qualified protestant clergyman; a post-office, transmitting and delivering letters six times a week; some private houses and shops; and the street, or town, at the extreme end, from the bridge, is terminated by a very handsome church, having a beautiful and richly coloured window of stained glass. I understand that it is the intention of the noble proprietor to build a range of private houses, on the lake side, detached a little from the main thoroughfare, with their fronts and gardens looking to the lake and terminated by it. If this shall be accomplished they will be admirably calculated for the residence of genteel families of circumscribed incomes, as the rents are intended to be very moderate, and provisions of every kind are cheap in Virginia. To gentlemen addicted to fishing, shooting, and coursing, it is happily adapted, but the country is too hilly and abrupt in its features for hunting. Public coaches pass daily to and from Dublin. So far the town and its conveniences. Now I shall endeavour to give some idea of its environs, the beauties of which are, certainly, all on one side; so far as beauty consists in cultivating the capabilities of nature. The aspect of the country beyond a small circle, is repulsive, the soil stony and light, of the mountain character; yet the sterile-looking hills are densely populated, and covered with comfortable farm-houses and

cabins, establishing the fact, that poor land at its value, and exciting the energies of industry, is paramount in its advantages to the tenant, to that of a rich soil at a high rent, yet encouraging to sloth. The labours of the agriculturist here are rewarded with excellent crops of oats.

Lough-raumer, or, if the reader is fond of regal associations, Virginia Water, is between three and four miles long, about half-a-mile in its greatest breadth, and of an oval form. It and the shores which immediately belt it, form, in contrast with the surrounding country, an *oasis* in the desert. At the upper end of the lake, stands Fort-Frederick and its improvements, the seat of the late Alderman Sankey, colonel of the Dublin militia; and close by it, a younger but more beautiful production of taste and cultivation, winning nature into smiles and self-complacency, and clothing her with the riches of her own hidden and neglected wardrobe. I mean the glebe-house of the Rev. Wm. Rowley, rector of the parish, a worthy brother of the angle, a good pastor, an excellent country gentleman, and an amiable man. The house is one of the best constructed that I have seen, combining, beyond what its exterior promises, interior elegance and extensive accommodation, and above all, I have been given to understand, that the casket contains the richest gem of this life, domestic happiness. I would apologize for this notice, and that which, as a cursory observer, I have taken of the archdeaconry of Meath, but that I hold it a duty to show, that individual happiness, in every class of life, is best promoted by the

practice of the social virtues; as well as to point out the value of that spirit of improvement, which, while beautifying our common country, conduces best to the comfort and morals of the labouring poor, by furnishing them with employment. Lurgan glebe, its beautiful and thriving plantations, shrubberies, and well appointed gardens and orchard, are the sole creation of the present Incumbent out of a mere bog and moor. Fort-Frederick, the next adjoining mansion appeared to me uninhabited, the windows being all closed, and this part of the country would be altogether destitute, for some miles round, of the advantage of a resident gentry, but for Mr. Rowley, and the Rev. Mr. Sargent, of Eighter, a little at the other side of the lake, who also, in the spirit of agricultural improvement, is a benefactor to the poor. In fact the protestant clergy are, as a class, the only resident gentry; the only exceptions to the prevailing evil of absenteeism, under which the country groans and is perishing, yet these are they against whom an ignorant and fatuous peasantry are seduced into hostility!

From the rectory to the church, along the Virginia side of the lake, there is a beautiful walk, by the shore, through Lord Headfort's deer-park, and scarcely anything in slyvan scenery can be more beautiful. It is not as elaborately and artificially cultivated as Headfort, but it is superior in the magnificence and wild luxuriance of nature: there are in it, some of the noblest oaks which I have anywhere seen; the surface is diversified by an effective inequality furnishing subject for the taste which

is now beginning to be exercised upon it, by a beautiful drive, bringing into various points of interesting view, all its natural capabilities; and through it runs a stream, eminently of a retired and pastoral character, and issuing at the boat-house, where is a wooden-bridge, over a silvery pebbled bottom, into the lake. The wall, which once separated the park from the lake, being entitled, like many an old family, to the armorial motto "*Fuimus*," or, in plain English, being now no more; the deer, which, feeding or in lair among the old oaks, would have given such finish and effect to the scene, were removed to an adjoining enclosure, and Shakespeare's Jaques, were he reposing and contemplating beside the stream in Virginia park, would have wanted that antlered illustration of his morbid and querulous morality.

There are some Islands, small ones, in Lough-raumer: that called "Dear Island," is the largest and prettiest. Let not my reader mistake the term 'dear,' as signifying the animal I have been just talking about as an ex-denizen of the park, or in allusion to the human affections. The derivation is this: On the death of a Mr. Woodward, who lived near the lake, and held lands which he considered to have conferred on him a right in the island, the lordship of it became matter of dispute between Lord Bective, and the proprietor of Fort-Frederick, the litigation cost to either party more than the object, a thousand fold, was worth; the right was at length adjudged to Lord Bective, and, as in cases of greater importance, the victory was, in effect, so much of the character of defeat, that the bone of contention

was very appropriately named the *Dear Island*. This little speck of insulation has, however, a larger and nobler claim to be remembered. In the neighbourhood, is Quilca, once the residence of Dr. Sheridan, Grandfather to the late Richard B. Sheridan. Here the immortal Dean of St. Patrick, Dr. Jonathan Swift, used to be occasionally a visitor. On the Dear Island was a cottage to which the great patriot and satirist was fond to go, and spend some hours of the day, and it is a local tradition that there he composed his "*Laputa, or flying Island.*"

Quilca is still standing, a thatched house. It is thus described by SWIFT, who was not slow to repay kindness and hospitality with satire, whether sportive or intentionally severe. It was written in the year 1725 after a summer visit.—

“Let me thy properties explain,
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimeys with scorn rejecting smoak;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke;
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor *Sheela* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The Goddess WANT in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
SLOTH, DIET, and THEFT, around her wait.”

Since the above lines were written, and the visit ended which produced them, I cannot enlighten my readers' mind as to the succession of the inhabitants of *Quilca*;

but it is a curious fact, and, in the determined and united hostility of the popish priesthood, in this our day, to every thing English, every thing protestant, every thing supporting the throne and glory of England, that it is true what I am about to tell. Doctor Sheridan had, in his thatched house, the ceiling of his principal room painted by some unfortunate itinerant artist, with four medallions containing, with allegorical accompaniments, the heads of Homer, Milton, Virgil, and Swift. The house falling into the possession of a Father Hugh O'Reilly, a popish priest, he took some offence at Virgil, perhaps for not having written in *Bog*-latin, and, displacing the Mantuan Bard from his medallion, substituted Lord Nelson in his place, for this reason, I hope, because "He of the hundred fights" *bogged*, wherever he met them, the enemies of his king and country. I suspect that father Hugh had not studied his "Humanities" at Maynooth, nor the keepings and harmonies of painting in the schools of the academy, when he placed the naval hero of Trafalgar in the midst of graphic references to the *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid*.

A few years ago, about 1824, a discovery, interesting to antiquarians, took place at Lough-raumer. The summer was dry and the waters low, when some of the peasantry bathing, or on another purpose, discovered at the bottom a shining substance. This set them on exploring the place with drags, which was attended with the raising of eighteen vessels, of a compound metallic substance, the nature of bell-metal, and of various forms and sizes, supposed to have been for culinary uses. The

part of the lake where they were found was, at the time, not less than ten feet deep: it was on the western shore, the farm of Mr. Blakeney, and close by a mound or moate, whereon formerly stood, according to tradition, a strong defensive residence, called the Fort. Of the vessels, I believe that not more than four or five are extant; and these are possessed by the Marquess of Headfort, (whose right of seigniority they were) the reverend Mr. Rowley, and Mr. Blakeney. I saw those (two) with the last-mentioned gentleman, and they appeared well cast, and very little injured by time, and the situation in which they were. Various, of course, were the conjectures of their date, and the cause of their submersion in the lake. The remaining number, of the eighteen, were secretly brought to Dublin, by those who discovered them, and, all heedless of their antiquarian value, sold at the foundries—listen, shade of Jonathan Oldbuck, if such a shade there be—sold at six-pence the pound! It is to be regretted that one or more of the vessels were not presented to our University, to be deposited in the museum, and exercise the antiquarian inquiry of its erudite members. What were the uses of those vessels, and how came they in the lake, are two natural questions. From the specimens I saw, I think there can be no doubt of their having been domestic utensils—so far their uses; but how they came to be committed to the aqueous deep, is less easily to be answered. They might have been of the camp of one of the parties in the civil wars, forced to a hasty retreat, and casting into the lake what they could not carry with them. In the spirit of Edy

Ochiltree's provoking solution, who "minded the bigging o't," a gentleman suggested to me the likelihood of their having been vessels engaged in illicit distillation, and cast into the lake to evade discovery, and disappoint the exciseman; but their size and shape contradict this surmise, and a more probable and accountable one is founded on a tradition that the Fort, or ancient strong residence, already mentioned, was attacked and destroyed by a party of the popish rebels, in 1643; and what the murderous spoilers could not conveniently carry away, was, in the usual wanton destructiveness of warfare, thrown into the lake. Farther than this I will not carry my conjectures, (although I might go back to the Danish invasions,) but leave my reader to his own.

As a fishing lake, I have heard more of Lough-raumer than I had time to prove. I have been told that there are in it very great trout, and immense pike, and the appearance of the water would incline me to believe the report. I caught a few, on a day not at all favourable to the sport, they were not very large, but they were of very good quality, and from the general nature of the bottom, I fancy that the best fishing would be with ground bait; when next I go to it, I will prepare myself for taking some of the large pike, by trolling with live bait attached to swivels, to cause it to spin in the water. How to prepare the hooks, and mount the bait, according to the kind and size of the fish sought for, the *Tyre* will learn at the several Dublin fishing-tackle shops.

I will not take my readers from Lough-raumer without reverting to a scene, and occasion, which displayed its

beauties to the greatest advantage. In the month of August, last year, (1831) there was a boat-race, or regatta, for a very handsome silver prize cup. The boats entered for the contest were three, belonging to the Marquess of Headfort; Mr. Naper, of Loughcrew, county of Meath; and Mr. Henry Sargent, of Eighter, county Cavan. A great assemblage of spectators of all ranks attended, among which were nearly all the neighbouring gentry: great decorum was observed, the day was most favourable, and it was a truly gay and happy scene, a band of music performing all the time. In the evening, the lower orders proceeded peaceably to their several homes without those *finishing* touches which too frequently mark, in our country, the living pictures of rustic and collective enjoyment. Mr. Henry Sargent's boat, "the Cadet" won the race in sporting style, and possesses the cup until again contended for, which will be in the summer of the present year, 1832; when several competitors from distant parts are expected to appear. I am writing this in May, and, perhaps, before this is published, the prize may have been "lost or won." Mr. Sargent steered his own boat, and it was rowed by two capital oars-men, brothers, of the name of Farrelly.

After the race was over, a cold collation was given by the Messrs. Sargent, to a select party of friends, at a point of the deer-park, commanding a beautiful view of the lake. A gentleman, who was also present, favoured me with a poetical sketch of the scene, hastily written, from which I am permitted to make an extract or two.

I begin where "the Cadet" far a head of the other two boats, was making the goal triumphantly.

"Now alone and unrivall'd was sweeping along,
Loud greeted with shouts by the gay-hearted throng,
"THE CADET", so named, while some thousands were cheering,
And her owner, Hal Sargent, at the helm well steering :
The oarsmen were brothers, and FARRELLY named,
And long for their rowing that day will be fam'd ;
Their prowess well merits a separate strain,
Nor shall the appeal to the Muse be in vain.

OARSMAN'S GLEE:

OR,

"THE FARRELLY'S O!"

See! See! "THE CADET" how she flies,
And, Victor of the Boat-race prize,
O'ercomes the breeze, o'er-rides the wave—
O! 'tis a bark both trim and brave!
And lustily her oars-men row,
Sing hey! sing ho! the FARRELLYS O!

Untired and gay their course they keep,
Sure better row-men ne'er did sweep
With measured pull and sturdy oar,
Lough-raumer's sparkling tide before!
Swift as the swallow's flight they go,
Sing hey! sing ho! the FARRELLYS O!

And now they near the winning buoy,
Whose banner flutters as in joy;
And now 'tis past, the race is run,
The prize, a silver cup, is won,
While thousands cry "long may ye row!"
Sing hey! sing ho! the FARRELLYS O!

The boat-race thus ended, "creature comforts" began,
 The several parties, each on its own plan,
 Retired to the shade, or else group'd along shore,
 Their baskets soon eas'd of their cherishing store:
 The laugh, and the joke, and the feats gastronomic,
 How picturesque, jolly, and happy and comic,
 Much more joyous, I ween, than a feast or a ball
 In saloons of the great, or a fine gilded hall.
 One detachment there was, which, led on by a SARGENT,
 Filed off to the Deer-park along the lake's margent;
 Taking post at the boat-house, where a collation
 Was had, that was fit for the best in the nation.
 To detail the choice things that were eaten and said,
 Is much more than the poet can draw from his head.
 Our spirits were cheerful, and abundant our fare—
 Our kind host left no want, and good humour no care;
 And beauty and wit lent their magical pow'rs
 To wing, in themselves, the too fugitive hours.
 One grievance we had, 'twas the wasps that were lighting
 On all our *sweet things*, and with whom we were fighting;
 The cheeks of our fair-ones, for peaches mistaken,
 The impudent insects would dare to have eaten,
 And from the ripe, cherry-like, sweet dewy lip,
 A honey, than Hybla's far richer to sip!
 Yet why should we blame those poor things of an hour
 We'd do the same thing had we but the same pow'r;
 Tho' like them we should die, Oh! how sweet were the death,
 At the mandate of beauty to yield our last breath!
 Yet a moral they teach while they buzz on the wing—
 The butterfly lover may be arm'd with a sting.
 The warning of TIME at length broke up our party,
 The ladies quite sober, tho' certainly hearty;
 One predominant feeling we all bore away,
 That the SARGENTS, our hosts, were PRIME SARGENTS that day."

And now, for the present, Lough-raumer farewell, and
 farewell the kindly spirits that grace your shores.

CHAP. III.

"Yes, I have sung, thro' many a year,
 The joys that long have fled;
 And o'er my Harp, shed many a tear
 For those who long are dead;
 And if some bard, a tribute strain,
 Shall to my mem'ry pay,
 O! let him sing, vice ne'er did stain,
 My pure tho' humble lay,"

ANON.

Be this, too, my ambition and my epitaph. My short flight—the little bird following the cuckoo—in giving a third part to the excursions of my renowned relative, Gregory Greendrake, has arrived nearly to its close, this being the last chapter and final resting place of my adventurous pen. Yes, perhaps, before the next vernal airs shall invite the angler to stream or lake, Geoffrey Greydrake, like the insect which gave him his patronymic, may cease to flutter his wing in this mundane scene, and find enduring resuscitation in

"Another and a better world."

And, alas! what part of this world can be morally worse than that in which I am now writing? Our green fields and hills, and clear waters, are eminently pastoral, and are naturally associated with ideas of pastoral peace and security; but the association is forbidden to us. The popish priest and agitator have raised their demon wands of bigotry and hate, and cast over the fair face of nature

the lurid gloom and fury of the passions. The angler, while pursuing his innocent and contemplative amusement, cannot divest himself of apprehension for his personal safety; he knows not how to construe the glance of an approaching peasant; he knows not but that death may attend on his steps; and he cannot feel secure of the moment in which his country, of more than Cicilian beauty, may not exhibit a worse than Cicilian Vesper. This is Ireland, three years after catholic emancipation!

LOUGH-GOWNA; or, ERNE-HEAD LAKE.

This is one of the almost undiscovered beauties of Ireland. I went over and fished a small portion of it last summer. The brother of the angle who would follow me, will find the town of Granard the nearest station to the lake, and Edgworthstown the next. Of the accommodation which he may find at either, I cannot tell, for I have not tried; I was not forced upon the hôtellerie of either town, but had the advantage of enjoying private hospitalities, enhanced by such polite and cordial attentions as Geoffrey Greydrake will never forget, until he shall again become a *grub* or *earth-worm*. To me, Edgworthstown was interesting, through its local associations with genius, literary talent, and loyal and chivalrous fidelity. Here the eccentric and ingenious Richard Lovel Edgworth lived; here his more celebrated daughter, Maria Edgworth, wrote; and here, within about a mile of the town, is the house (or thatched cottage) wherein the generous, the pious, and the faithful Abbé Edgworth, who attended the martyred Louis

the XVI, on the scaffold, was born and sometime resided. Here, in the town, is also a school, established by the present Mr. Edgworth, and superintended by him; it is not one of gratuitous instruction, and, with due respect for this amiable gentleman and his intentions, I cannot but designate such a source of *pleasure* to an independent country gentleman, as one of the most extraordinary fancies that ever sprung up in the wild regions of eccentricity. "To teach the young idea how to shoot" is a very pretty contemplation in the sweet poetry of our native Goldsmith, but, a plague take me, if I would not as soon undertake the superintendence of a tread-mill; and I know of no class of men who, doing their duty, undergo more annoying labour, and are worse paid for it, than schoolmasters.

Close by Edgworthstown is Lissard, the very handsome mansion-house, and rich and beautiful demesne of the O'Farrell family; I believe, the Moate O'Farrells, one of the most ancient in Ireland. The best "Irishry" of the blood, (to convert a term of intended reproach into one of high and just applause) flows in the veins of the present representative of the family, Edward O'Farrell, Esq. late assistant barrister of the counties of Longford and Donegal. The characteristic hospitality of our country is not placed in abeyance by him and his amiable lady.

Lissard is, in relation to the two families of Edgworth and O'Farrell, classic ground. It was originally, as its history has been told to me, the property of the O'Farrells; then, under attainder, passed into the

hands of the Edgeworths, and back again by purchase into the present branch of the original possessors. The armorial crest is a lizzard, adopted from the following circumstances.—In those days, to which we seem to be verging again, when physical force and violence constituted the tenure of property, and the sword of the strong gave law to the weak, a chieftain and his clan made war upon the O'Farrells. In a battle the latter were worsted, and their chief fled for his life: in the deep retirement of a wood he rested, and, overcome with weariness, fell asleep. In this situation the pursuing enemy had nearly come upon him, when a lizzard entering his mouth, which was open, alarmed and awakened him in time to effect his escape and retrieve his fortunes: from thence, this animal was introduced into the armorial bearings of the family. Who is there that has not read Miss Edgeworth's novel, 'Harrington and Ormond;' and having read it, who can forget old King Corney of the black islands? Pacing the neat gravelled walks, rich and well dressed lawn, shaded with the finest old beech and oak trees &c., and an elegant modern mansion in view, my surprise was not a little, when told that I was actually pressing the very soil and stood in the locality of "the black islands" the scene of the good old Irish King Corney's dominion, but changed in appearance, as if touched by the wand of a magician, and so it was, for what wonders cannot the hand of persevering improvement effect? Distinguished only by a comparative superiority, a very small part of the present demesne stood

in the midst of a cordon of mingled bog and water, which thus formed the ground work upon which Miss Edgworth based her fiction. The original personage portrayed in the kind and warm hearted Old Corney, was a Roger O'Farrell, to whom was accorded, without royal patent or forms of heraldic registry, by his neighbours and cotemporaries, the title of Sir Roger, probably from some traits of character and amiable eccentricity resembling those of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley. I could not look unmoved upon a singularly fine beech tree, near the house, and branching diversely from the root so as to form a natural seat, upon which the good Sir Roger, as described by a Lady, a member of the family, was wont to sit and read. A little in front of the house, is the ivy covered ruin of an old castle, which was the ancient residence; it now assists to the general effect of the picture.

At the further extremity of the lawn, and kept out of view by the trees, is Firmount, the thatched cottage, in which, as already mentioned, the celebrated Abbé Edgworth was born, and from it, as was then customary in France, he assumed the seigneurial adjunct of L'Abbé Fermont. The house is now, or was at the time of my visit, occupied by Mr. O'Farrell's agent, and, a few years back, was not less consecrated by a generous hospitality, than by the name of the confessor of Louis XVI—it was the temporary refuge of a family of depressed fortunes, once well known in the best and most accomplished circles of Dublin. I part Lissard with a feeble tribute from the Muse.

Thy mansion fair, thy rich and wide demesne,
 Th' improving spirit has not woo'd in vain;
 Thy verdant lawns, thy proudly waving trees,
 Flinging their song and odours on the breeze;
 Which art, creative, and the hand of taste
 Won from wild moors, and from the wat'ry waste—
 Not less delighting, that from hence I see
 Thy hill, *Knock-ion*, ever dear to me;
 That hill whose woods kiss *Derevaragh's* lake,
 And in my bosom fond regrets awake—
 Thy hospitable dome, farewell! Lissard,
 Through life remembered by the friendly bard.

So far we have been progressing to Lough-gowna, not tediously, I hope, to the reader. The spirit of hospitality was not wholly concentrated to its exercise at Lissard. My desire to see Lough-gowna, and fish it, being made known to John Dopping, Esq. residing close on the shore of the lake, I received a polite invitation from that gentleman, which I accepted, and passed at Derrycassan-cottage two of the happiest days that could be impressed on my memory, by cordial and pleasing attentions. Mr. Dopping, and his amiable Lady, may shrink from this acknowledgment, but I must not from the duty of making it; besides the pleasures of the lake, its scenery, and angling, I had, in a high degree, the moral enjoyment of witnessing a happy family—O! may that happiness never be interrupted or diminished.

On the morning of the fifteenth of June, I paid my visit. Derrycassan-cottage, is beautifully situated on an eminence, overlooking and close to one of the many

expansions of the lake; and, at its southern extremity, a winding walk leads through a plantation down to the quay, where the boats are stationed. It was originally designed to build, on the site of the cottage, a castellated mansion, to have been called Erne-head-castle; nothing could have been better situated to a fine effect, but the purpose was relinquished, and, perhaps, to greater contentment and not less taste. Nothing remains of the bold conception but the penciled design of the architect.

The castle's tower, the gilded hall,
The gorgeous train, the feast, the ball,
And all that on the wealthy wait,
Cannot avert the frowns of fate:
All vain the palace and its glare,
If love and peace are wanting there.

My kind host having been prepared at all points, we lost no time in taking boat—we could not say the same of taking fish. Our sport that day was not such as to be boasted of, but I had mortifying evidence that it was not for want of very great trout being in the lake. On the opposite shore from Derrycassan, I rose with a dark olive, soberly dressed without tinsel, and mallard's wing, two trout, the largest (for as much of them as was visible) I had ever seen—I think either must have weighed from ten to twelve pounds. This occurred at the very first fall, and I exulted in the anticipation of a glorious day's sport, but was miserably disappointed; this, however, was accounted for by a cause well established in the experience of anglers; a great body of rain was overhead, which fell in torrents the next day. It

is also against a merry rise on this lake, (even when the greendrake is on the water) the great feeding at the bottom, and mid-water, afforded to the trout by the perch-fry, and other small fry, with which it abounds. It is famous for the size and quality of its perch; one was caught that day, by trolling with the loach or callagh, which weighed four pounds; they run also to five and six pounds; it was as broad as a well-fed carp, and was as handsome a fish, with its scarlet fins and white scales, and as good as ever was placed on a table. A successful mode of catching perch, is, also, by trolling with four or five high crimson or ruby-coloured flies, the foot-line being loaded lightly with lead, so as to keep the flies moderately sunk in the water; more than one or two fish may be thus taken at a time. The angler not conversant in trolling for perch, (which is a pleasant substitute occasionally for trout angling) should be told that this fish generally moves in skulls, or gregariously, and when the boat comes over one of these skulls, the angler should not immediately quit the spot, but return upon it, slowly and transversely, bringing his bait among the fish while they continue to take it. His foot-line should be furnished with two swivels; one connecting it with the wheel-line, and the other about two links from the bait. The best preparation of the hook, (or rather hooks) and the mode of affixing the bait, are as follow:—Unite three hooks, single or double B, by their shanks, so as to point from each other, triangularly, one rising a little above the other two; attach these to a strong link of silk-worm gut, having a loop at

its other extremity, for the purpose of being united to the main foot-link by a similar loop. Some anglers affix a running weight of lead to the wheel line, others, the necessary loading, according to the waters depth, to the foot line itself. The best mode of fixing on the bait is this:—With a long darning-needle, or one made for the purpose, to be had at the fishing-tackle shops, draw the detached link through the bait, entering at the vent, and coming out at the mouth, and when fully drawn, the shanks of the hooks should be hidden in the vent—it will be well to tie the mouth of the bait with a thread, to prevent its gaping. The advantage of this mode is, the economy of bait, if scanty, as the moment the fish is hooked, the bait runs up the line, and may take several fish successively without being mangled. If the water abound in pike, it will be prudent to have six or eight inches of silver gimp (being the least showy) next the hook. The bait to use, are the callagh or loach, the minnow, gudgeon, trout or perch sprat, or, even in extremity, the small fins of the perch itself, shaped with a knife to the size of a small sprat. Most anglers attach importance to the bait being alive, but, without being affected by morbid sensibility, I implore my scholar not to unite unnecessary cruelty with his sport, but let the bait be dead before it is impaled. Any degree of life is not essential to its efficacy; the purpose of the swivels is to make the bait spin in the semblance of animation, and thus attract the prey. It will be useful to the reader to tell him, that the best fishing hooks are now made by *Phillips* of Ellis's quay, Dublin—bad hooks cause sore

disappointment to the angler, and draw down his maledictions on the maker.

Having instructed those who needed the instruction how to catch a perch, it may not be amiss to tell him how it should be dressed, so as best to invite to its being eaten. The abundance of small bones, lying in the range of the back, are an annoyance, if the fish be not divested of them, previously to being dressed which is done by two cuts of sufficient depth, drawn collaterally along the line of the back, and inclining inward, so as to meet at the depth of the two cuts: that strip separated from the fish will take most of the small bones along with it. For the most common ways of dressing perch, the scales of the fish should be carefully scraped off. By the process I have mentioned for extracting the small bones, the perch will be spitchcocked, and is then fried. It is sometimes dressed as is the mullet; and sometimes is substituted for lobster; being first boiled, then cut in small pieces, seasoned in every respect as a lobster should be—that is with good butter, in the absence of fine pure oil, cayenne pepper, lemon cut in slices, a glass of madeira wine, and a little grated nutmeg—an artificial redness may be imparted so as to resemble the tinge of the coral. There is one other mode of dressing perch, which the ingenious necessity of rude and simple life discovered to me. I was with a party once fishing lake Derevaragh; we landed, in an interval of our sport, to dine on shore, at one of those beautiful spots consecrated in my memory. Our cloth was spread under the shade of an hawthorn in full blossom shedding its odours around. We had caught a

noble perch and felt inclined to add it to the materials of our repast. We asked a person who attended us from an adjacent cabin with boiled potatoes, if we could get the perch boiled or fried. "Troth no, we have never a gridiron or frying pan" "Have you a pair of tongs?" "Sorrow hit sir" O! then, we can't eat the perch." "Troth can yez, and well too I'll roast it, so sweetly in the ashes, that yez never eat the likes of it!" He made good his promise, and I attended the process. After cleansing the inside of the fish, which he did without opening it much, he rolled it up well in cabbage leaves, thrust it into the ashes of a turf-fire, keeping up, not two great a heat, and when brought, piping hot, to our arcadian *sal de manger*, the fish separated from its scaly skin like a nut from its shell; while smoaking on the dish, we added some butter, a little pepper and salt, and I pledge you my word, most worthy, admiring, and, perhaps, *mouth-watering* reader, that a morsel of it was not left.

In Lough-gowna are bream, in great plenty, and of a size varying from ten to fifteen pounds weight; they are not a good or delicate fish, but are a welcome supply to the food of the peasantry. The pike are very numerous, and grow to an enormous size: two years before my visit, one was caught by my host's fisherman, which weighed fifty pounds! In its stomach, when opened, was found, together with some large fish, a rat, a young wild duck, and, strange to say, a swallow! There is no giving an account of an Irish lake without its garniture of legends and wonders; of saints and evil spirits. And first, with respect to the derivation of the name of the

lake, which is diversely told. One of the stories is: that a peasant, driving a calf through what was, at that time, a rich and fertile valley, the owner of the ground, in wanton and cruel anger, cut off one of the animal's hind legs, in which condition, and maddened with pain, it ran limping in various directions, and where the blood flowed it became water, and, to the punishment of the churlish lord of the soil, converted all the track of the calf's course into a continuous lake; thus accounting for its extraordinary zig-zag form—*Lough-gowna* is the Irish for the "*lake of the calf*." Another version of the story states the inundation (caused from the same correcting motive) to have proceeded from a cow, by a different and more natural operation. From the annexed map, it will be judged that the greater miracle was, that a calf, on three legs, could have accomplished such a devious and extensive journey.

Between Derrycassan and the opposite shore of Kilrea, is the island of Inch, or Columb-kill, containing about twenty acres of good arable land. It was formerly, in the olden time, inhabited by Monks and Friars, who erected on it two churches, which, from the architectural style of the remains, are supposed to be not less than from twelve to fifteen hundred years standing. I beg the antiquarians not to fall foul of me; I am but a simple angler, and only relate matters as they were told to me. The immediate founder of those religious edifices was the celebrated St. Columb-kill, by some thought to be the St. Senanus of Moore's melodies, and Inch, the scene

of the Saint's lady trial. On a phrenological examination of the skulls of the Nuns and Friars, still carefully preserved there, it is certain, that in more than one or two, the organ of *amativeness* is strongly developed. On the island is a large flat stone, or flag, to which a legend appertains. Before the building of the principal church was completed, St. Columb-kill had the misfortune to lose his only son, with whose birth is connected some idle gossip, which my respect for the whole popish calendar will not allow me to repeat. The Saint desirous to inter the remains of his son in the new church-yard of the island of Inch, and no boat being to be had at the time, he used, as a raft, the great flag-stone above mentioned, conveying himself and the body of the deceased across the lake to the island. The marks of the Saint's knees and knuckles, as he leant on the stone, during his passage, and also the mark of a keg of whiskey, to assuage his grief, are as plain to be seen as the nose on a man's face—always premising that he has one. There is another miraculous story told of the church of Inch. Coeval with the finishing of the greater church, a bell, of very large dimensions, was hung in its steeple or belfry, and this bell invariably rung out, of its own accord, at the approach of a funeral. To this day the church-yard of Inch, maugre its aquatic approach, is thickly populated. Somewhat about a century ago, a member of a family, whose property the island then was, removed the bell to his own Mansion or Castle, but, "mirabile dictu!" it took a flight back, through the air, on the following night, to its old abode,

ringing all the way. This was a miracle which might have deterred any true believer from repeating the profanation; but it would appear that the Lord of the Castle, being no witch himself, had little faith in any agency that was not plain as a pike-staff; a man of small calibre in respect to imagination or understanding; and if found guilty of either, it would have been a greater miracle than the volitation of the bell. Folly and obstinacy are commonly united, the Lord of the Castle would have the bell back again, and, mark the consequence. My Lord, or Squire, or whatever he was at the time, was a weak creature, a sort of a Tony Lumpkin, who valued more the superiority he possessed presiding over the meetings at "the three Jolly Pigeons," than the equality of his compeers in rank, distinguished by good sense, high honor, and the attainments which they cultivate. He would raise a scullion from his kitchen, if that scullion flattered him, and betray to him the most delicate and honorable confidence: he was what is vulgarly, but happily, designated "an open * * * fellow." One of his confidants was the bell-ringer, and often as his master confided a secret to him, and that he touched the bell-rope, the clapper of the bell was the tongue of the sycophant, and spoke in plain terms, to all the country round, the secrets of his master. O! it was a delightful treat to the lovers of gossip; but, at length, the Saint being, as Saints should be, of a forgiving disposition, relieved the master of Castle * * * * from this "clapper-clawing," (the term had its derivation from this event :) giving wings to the

bell again: it returned to Inch island, and now lies buried far beneath the reach of the plough-share.

If any of my readers hesitate to yield full and implicit credence to those legends, I can only say that he is not a good Roman catholic. The island of Inch, or Columb-kill, gives its name to the parish in which it is.

On the second day of my visit, we set out to explore as much of the lake as the time would permit, and that was only a very limited portion, namely, from Derrycassan to Ross-duff. (see map) Passing down the plantations of Derrylaury, at one side, and those of Derrycassan at the other, we coasted round the bay of Woodville, which is generally good ground for perch, and often for trout. Woodville stands beautifully on a promontory of the lake, is well planted, and the house good. The proprietor, a Mr. Lambart, resides, for the most part, in Dublin. After winding round the promontory or cape, we arrived to where the lake narrows, so as to admit of a road passage called Dernafirst-bridge, the boundary here of the counties of Cavan and Longford—the bridge is in the former. Passing under the bridge, which was difficult to accomplish, the water being low, we sped our oars on the Cavan water, and, time flitting, we ceased to angle, I having been more desirous to see what I could of the lake: we passed Mr. Bell's of Cornadrung, left a wooded tract on our right, and entered a very broad expansion of the lake, and keeping to the left-hand shore, reached Ross-duff and its ruins, the latter being those of a dwelling-house, and castle attached, which belonged to a Mr. Sleator, and were burnt during the rebellion of

1798, whether by the rebels or loyalists, I, at this moment do not remember, but, at all events, a ruin adds interest to the scene; perhaps Mr. S. was a *liberal* of that day, and was rewarded just as he would have been, in this, by his *good* and *grateful* friends. At this end of the lake, is Clane, the residence of a Mr. Pallass, which presents a sylvan wonder—mind, reader, as I was *told*, for in truth, I did not *see* it—an old ash tree, so large that its hollow trunk serves for a dog kennel!!! If I were disposed to a *pun*, I would say that the tree did not want *barking*. Near to Ross-duff, in a retired situation is a druidical altar or monument, called, locally, but I know not why, “Darby and Sheelagh.” It is a granite rock, of, at least, twenty tons weight, resting on two other perpendicular and enormous stones, about six feet in height; the dimensions of the table rock are nearly six yards long by four broad, and of great depth. It cannot be viewed, without just surprise, how such a ponderous substance could have been raised and so placed, at a time when few, if any, of the powers of mechanism were known.

On an adjacent elevation there is a small circular water, not much more than a stone’s throw across, so noted for its numerous trout, that it is called Lough-na-brack—*brack* is Irish for trout. We visited it, the path lying through Ross-duff, but were disappointed of sport, no boat being in the loch. Casting my flies, however, from the shore, as the wind favored, I had evidence that its reputation was not undeserved, as I caught some fish

and rose several more, all about small herring size. From the loch issues a stream, but I perceived no tributary supply to it, so that I conclude that it is a powerful spring in itself. While on its shore, it began to rain and grow cold, and we wished we had thought to have brought some "creature comforts" with us. A good-natured fellow, such as the Irish peasantry heretofore were, and such as they would continue to be if let alone, having heard the expression of our wants, set off, with the celerity of "*Malice*" speeding his "gathering cry," in the "*Lady of the Lake*," but on a better and honester errand, as he soon returned with, what for the first time I heard so named, a *farrell* of bread (an oaten cake) and a bottle of most excellent mountain dew; I do not hesitate to tell my reader, that we did honor to both. From this elevation, which, as I remember, is called Crot-hill, we had such a view of Lough-gowna, as presented the appearance of twelve distinct sheets of water, so various and winding is the course of the lake, forming straits and expansions; the shores in some places indented with bays, in others jutting out in wooded points and promontories, concealing from the eye the continuous, though very capricious and zig-zag course of the lake: this can only be properly described by the map, to which I refer the reader. From the same elevation we could discern Slieve-erin, county Leitrim, where is the source of the Shannon, and Knock-ion, county Westmeath. At Dernafirst-bridge, he will see that the lake branches off, in an extraordinary way, doubling back, as it were, on itself, until, passing under the bridge of Scrabby, (a

neat village,) it still preserves its fantastic line and features, until, finally, issuing forth and forming the river Erne, which unites this great water with the still greater and magnificent Lough Erne, county Fermanagh, of which it claims the honor of being the head source or parent. At times the river Erne affords better sport, trout fishing, than does the lake.

It was six o'clock before we again took to our boat, at Rossduff, and it began to rain hard. We had a long and severe pull back, against the wind which had risen pretty stiffly, and my host who had for the most part taken the oar, had occasion to display his young and lusty strength. The rain fell in torrents, and as we passed Mr. Bell's, of Cornadrung, we had the signals of hospitality thrown out to us from the house and shore, but we resisted the syren allurements, and impelled our bark over the increasing resistance of the roughening waves. Lives have been, not unfrequently, lost by accidents on this lake, and the belief is entertained among the peasantry, that previously to such fatalities, supernatural figures are seen walking on the water. There were moments in our progress that I almost expected to see those heralds of death, but we gained the western point of Derrycassan in safety, and landed under shelter of the shore, preferring the walk home, although somewhat long, to encountering, for more than a mile, the successive charges of the "white horses" rolling towards us in formidable array. The shore here, and various other parts, is covered with red jasper; and out of the lake, not distant from this point, there rises an

immense rock of this stone, which, if it would blast in large slabs, would be valuable for tables, as susceptible of fine polish. From the point at which we landed, the path home led, for a considerable way, through Derrycassan wood, and by the margin of the lake. The rain had ceased, the moon had risen, and the opening clouds partially revealed her lustre, while her mild beams quivered through the foliage, or, at occasional openings of the wood, were seen to silver the curling tops of the wild waves which had not yet sunk submissive to the soothing influence of the radiant queen of night, and the abated winds. It was a scene worthy to exercise the powers of the painter and the poet. It was past ten o'clock before we reached the happy cottage. Little now remains for me to say of Lough-gowna, more than that its attractions to the sportsman are not confined to piscatory amusement; it abounds with wild fowl of every description, and on its shores are plantations which afford fine cover for wood-cocks, which are in general very numerous. The course of the lake is sinuous to such an extraordinary degree, that it is not easy to form an accurate opinion of its length, but, I should think that from its southern extremity, until it forms the river Erne, its length, through all its windings, cannot be less than twelve or fourteen miles. I must not forget to state, that its local *Hydrostatists*, ascribe to the waters of Lough-gowna, such peculiar adaptation to the making of whiskey, that the state process of purification by an excise duty is considered unnecessary, and therefore, altogether dispensed with. Throughout these two days

acquaintance with Lough-gowna, two feelings were predominant over the ordinary impressions conveyed by the scenery. One was the curse of absenteeism which, with very few exceptions, keeps that, comparatively, a desert, which, by residence, admits of being made a paradise;—the other, a more proud and gratifying reflection; that I, for two days, sat in the same boat, occupied, perhaps, the same seat, and enjoyed the polite attentions of the same kind and amiable gentleman, as did, two or three years before, the once “great unknown” the “Wizzard of the North,” the immortal Sir Walter Scott.

Fellow traveller, we have arrived at our goal, and here must part. If this little volume has beguiled you of one hour's care, the writer's aim has been fulfilled, and his labour repaid.

Now farewell! our journey o'er we sever,
Perhaps for brief space—perhaps, for ever!
As Sol, each year, thro' Taurus drives his team,
Long may you cast your flies on lake and stream;
And still the angler's choicest treasures find,
Health, hope, and peace, and true content of mind:
And this your plea, when death shall break your rod—
Mankind I lov'd—was faithful to my God.

FINIS.



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